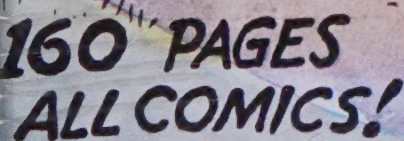


**FOR  
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GROWN-UP  
ADULTS  
ONLY!**

IT'S THE  
CREME DE LA  
CRUMB!



R. Crumb



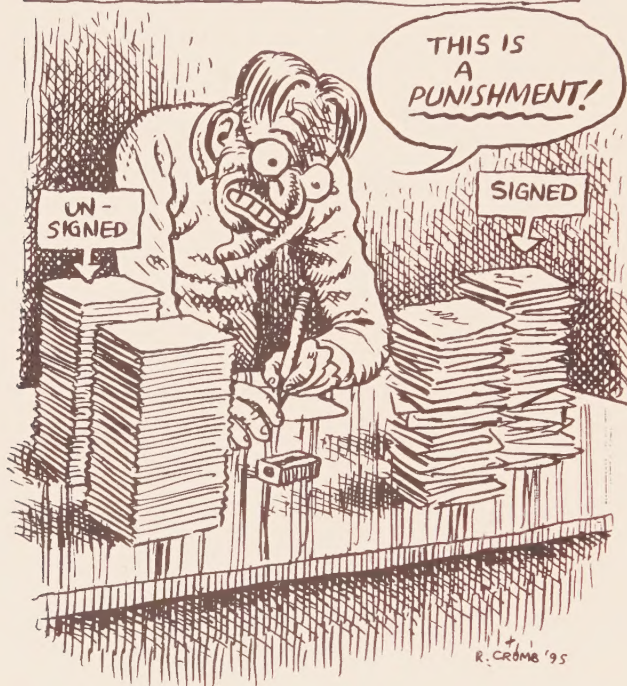








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*R. Crumb*

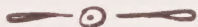


# R. Crumb's

# CARLOAD O' COMICS



AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHOICE STRIPS  
AND STORIES - 1968 to 1976



INTRODUCTION BY  
HARVEY KURTZMAN



— and including A BRAND-NEW  
14-PAGE STORY!!

A BÉLIER  
PRESS BOOK



NORTHAMPTON  
MASSACHUSETTS



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# PREFACE

Did you ever wonder, when you pick up a copy of, say, *The Old Pooperoo's Greatest Hits*—why you get what you get? Very often such a collection will contain a few things that you didn't even know existed and may be lacking some of your personal favorites. Well, the reason for that is usually a financial consideration, involving the writer and/or publisher royalties, but which is usually restricted to the record business. Now—you've got a copy of what might be called *R. Crumb's Greatest Hits*, although it isn't (we did suggest *R. Crumb's Flops & Near Misses*) and while he is the owner of the Copyrights to his works, both Crumb and the Publisher of this Anthology felt that the reader had a right to know about the various considerations that went into its compilation. In addition, Crumb has this here thing about Integrity (a clinical analysis of which *might* be found somewhere in *The Compulsion to Confess* by Theodore Reik) and although it may not be all that fascinating to you, we decided that an explanation was in order.

One of the most important things in the world to Crumb (aside from his enormous collection of 78 rpm records) is the survival of Underground Comix (which we shouldn't have to tell you he is one of the pioneers and bigshots of, so we won't) and we share his enthusiasm for this alternative area of expression. The Underground Comix have provided both the Reader and Artist with the opportunity to explore the problems of society, which is not likely to be available in the everyday overground media. It also gives us the chance to *think* about what is right and wrong and perhaps in the process this may help, even just a little bit, to change the situation for the better one day. This, as opposed to the mindless game and talk shows, semi-erotic soap operas and the incredible number of rapes, murders, kidnappings, suicides, robberies, wars, muggings, strikes or any of the other everyday sadomasochism of modern society which appear to be the focal point of the Evening News, all available to us, in living color, on TV. Gosh, what ever happened to the good old days when a false fire alarm was *News*?

Nobody who draws or publishes Underground Comix is getting very rich off of them (certainly not Crumb) and we should be grateful to these men and women who not only have the courage to stand up and say that something is wrong, but also the guts to sign their own names to it. Fortunately, many of the U.G.s, the better ones, tend to be reprinted from time to time and are available to the public, if it wants them. Therefore, we have tried to avoid the senselessness of totally reprinting any one of the Comix from which the contents of this Anthology were taken (though we may have come close in a couple of cases). We have also tried to exclude any of Crumb's work that has already been reprinted in the various Anthologies that have already appeared to date (*Apex*, *Bijou*, *Rip-Off & Slow Death*), as the duplication would be pointless. There is also a problem with the material that has appeared in *Zap*, as an Anthology of that publication is in the works (although no one is quite certain as to when it will appear), so none of those Comix were available. In addition, Crumb did not feel that the material that was originally published in the three volumes of *Snatch* or *Jiz* (one issue only) lent itself to being used in this larger format (he did not wish his work to be tampered with photographically, either to be enlarged or reduced or to be printed with too large of a margin) so this was also eliminated from consideration. The Comix that have appeared in *Arcade* are too recent to be reprinted so soon and *Dirty Laundry* seems to stand as a separate entity that does not lend itself to a partial reprint. Then, we come to the case of *Fritz the Cat* who, with the exception of *Mr. Natural*, is probably Crumb's most famous creation. The reader may be aware of the bad feelings that Crumb has had about the two Animated Films that were made about *Fritz* and although he feels no personal animosity toward the character, it is unlikely that he will ever draw him again. It was originally planned to include one story, *Fritz the Cat*, *Superstar* (from *The People's Comics*) in which Crumb killed off what could have been considered his 'meal-ticket' at one time, but early in 1976 the Book Rights (Ballantine edition) were returned to Crumb (under the terms of the Contract), so it seems proper for *Superstar* to be included in an Integral edition of *Fritz*, which we hope will one day appear (including some heretofore uncollected and unpublished strips).

Within the limits of what we have explained to you, the contents of this present Anthology have been assembled. We must admit that Crumb has been a very cooperative person (although he's a skinny one) in allowing us to pick and to choose as we pleased, with Crumb having the final say in all matters. We have tried to provide you, the reader, with a cross-section of Crumb and if we have not been successful, then the fault is *ours* and *not* Crumb's, as various personal prejudices have crept into the selection. For instance, your Editor is not particularly fond of decapitation, which has cropped up a few times in Crumb's work, so there's a minimum of that here. Also, the Editor finds pictures of pigs anathema to him, although Crumb did stick us with one on the Cover (being a vindictive but skinny person). Of course, any selection is bound to be somewhat subjective and some of Crumb's strips were excluded because it was felt that the average reader might find them less interesting than those that were chosen. If there is any criticism about this, then blame must once again be placed with the Editor (who's also the Publisher and the Shipping Clerk, in case you're interested). Therefore, it may appear to some that this particular selection is top heavy with the more overtly sexual work by Crumb. Well, first, there's no getting away from that aspect of Crumb, as sex is a major theme. Secondly, it sells books (and soap and cars and every-



thing—although, truthfully, that was not a serious consideration). Actually, the sexual content of Underground Comix, in general, has always been a source for criticism of them and of Crumb in particular. However, we should point out that this was more prominent in the infancy of the genre and, in case you haven't noticed, it has grown up, quite a bit. Sexuality is a fact of life and there's no getting away from it. Personally speaking, we seriously doubt that the powers that be would have made it so enjoyable if it was meant solely for procreation. It's absurd, no matter what they tell you.

We have also been fortunate enough to be able to include some of the rare and possibly obscure Comix by Crumb, which have never before been reprinted either in a Comic Book and/or Anthology. This includes *Goof On It!* and *Shoo Shoo Baby*, which first appeared in the legendary *Gothic Blimp Works* and *The Bleeding Heart Syndrome*, originally published in a now rare U.G., *Tales from the Ozone* #1 (published in Detroit in 1969) and which now commands a healthy price among collectors. Crumb probably isn't going to like this but we think that we ought to tell you that some of his Underground Comix are bringing steep prices in the so-called collector's market. The most notable of these is the *First Edition* of *Zap* #1, which is not only a milestone in the brief history of Undergrounds but also the cornerstone of any collection. On one occasion, while visiting with Crumb, the subject of *Zap* #1 came up in a conversation with the Editor of this Anthology: Crumb remarked he'd like to meet up with the sap who would pay the then current, ridiculous asking price for a copy. "Well," replied the Editor (being a rich and greedy collector), "You're talking to him!" In an attempt to save face at this point, we'd also like to inform you that since that conversation took place, in March of 1976, the asking price for that paper marvel has increased by half! We're not going to tell you what it goes for, because the price varies and it's a little embarrassing, but you would be well advised to take good care of your Underground Comix, as they might enable you to buy yourself a limousine one day, or at least some food or pay the rent!

Finally, you might ask, why has an otherwise Unpublished Story been included as well? Actually, there was no intention from the outset, of including such a work. However, while the Publisher was seeking a Trade Distribution deal (the ramifications of which are not essential—we didn't make that deal as this is being written) and the Distributor expressed a strong desire for an Unpublished Story. We explained to Crumb that, in our view, the only value of this would be a psychological one to a Distributor, i.e., the Anthology contains unpublished work that is not available elsewhere, meaning that it is more likely to succeed as a piece of 'merchandise'. Crumb being the pussycat that he is (although he's a skinny one), consented to contribute a fourteen page story, *Once I Led the Life of a Millionaire*, featuring Mr. Snoid. This piece was *not* done exclusively for this Anthology and will probably appear at a later date in a Comic Book by Crumb that is devoted solely to this character. Meanwhile, all of you First Edition *Freaks*, here it is, for the first time, anywhere!

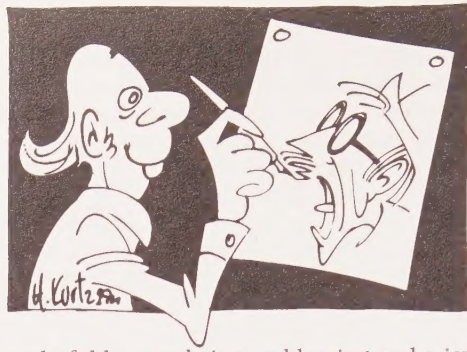
Some things change, and some things stay the same, as the saying goes. For example, since this Anthology was first published (1976), the asking price for a *First Edition* of *Zap* #1 has increased about *tenfold*! Of course, the price for just about everything else (including the Cover Price for this book) has more or less *tripled*! Still, that is *change*. In the first two Editions of *Carload O' Comics* (1976 & 1978), a particular point was made about the method of Binding that was used ('Smythe-Sewn', which is Superior and costs more *vs.* 'Perfect', which is Inferior, but much cheaper). Unfortunately, the practice of 'Smythe-Sewing' has continued to decline in Publishing, mostly for economic considerations. That is the *same*. On the other hand, there have been *alleged* technological advances in 'Perfect' binding, involving the process itself, as well as the introduction of more flexible adhesives, which look promising (*change*). But, another important aspect of the equation is the fact that the Editorial Content of a work such as this (some of it is sexual in nature), limits the number of Binderies that are even willing to take on the Job in the first place (*same*). Therefore, *we* have decided to take a chance on the allegedly *improved* type of 'Perfect' binding for this (otherwise unimproved) new Edition of *Carload*. Any *complaints*, however, should be addressed to the Author of this Anthology, who is now a big 'Movie Star', and is sitting on his skinny behind, on his Palatial Estate in the South of France (with a heated, Olympic-sized Swimming Pool and Gift Shop!), surrounded by a large Staff of Beautiful Women (Servants), Advisors, and Sycophants. Your grievances will receive prompt, personal attention.

So, dear reader, as the cliché goes, that's the story. Now, for the mushy part, where we say *Thank You* to those faceless people who helped to make this book possible: First, we'd like to thank you, the reader, because without you there is no one to publish this book for! Next, we'd like to thank a certain Mr. & Mrs. Crumb, without whose participation this never would have happened either. We'd also like to thank (in alphabetical order): Glenn Bray, Brad Kay, Shelby Kirch, Denis Kitchen, Aline Kominsky, Harvey Kurtzman, Jay & Jane Lynch, Albert Morse, Art Spiegelman and David Topf (who may be the real hero of this epic, in that he put up the money). Finally, we'd like to thank Apex Novelties, Krupp Comic Works, The Print Mint, The Rip-Off Press and all of the other Publishers of Underground Comix, not only for their cooperation in putting this Anthology together, but also for having the foresight and the courage to print the works of Robert Crumb and his fellow Cartoonists in the first place.

In closing, just before you get to the good part—*R. Crumb's Carload O' Comics*—we'd like to leave you with a few words from one of the great thinkers of our time, Mr. Snoid: "Tee Heel!"

J. B. Rund





R. Crumb is a warm and wonderful human being—a blessing and a joy to his family and a credit to his race. That's *Ralph* Crumb I'm talking about. As for Robert—well, he's something else. Listen! When I'm finished introducing you to Robert Crumb—especially those of you who, on reading Crumb say brilliant things like "Huh?" or "Whaaa?" or "Hey, where's the punch line?"—I'm going to make you understand, to *know* what Robert Crumb is all about. After this introduction, even Robert Crumb, who *never* knows what he's about, will know.

My first memory of Crumb was of a long, skinny, gawk, bent over a sketchbook. It's my first memory and my last memory and all the memories in-between—Crumb and his ever-present sketchbook, drawing all the time. Incredible. I've never met anyone with such a cartooning compulsion. And that's point one about Crumb. Obviously, the man has a fortunate arrangement of brain cells, whose visions compel him to draw and draw. He's like the ballerina with the magic red shoes who has to dance until she dies.

Point number two: the kid has range—scope. He draws, he writes, he plays music. He even does a mean soft-shoe. With that much going for you, you've *got* to amount to something—which Crumb did do—and with no great help from Crumb. As a matter of fact, he's made it in *spite* of Crumb, whose relationship with the world is typified in the way he reacts to his "fan-boys." The worshipping fan, approaching Crumb for an autograph, a sketch, an interview—is usually confronted by the Bob Crumb flip-flop—a wordless, frantic, flapping wave-off combined with a quick retreat to the bathroom. The Crumb nervous system, with its batteries of sensors, is easily overloaded.

Point three (and now we get to the heart of it): What exactly is it that Crumb has done that's so special? I can explain it best by comparing it to the movies which, from their beginnings and through the golden Big Studio years, were mainly fantasies. And by fantasy, I mean the presentation of life, idealized—not life as it *is*—but as we would *like it to be*. Plots had to have "happy endings." The subject matter could range from *The Wizard of Oz* to *The Life of Emil Zola*. Nobody swore. Nobody bled (except for token bleeding). Everything was neat, polite, inoffensive—the world of Busby Berkeley and *Andy Hardy*. And then came the fifties and the "reality" movies—*Shoeshine*, *La Dolce Vita*. And suddenly we were watching the unthinkable. Real People. Real Problems. For the first time, husbands shared the *same* beds with their wives. Four-letter words! Warts! And blood! Spurting, dripping and gushing! Some will say we should have left well-enough alone, when fantasy was all. I hold no brief for reality *or* fantasy. As a matter of fact, when reality closes in on me, I seek the relief of fantasies; and when fantasy bullshit overwhelms me, I yearn for palpable reality.

And what has all of this to do with Crumb? Before Robert C., cartoons were, by and large, fantasies. By and large, I say. Some of us toyed with "real" comics back then in the fifties. But most all cartooning was (and still is) fantasy. And much of it real *dumb* fantasy. Crumb, the pathfinder, blazed a whole new trail. Crumb, leading point to his fellow undergrounders, brought the gut reality to cartooning.

I often think of truth like the skin of an onion—you peel it back and what do you find? Another skin. And beneath that, another and another. Truth always has, behind it, a more fundamental truth. A prime measure of an artist's work is how "true" it is. A dumb cartoon is empty, without originality. It offers clichés—surface without content. Crumb speaks reality and truth. If you're a discerning Crumb reader, if your interest goes beyond "the dirty parts", then you know him intimately. You know Crumb's life—his happinesses, his disasters. You've gone deep inside his brain, into his sex, hate, love, dreams. He lays it all bare. He probes, he delves, he peels back the layers.

So don't look for dumb jokes, puns, boffolas, or punch-lines here. If that's what you want, curl up with your latest *Archie Comics* book and have a good time. But if you want to look at original, truthful and *never* boring cartoons—turn the page. You're in for an experience.

Harvey Kurtzman



R. Crumb's

# CARLOAD OF COMICS





THE GREAT MAN TELLS ALL!!

# THE CONFESSIONS OF R. CRUMB

OBOY, I'M FEELIN' DEVILISH TODAY!  
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT SORT OF TWISTED  
PERVERTED DRAWINGS I'LL COME UP  
WITH! ...AND YA KNOW FOLKS...

MY LIFE'S  
AN OPEN BOOK!  
...UP TO A POINT!

NOTICE: R.  
CRUMB DOES  
NOT SELL OUT!

FILE 13

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
COUNTRY IN THE WORLD  
WHERE A PERSON COULD GET  
AWAY WITH EXPRESSIN'  
THEIRSELF AS FREELY  
AS I DO.

...AN' THAT'S RIGHT HERE IN  
TH' GOOD OL' U.S.A. AND  
DON'TCHOD FORGET IT! SO  
WHEN I TEAR DOWN  
DIS COUNTRY AN' CRITICIZE  
OUR SOCIETY, REMEMBER  
THAT I DO IT WITH LOVE!

... 'CAUSE IF I DIDN'T LOVE  
IT, I'D LEAVE IT, BUT I AINT  
LEAVIN'! IT'S MY COUNTRY, RIGHT  
OR WRONG, SO I KNOW IT'S MY  
DUTY IN LIFE TO HELP RIGHT  
TH' WRONGS IN TH' LAND OF  
MY PEOPLE, THE GOOD OL'  
U.S.A. !!!

THIS LAND IS YOUR  
LAND—THIS LAND IS  
MY LAND—FROM CAL-  
IFORNIA TO THE  
NEW YORK  
EYE-LAND

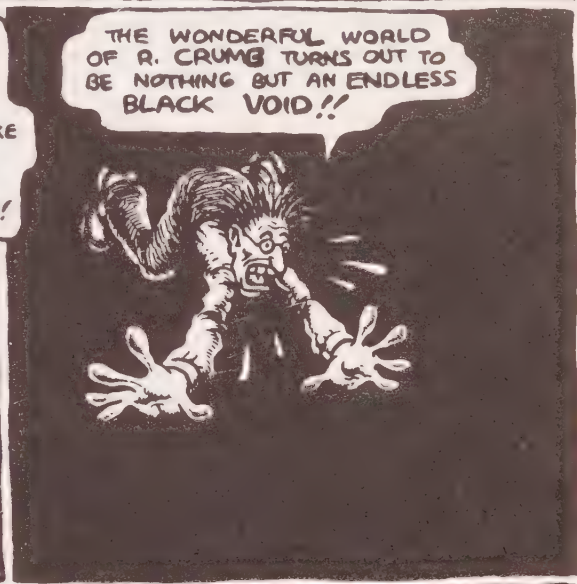
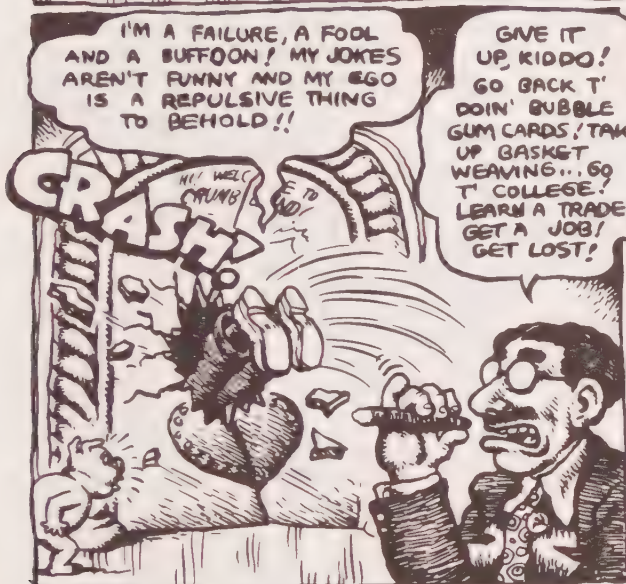
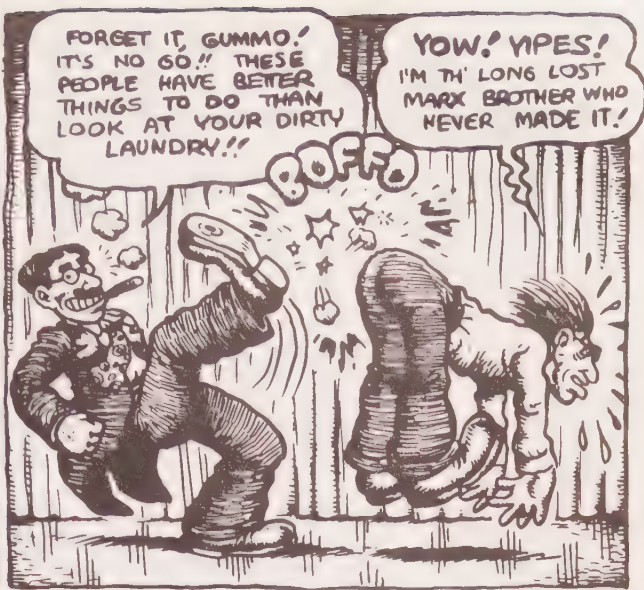
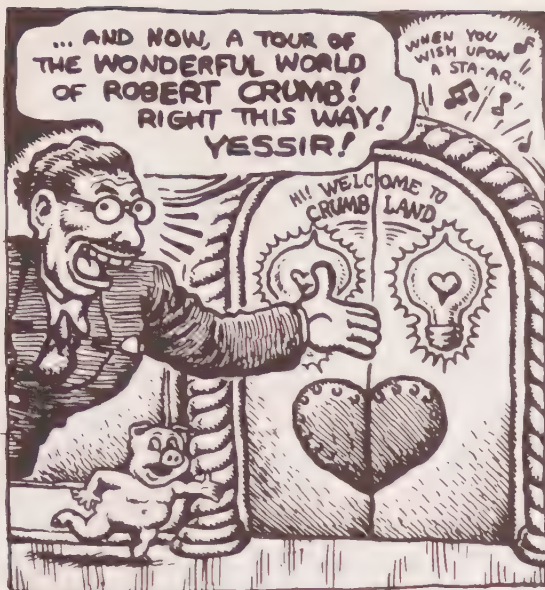
JUST TO PROVE MY POINT, LET  
ME DIG INTO MY FABULOUS  
RECORD COLLECTION HERE...  
MOST OF YOU YOUNSTER OUT  
THERE ARE TOTALLY UNAWARE  
OF OUR RICH MUSICAL HERI-  
TAGE HERE IN AMERICA...ER,  
I MEAN, AMEAKKKA...

AH, HERE'S A GOOD ONE...  
"WEE DOG WALTZ" BY JOE  
FOSS AND HIS HUNGRY SAND  
LAPPERS"... AN OLD FIDDLE  
BAND OF THE 'TWENTIES..

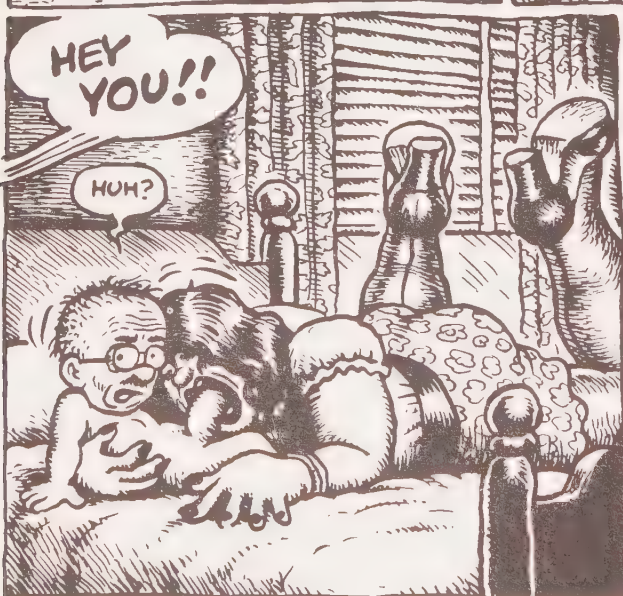
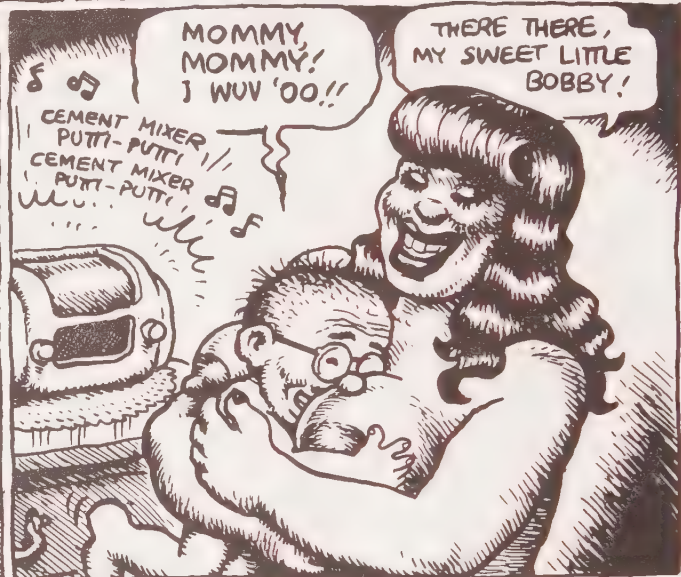
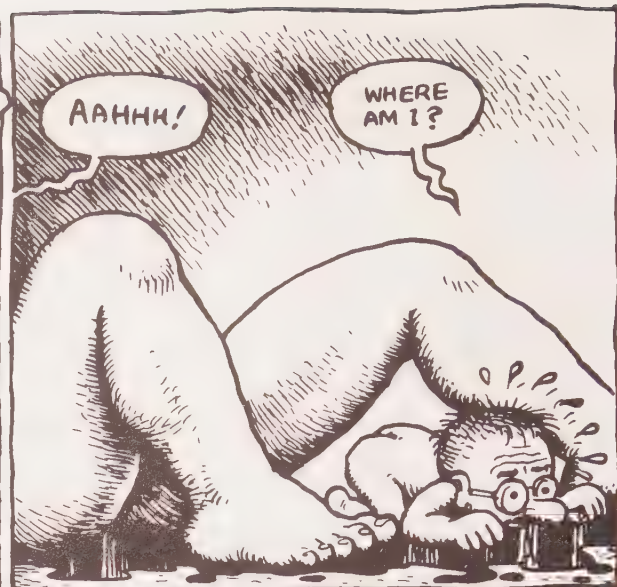
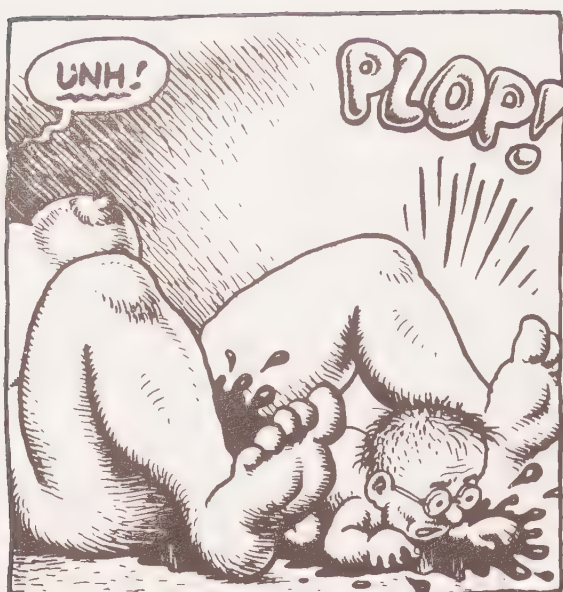
OH WHERE  
OH WHERE  
HAS MY LITTLE  
GONE... OH WHERE  
CAN  
HE BE—  
HEE HEE

AHHH YES!  
THIS'S A  
GREAT  
RECORD!

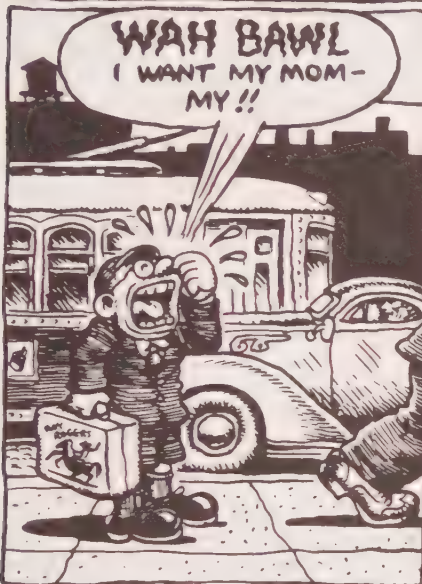
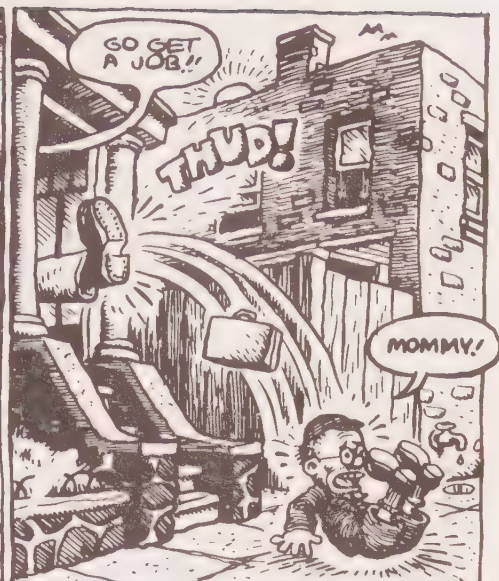














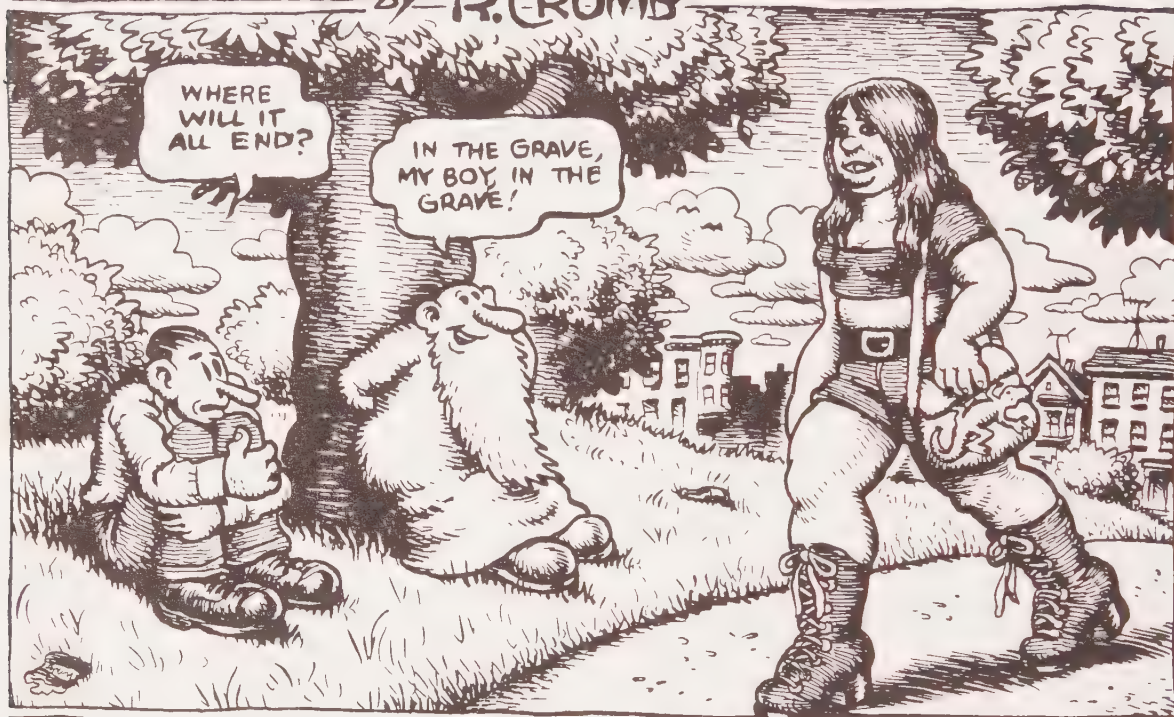


# MR NATURAL and FLAKEY FOOT in



# A GURL IN HOTPANTS

by R. CRUMB



WHERE  
WILL IT  
ALL END?

IN THE GRAVE,  
MY BOY IN THE  
GRAVE!



WOULDJA LOOK  
AT THAT LI'L  
UNIT IN TH'  
HOTPANTS.  
THOUGH!



WELL, THEN, IS  
SEX THE ANSWER?

NO, I WOULDN'T  
SAY THAT!



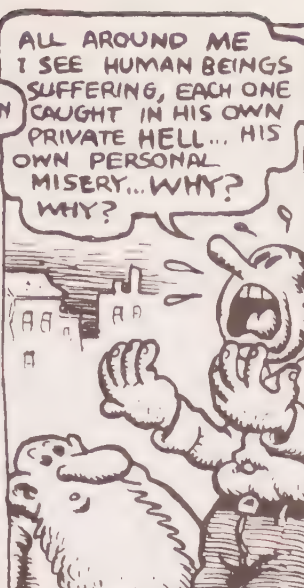
SEX, MY BOY,  
IS THE  
QUESTION!

OW!





BUT WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, WHY THIS UNCEASING PAIN? WHY THIS UNENDING SUCCESSION OF PLAGUES? WHY??

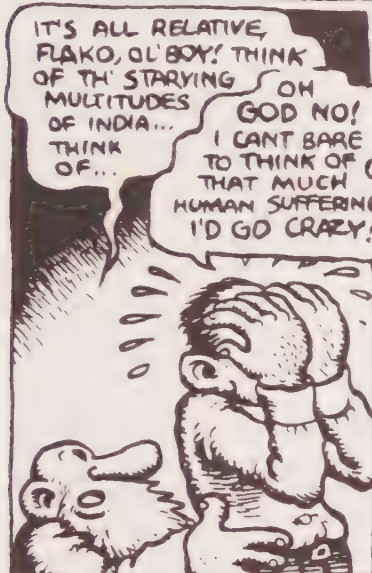


ALL AROUND ME I SEE HUMAN BEINGS SUFFERING, EACH ONE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN PRIVATE HELL... HIS OWN PERSONAL MISERY... WHY? WHY?



ALL MY FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES, ALL STRUGGLING AGAINST THIS HARSH WORLD, AND I'M HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING FOR THEM, OR MYSELF... OH GOD, WHY? WHY? WHY?

THERE, THERE... NOW... DON'T CRY!



IT'S ALL RELATIVE, FLAKO, OL' BOY! THINK OF TH' STARVING MULTITUDES OF INDIA... THINK OF...

OH GOD NO! I CAN'T BARE TO THINK OF THAT MUCH HUMAN SUFFERING! I'D GO CRAZY!



SOMEDAY THINGS WILL BE BETTER... I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT! NOW I'M GOING HOME...

TSK!



"SOMEDAY THINGS WILL BE BETTER"... IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY??

THE FACT IS, YOU DON'T CARE!!



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, FOONT... I DON'T CARE! THE WORLD AND IT'S SO-CALLED MISERIES DOES NOT UPSET ME MUCH!

OH NO?



NO...IN FACT, YOU AND YOUR MISERABLE WORLD CAN BOTH GO SIT ON A TACK AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!

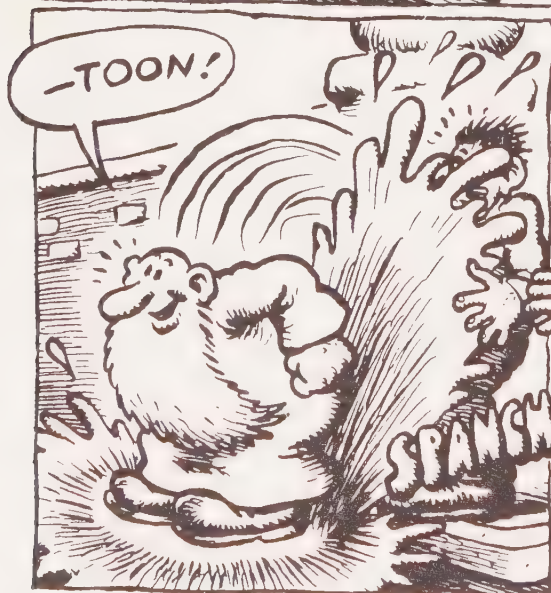
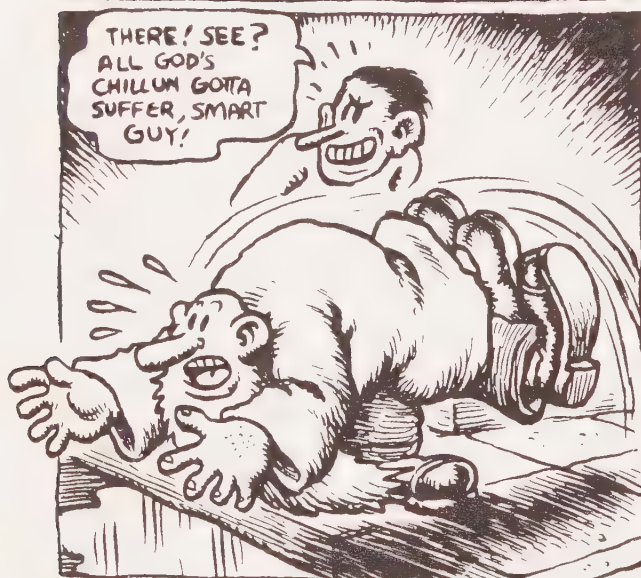
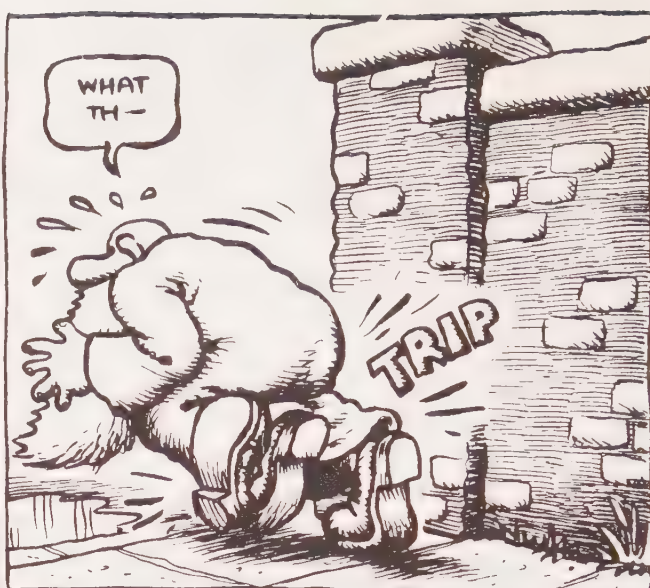
IZZATSO?

SEE YOU LATER!



AHH, MY GOODNESS!

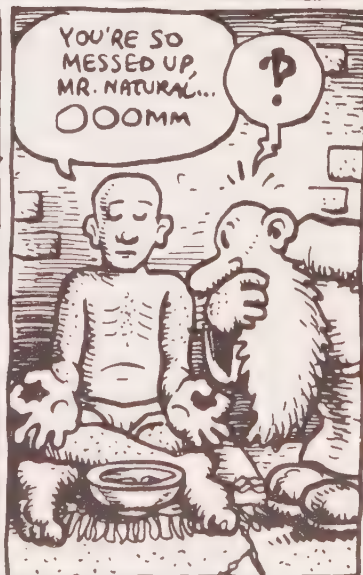
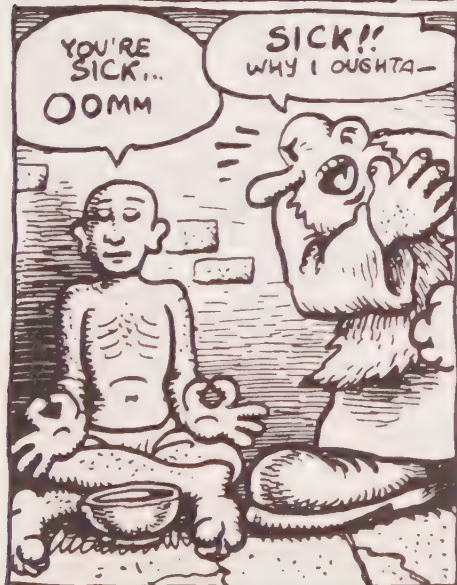
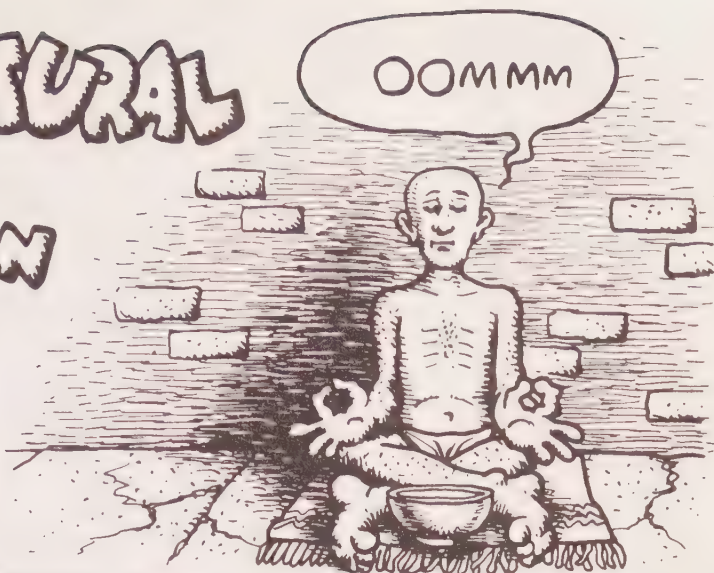




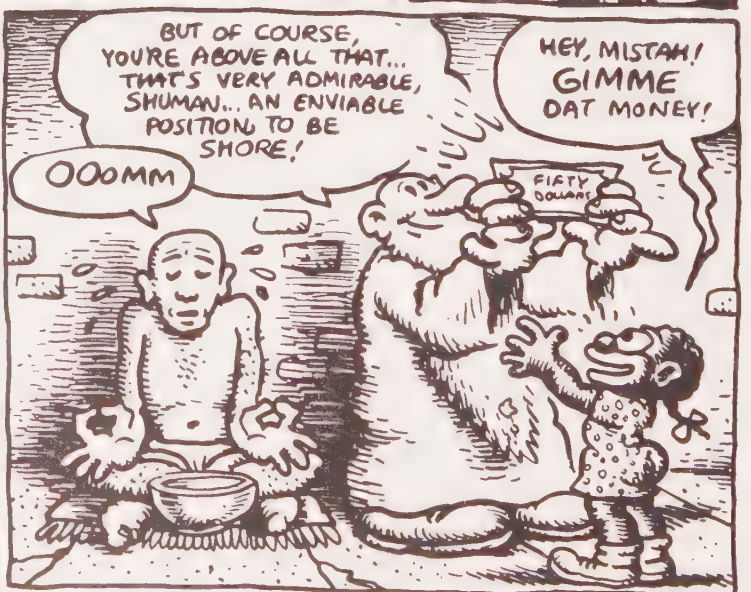
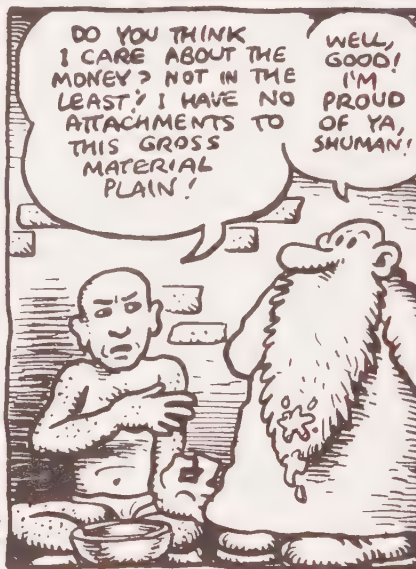
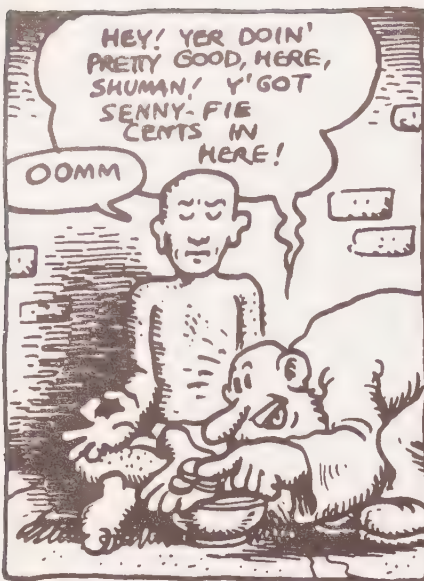


# MR. NATURAL

and  
SHUMAN  
the  
HUMAN  
in  
"OM SWEET OM"



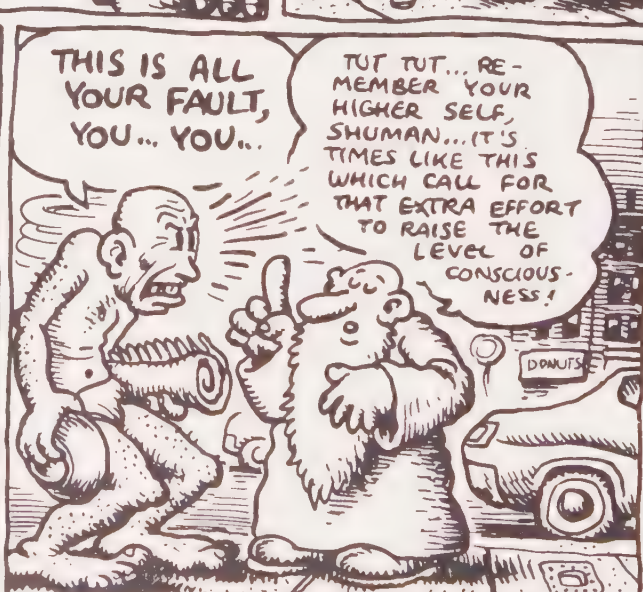




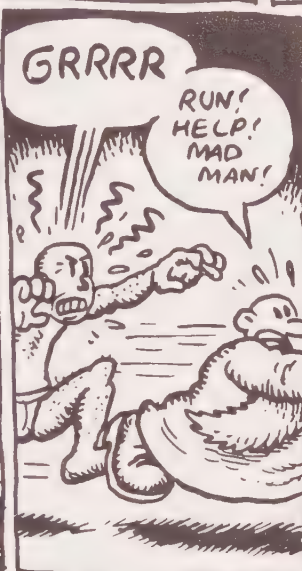
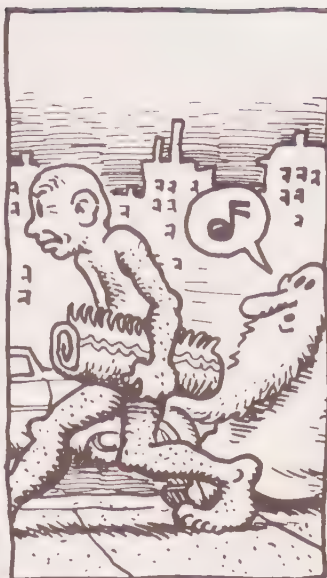














# Mr. Natural

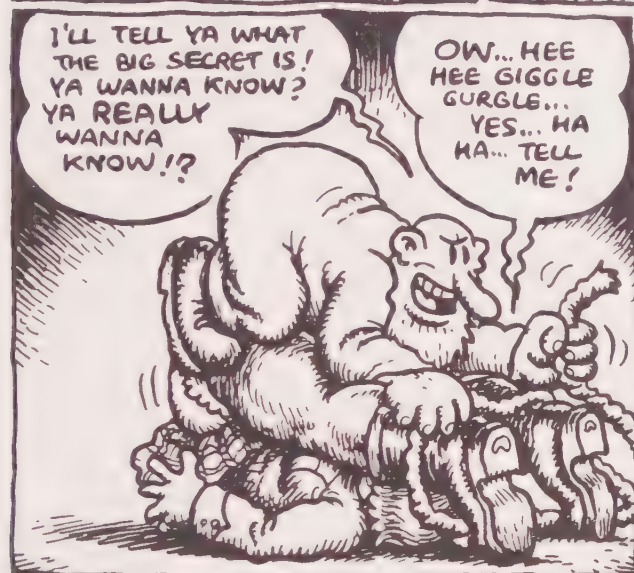
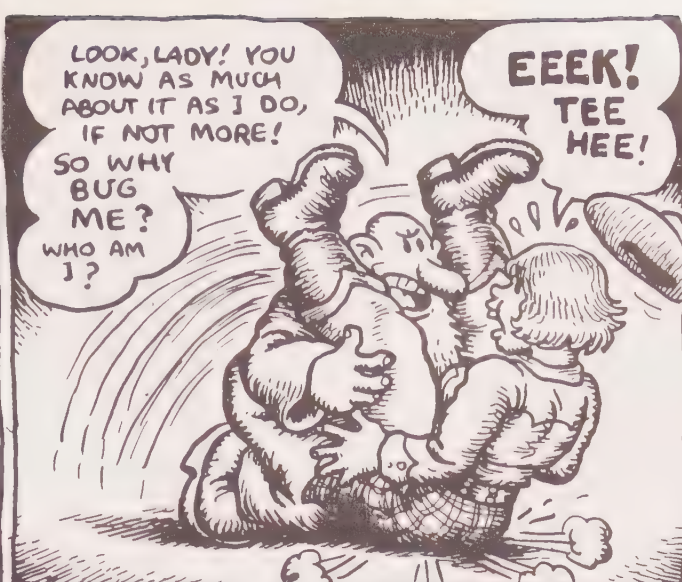
in

## "ON THE BUM AGAIN"

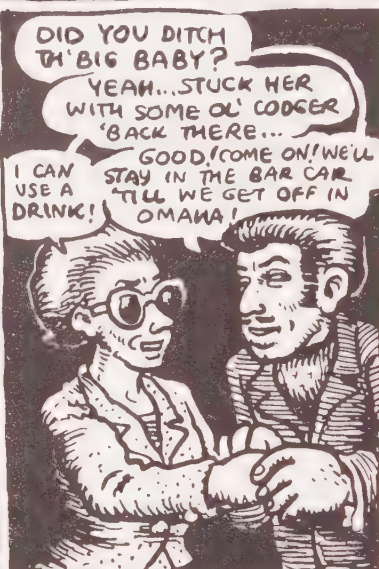
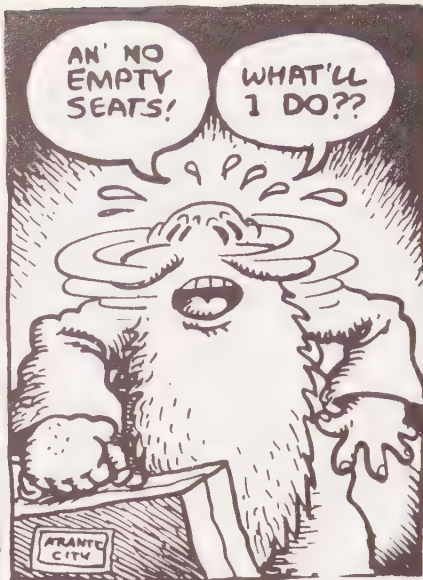
© 1970  
R. CRUMB  
FOLIO ARTS







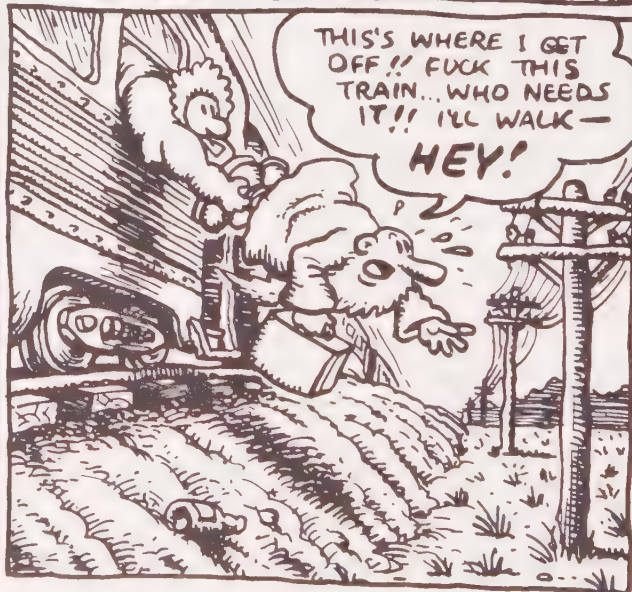




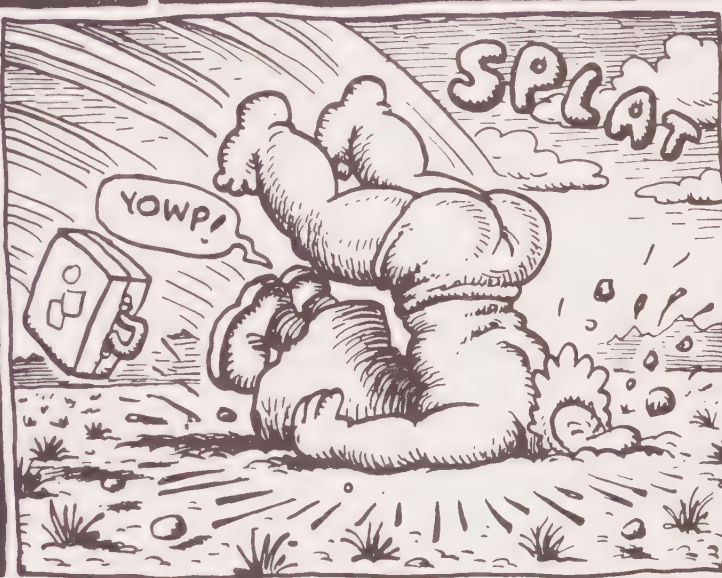
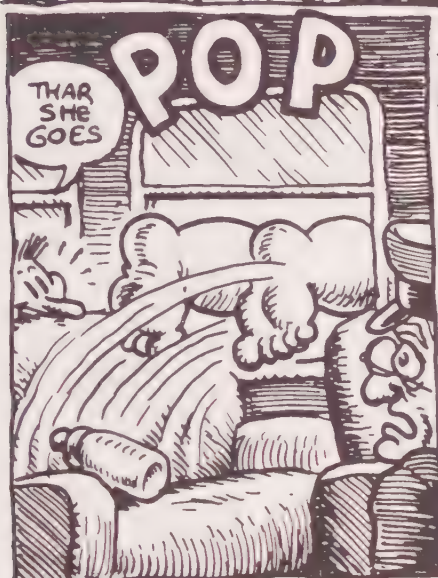
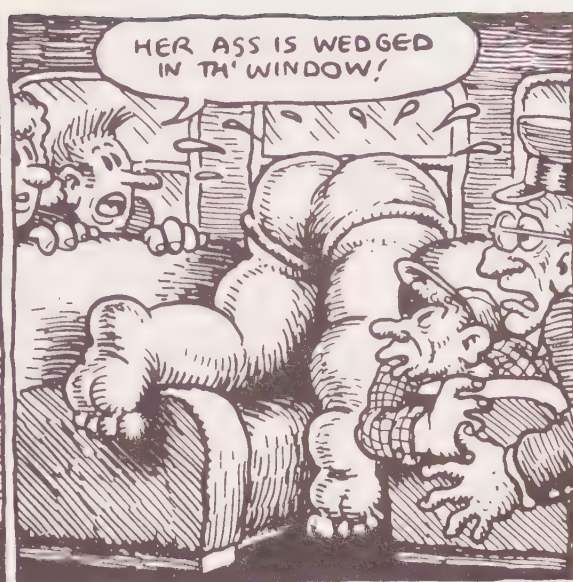
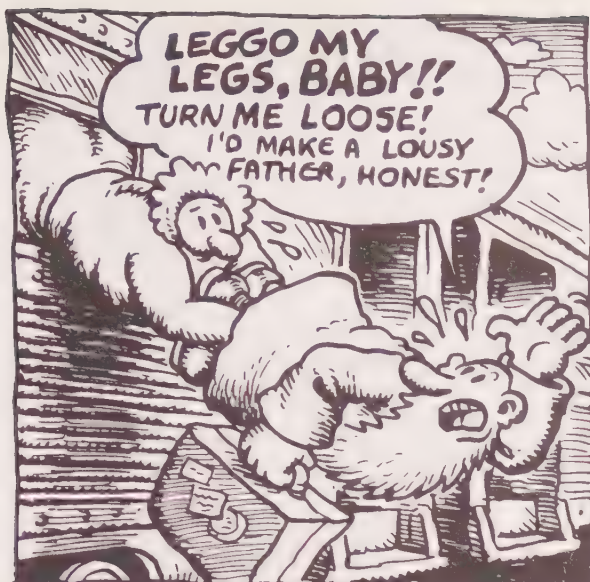




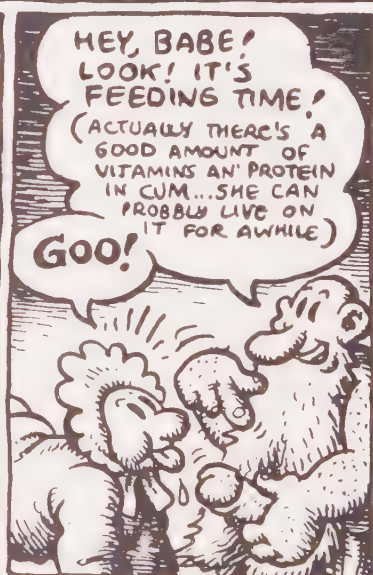
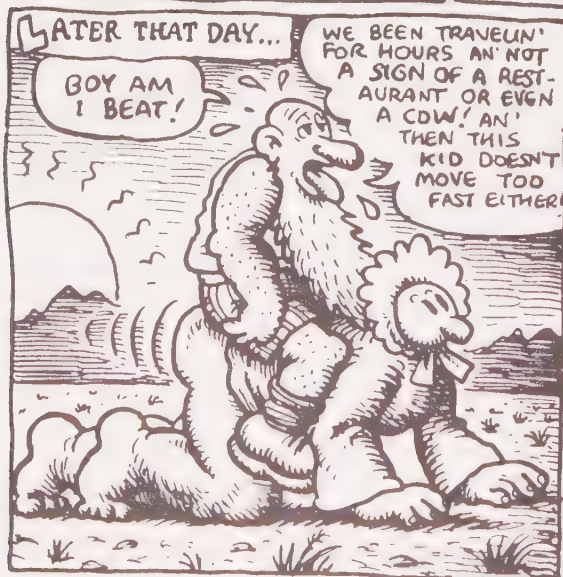
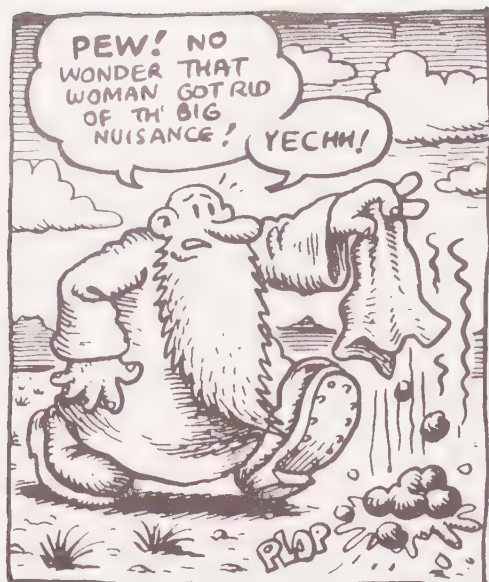




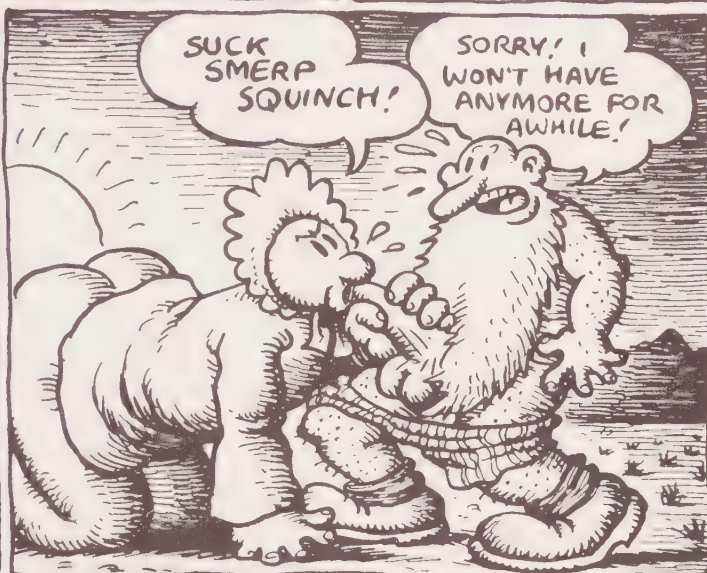
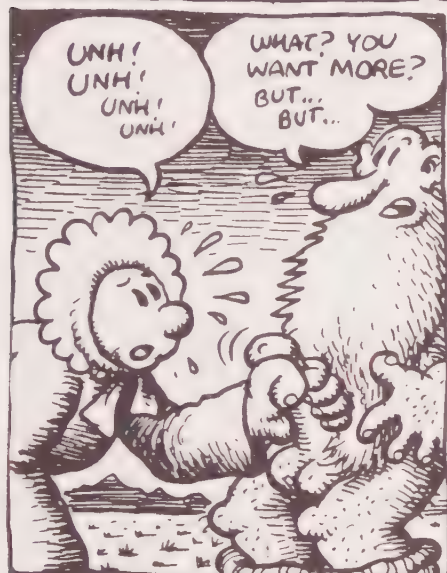




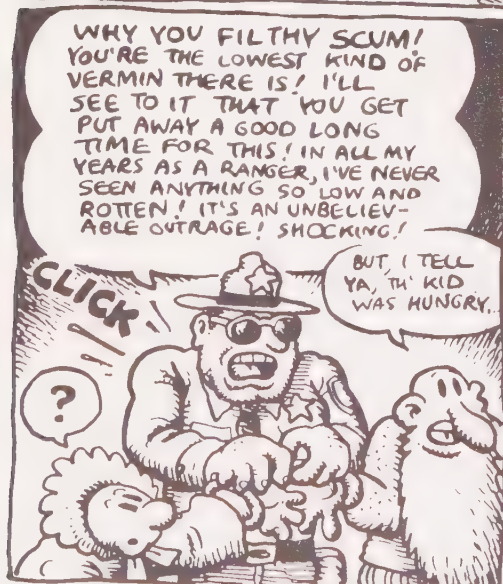
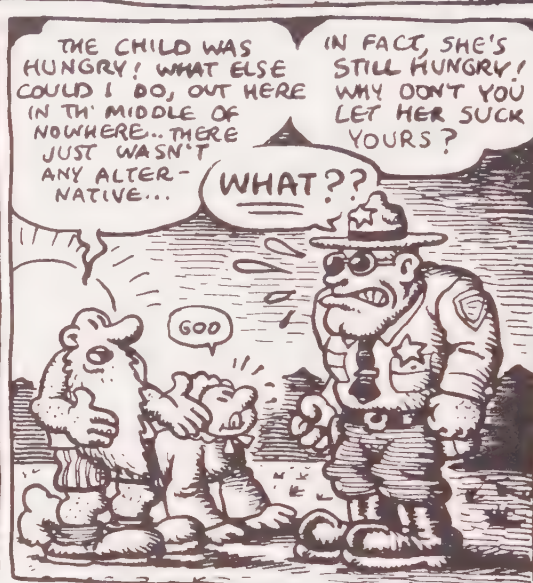
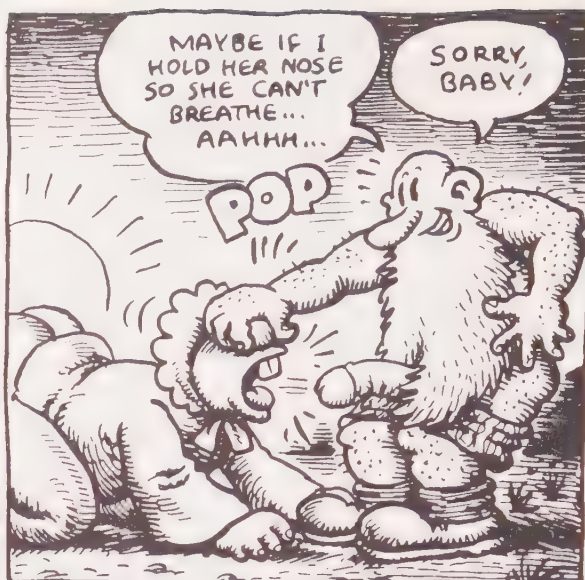












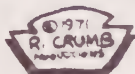


# Mr. Natural

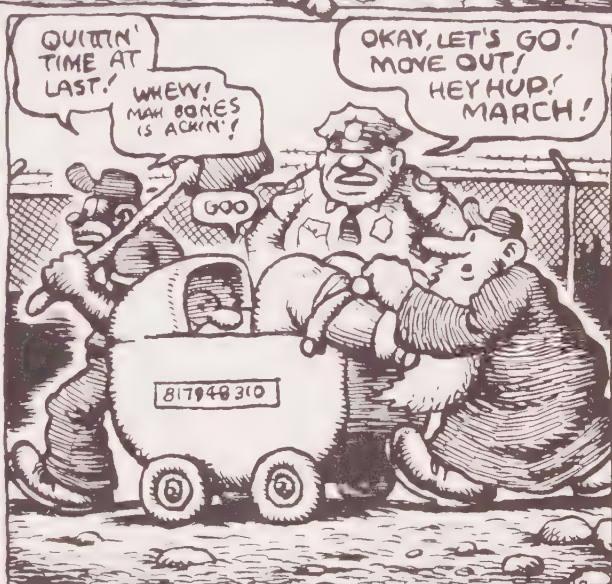
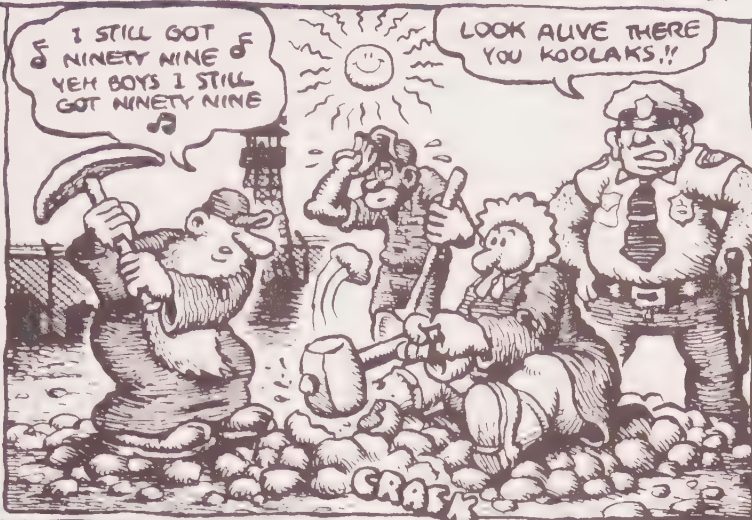
-in-

## "On the Bum Again"

Part Two

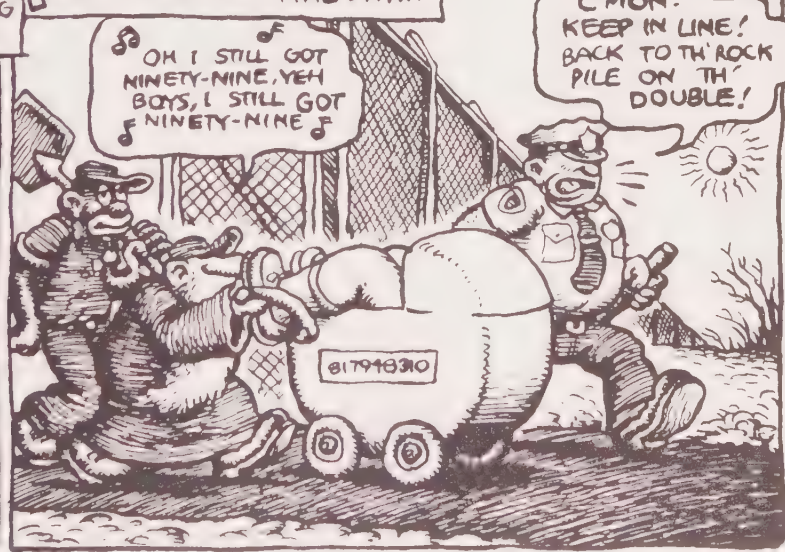


MR. NATURAL AND HIS WARD, THE BIG BABY, HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR "UNNATURAL ACTS."

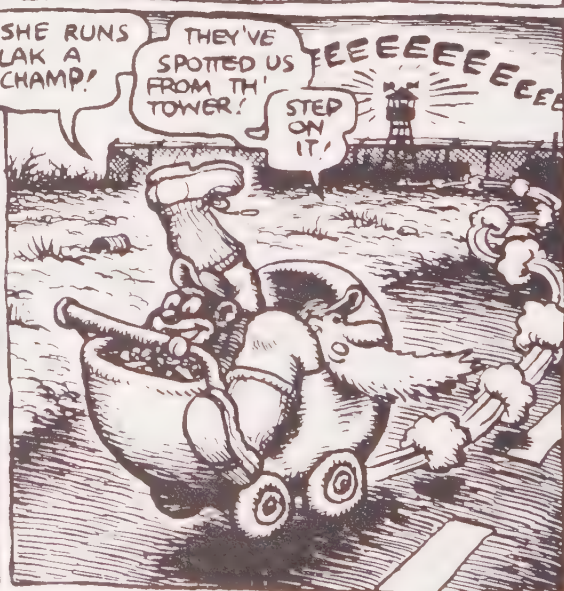
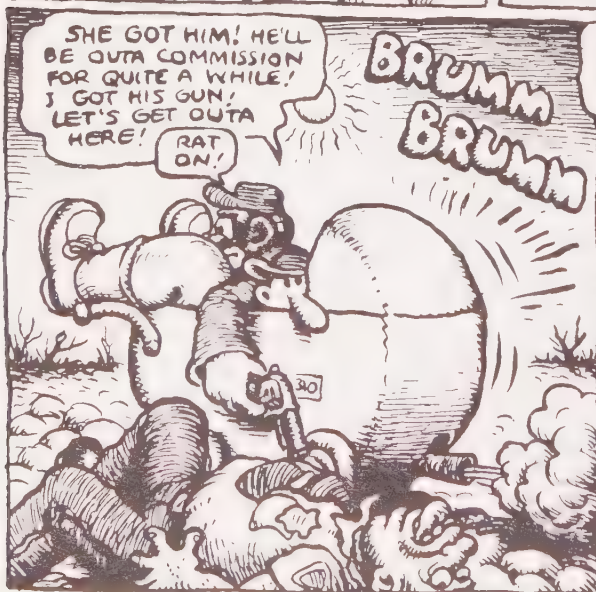
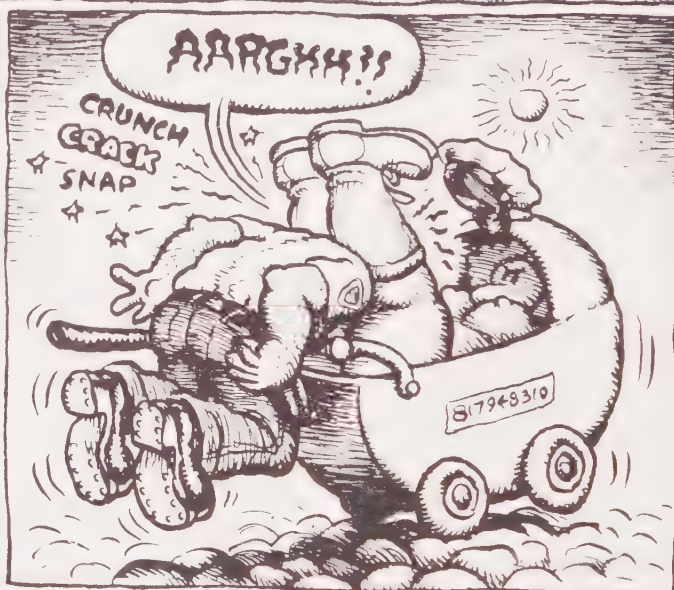
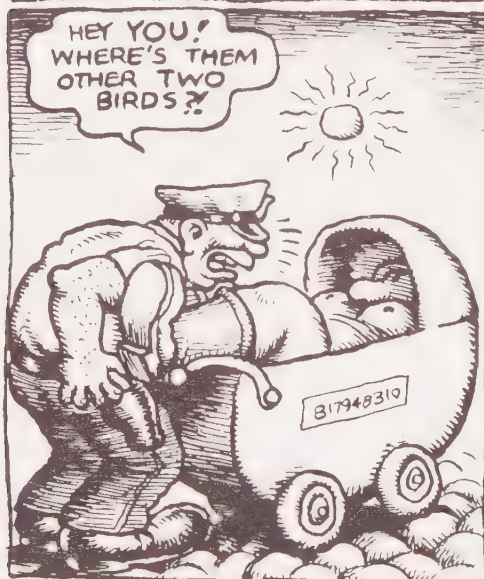
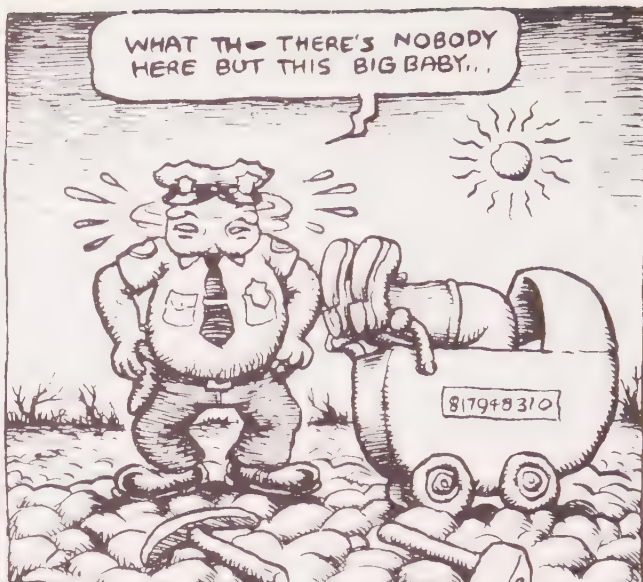


BACK IN THEIR CELL, MR. NATURAL AND HIS CELLMATE, SALTY DOG SAM, WORK FAR INTO THE NITE.

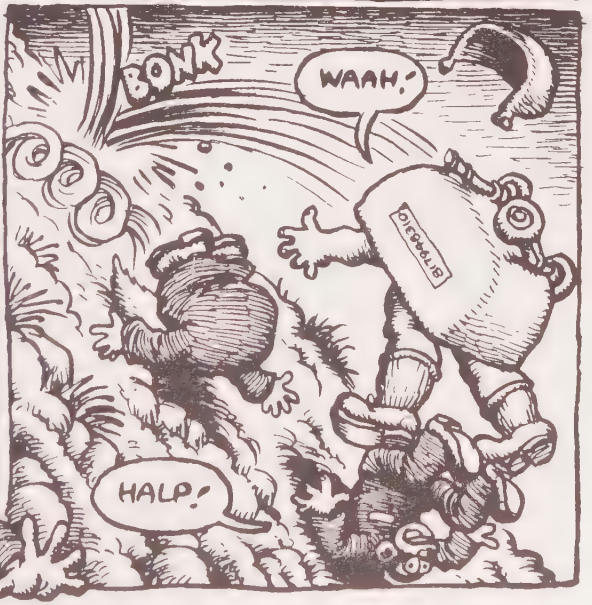
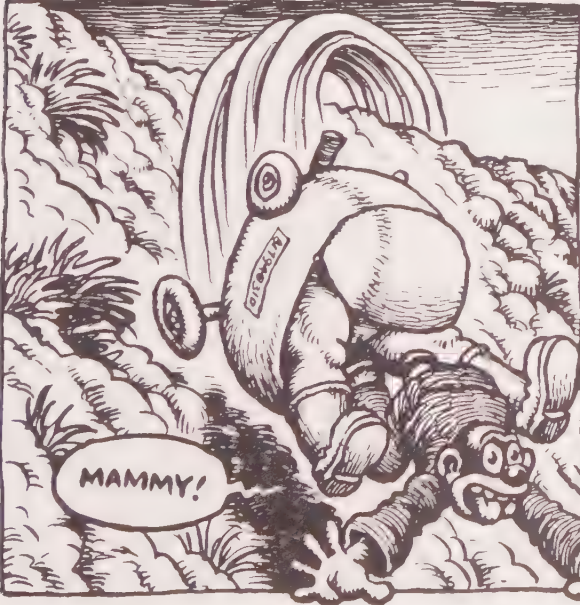
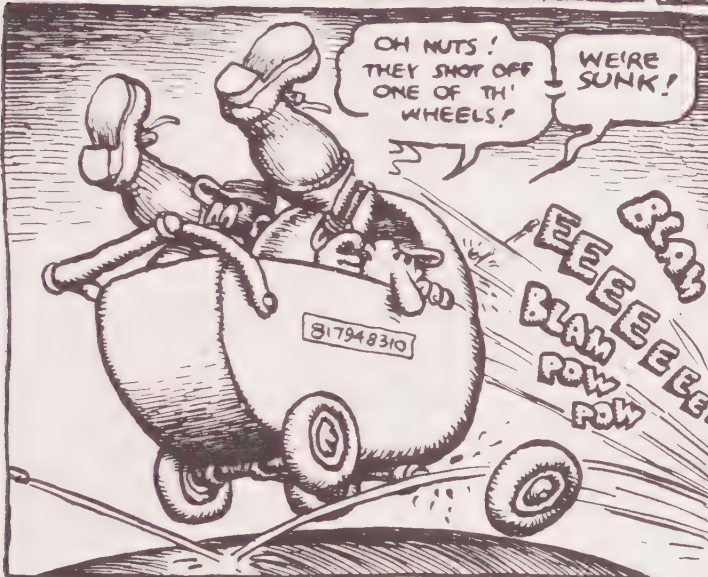
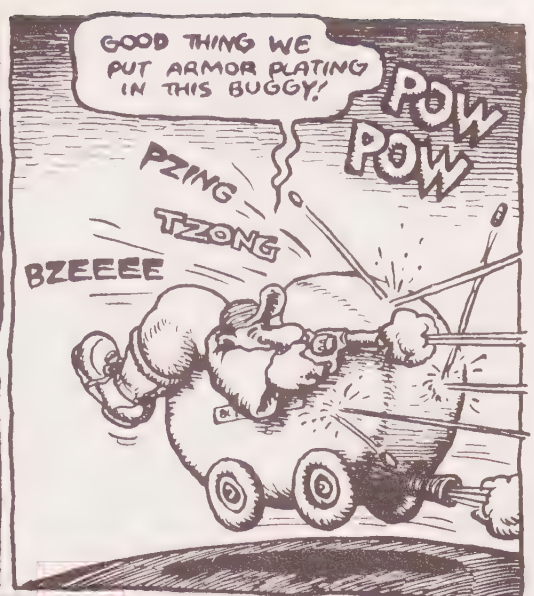
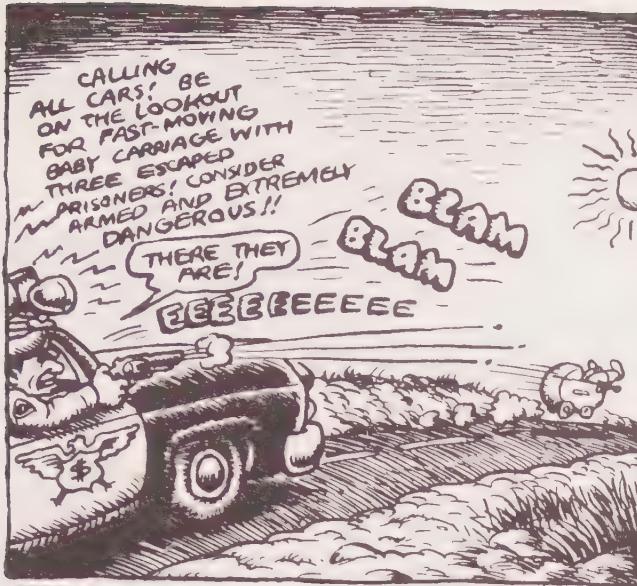
THEN COMES ONE FINE DAY...



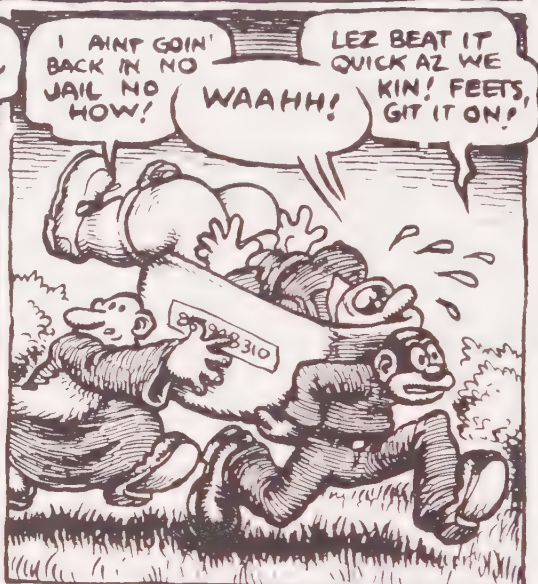




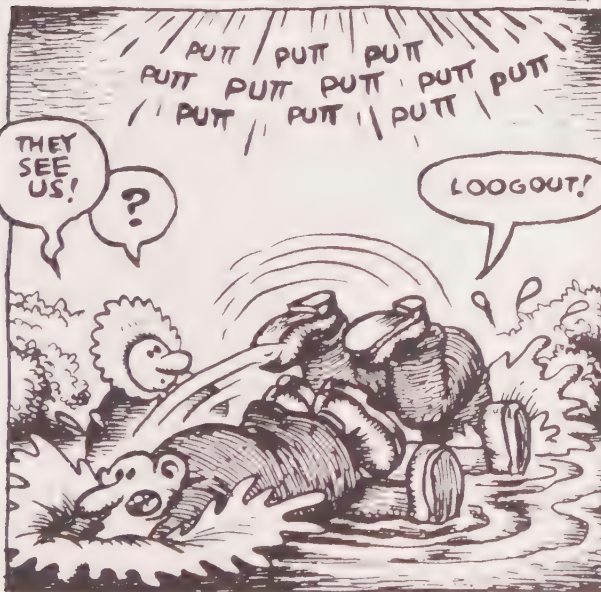
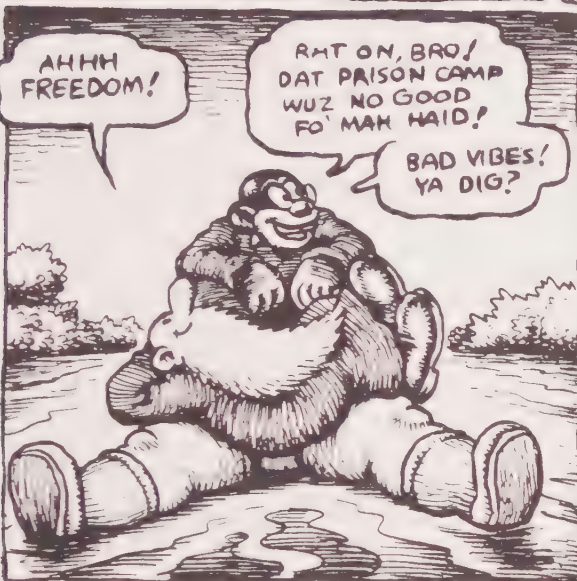
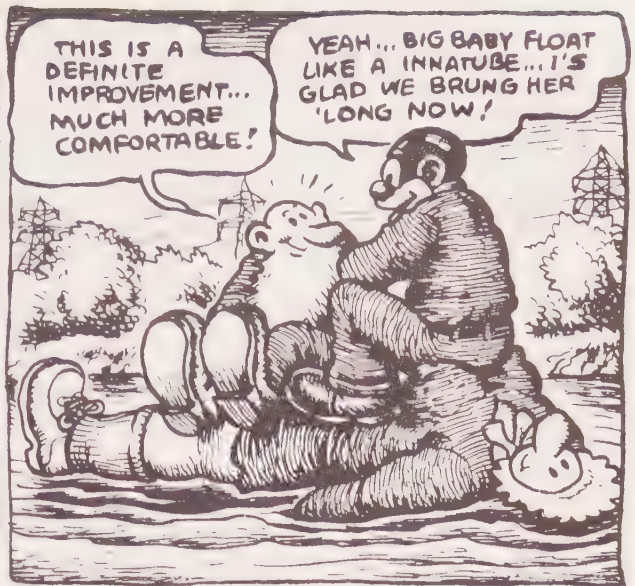
















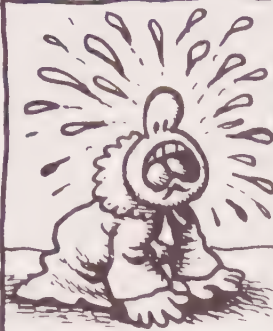
THE  
END



# BIG BABY

THE INFANT TERRIBLE!!

THIS KID IS REALLY ONE ENRAGED INFANT!



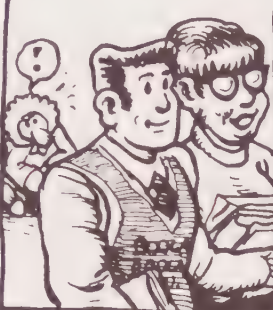
I GET SO VEXED!



WAH!  
SCREECH!  
WHINE!  
WIMPER!



SNIVEL  
SNIVEL  
SOB  
CHOKE...



DROP OUT!



WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH THEM!?!  
WHY DON'T  
THEY DROP  
OUT?!?



YOU'D THINK,  
AFTER ALL THAT'S  
HAPPENED,  
THEY'D FIGURE  
IT OUT...



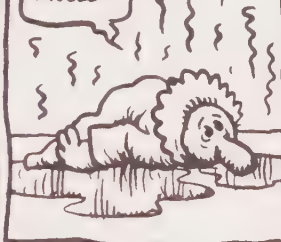
I HATE  
THEM  
ALL!



STUPID  
SHITS!

OH WELL, WHAT  
CAN YOU EXPECT...  
THEY'RE ONLY  
HUMAN...

I WET  
MYSELF...



ONCE AGAIN  
IT IS PROVEN...  
I'M JUST A BIG  
STINKING BRAT!

SOB



NOW MY  
WHOLE  
BODY IS  
INFLAMED!



CRYING  
WON'T  
HELP!



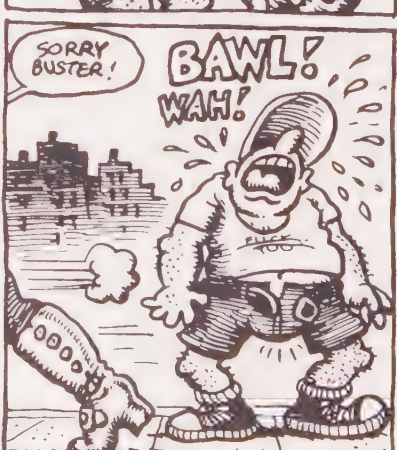
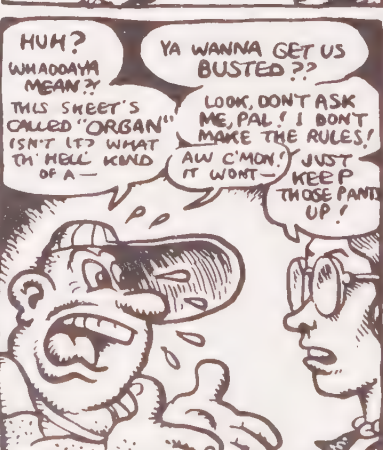
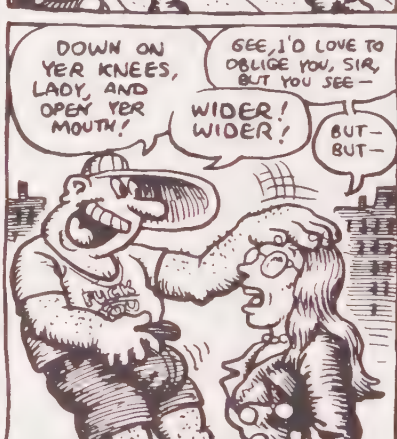
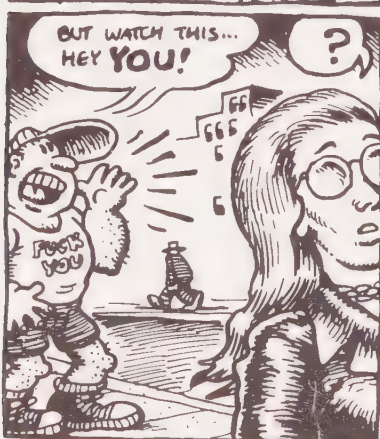
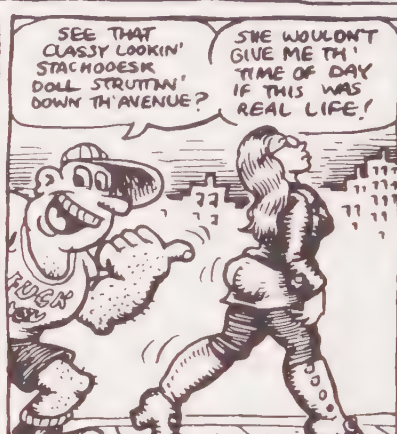
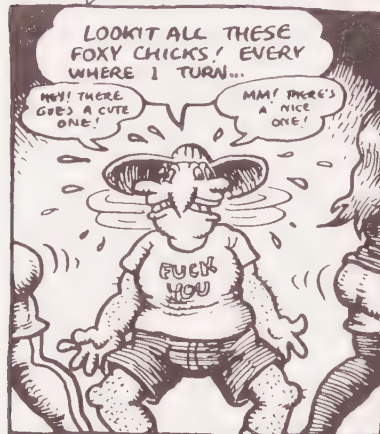
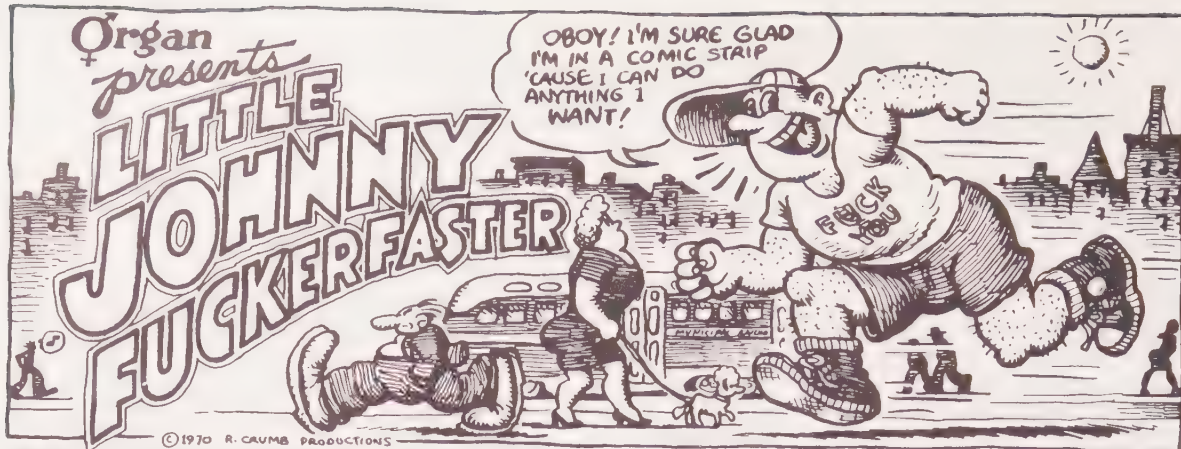
FUCK  
IT!



BURNED OUT....









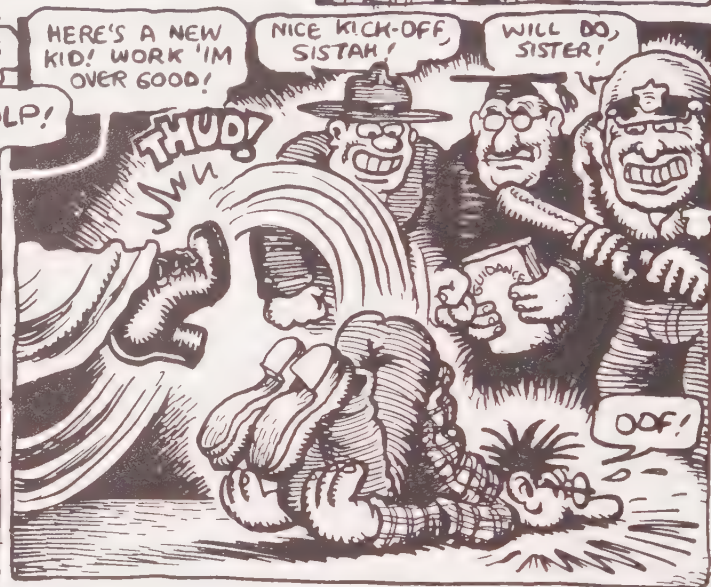
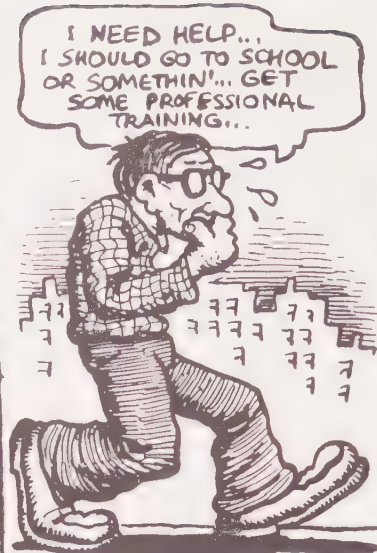
# The Adventures of **R. CRUMB** Himself

by  
**R. Crumb**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

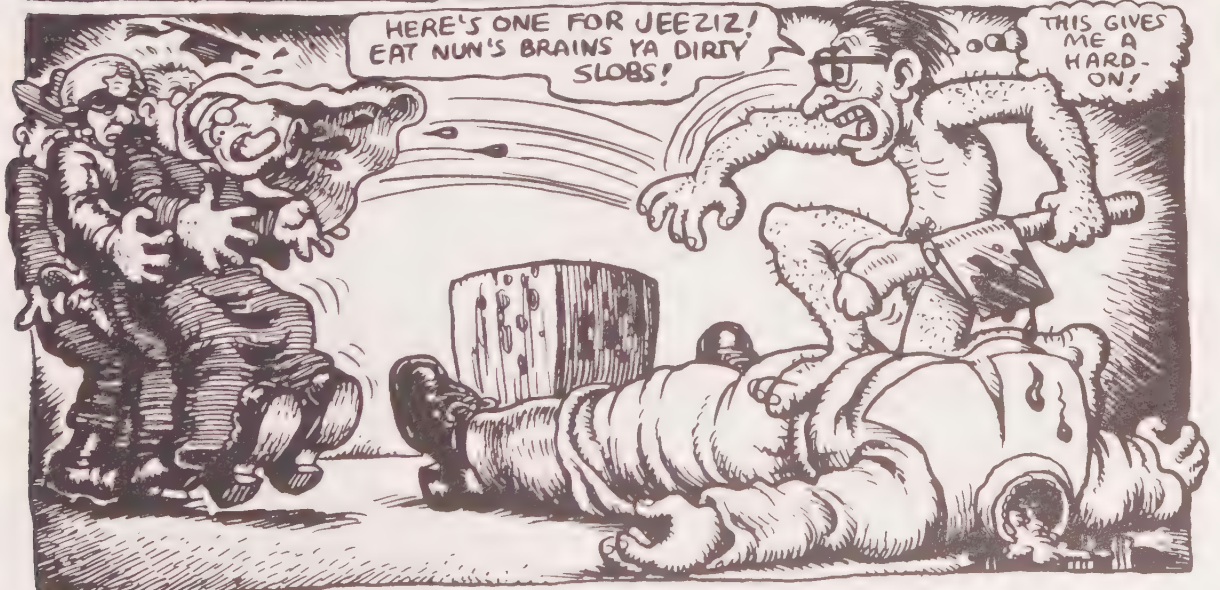
I THINK I'LL  
GO FOR A  
WALK...



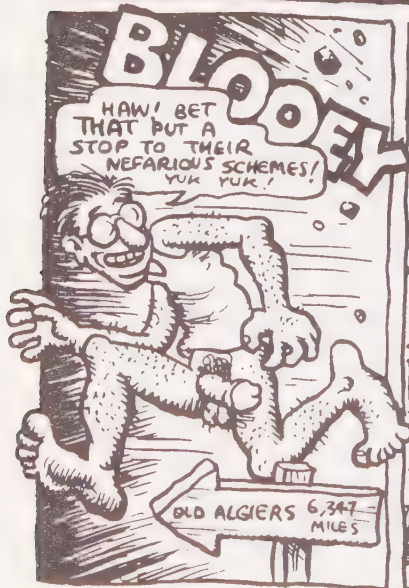
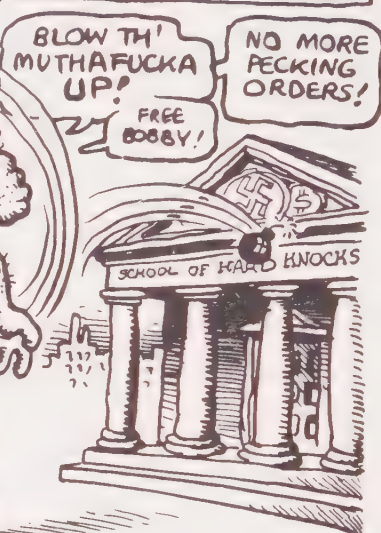
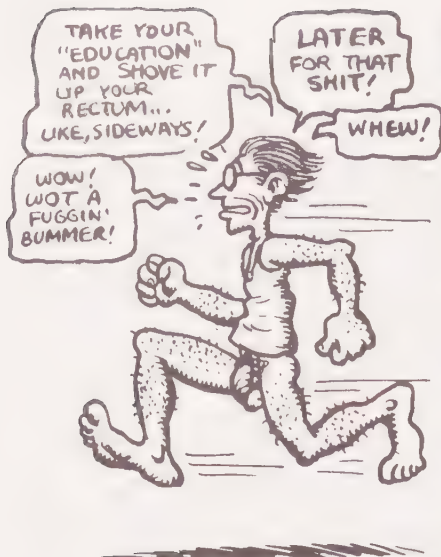




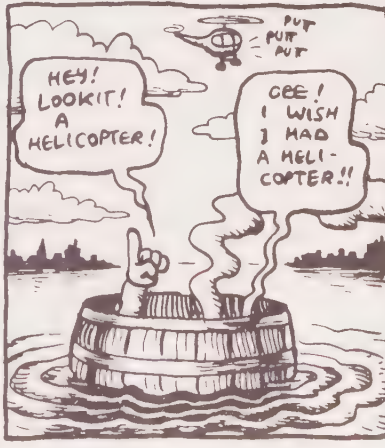
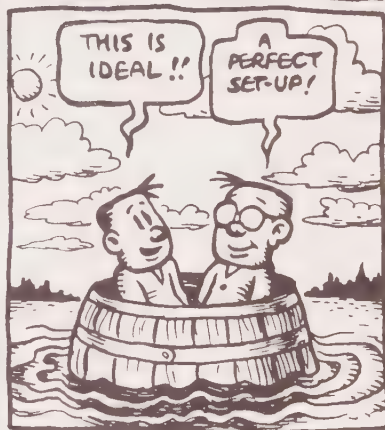
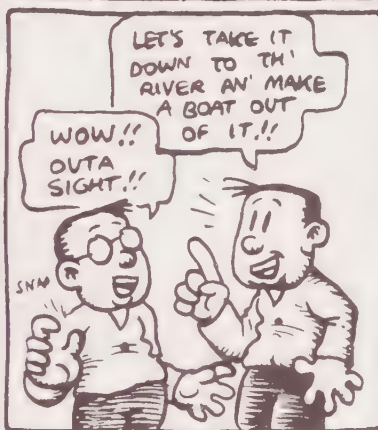
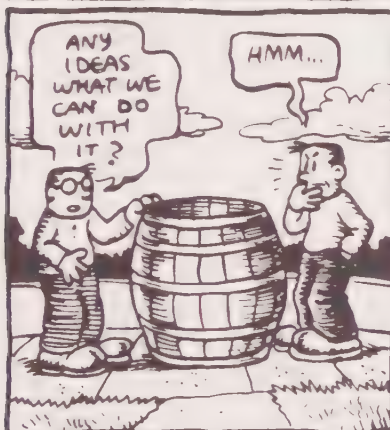
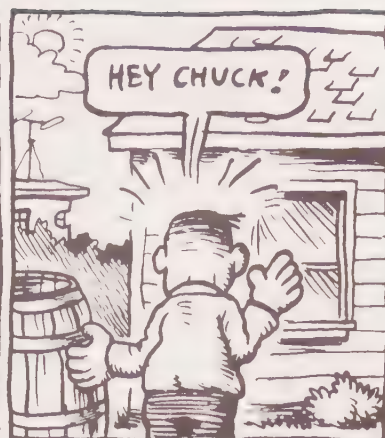
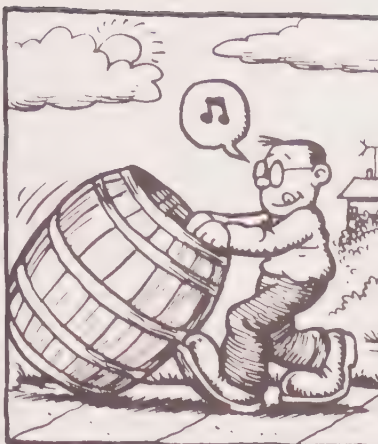
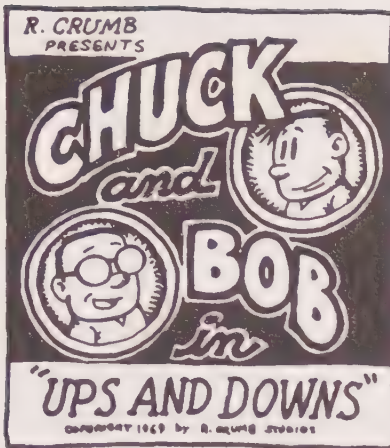




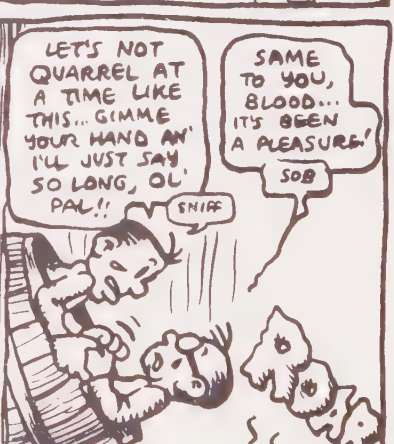
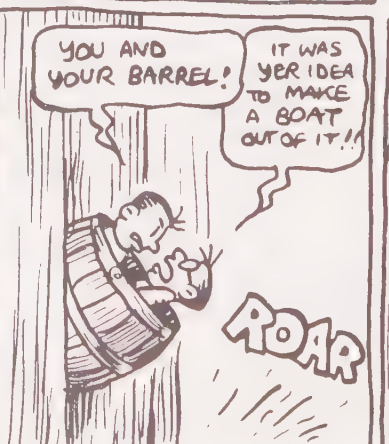
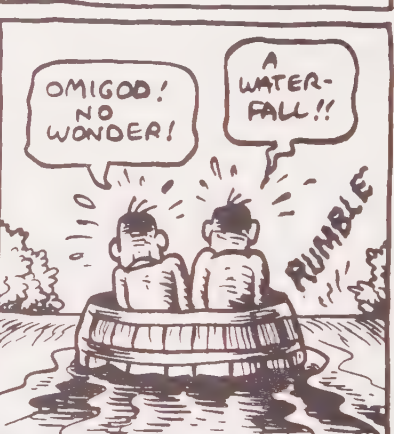
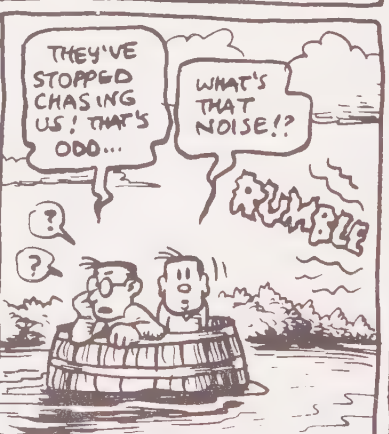
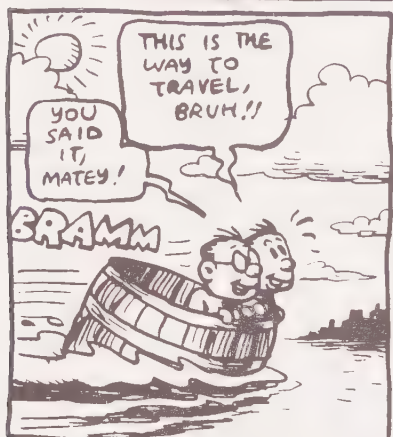
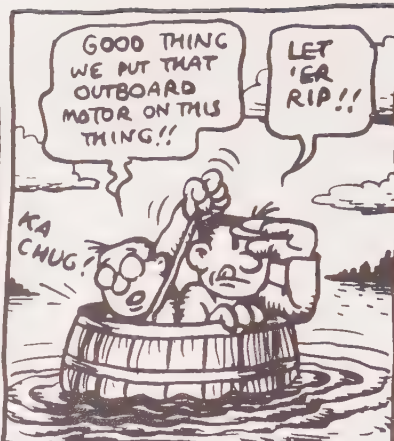
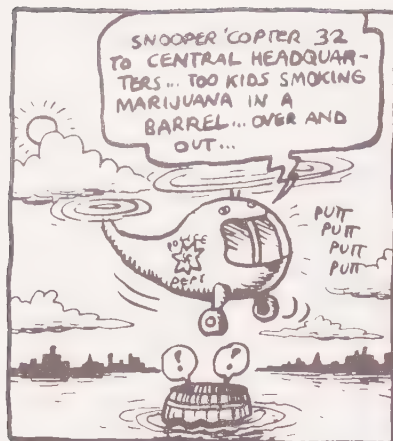




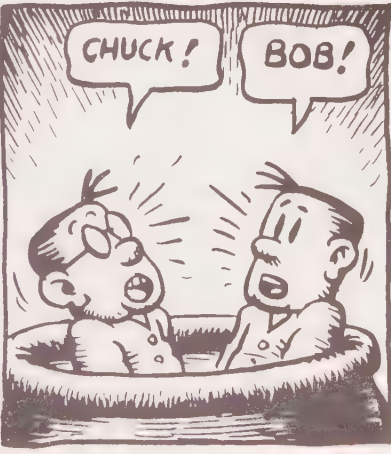
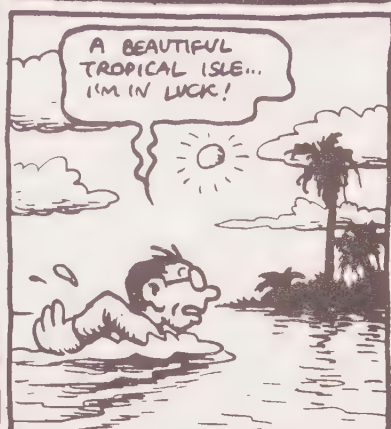
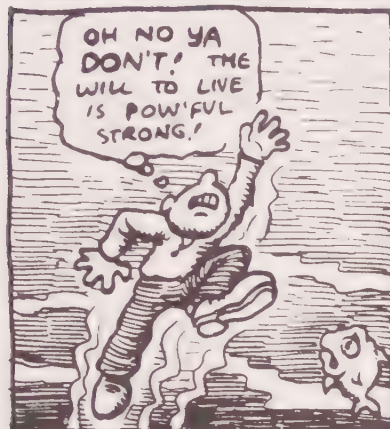
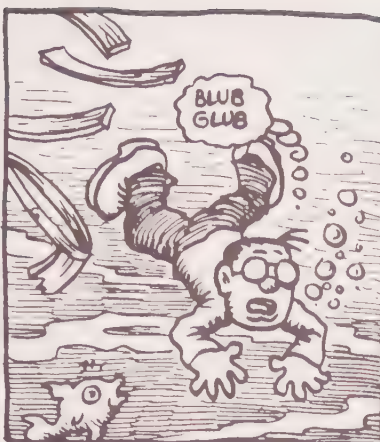




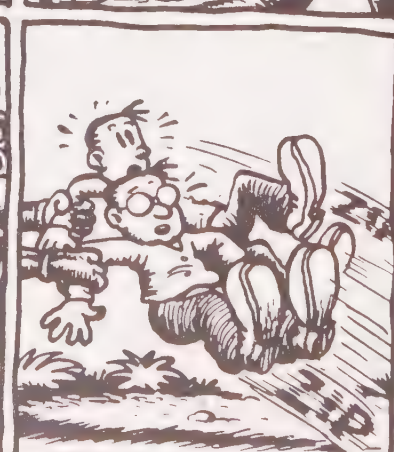
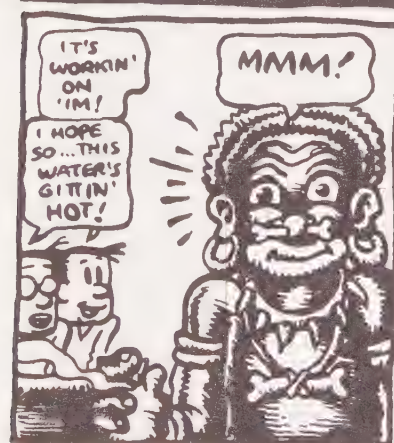




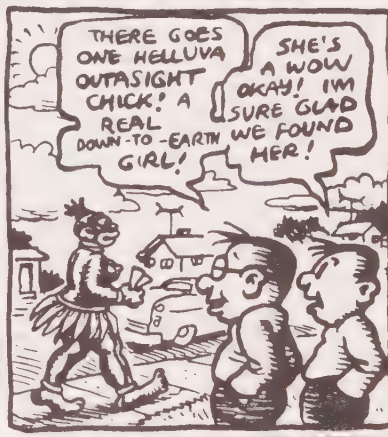
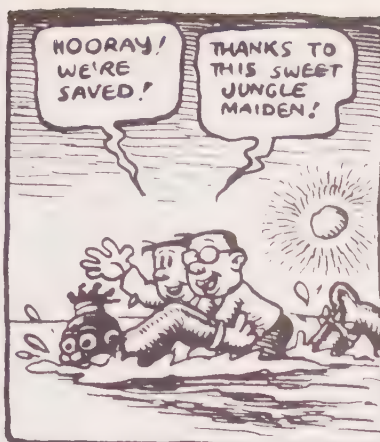










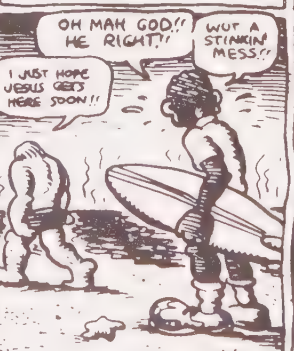
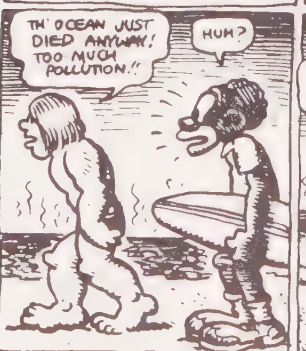
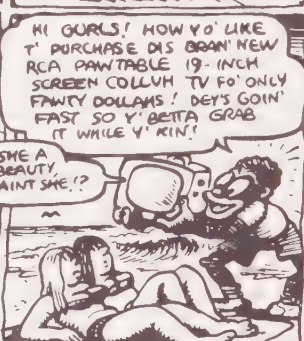
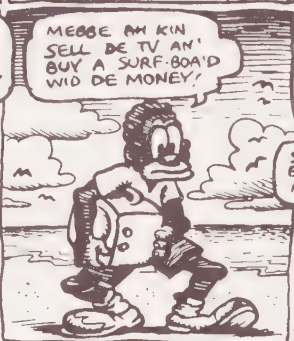




# SALTY DOG SAM

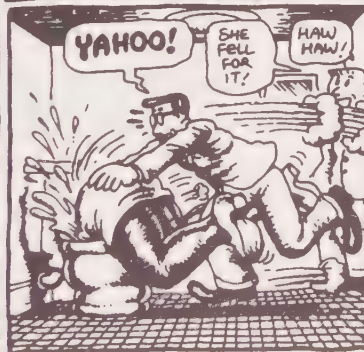
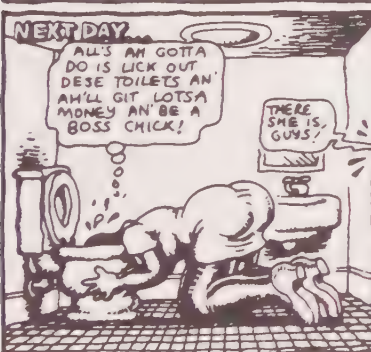
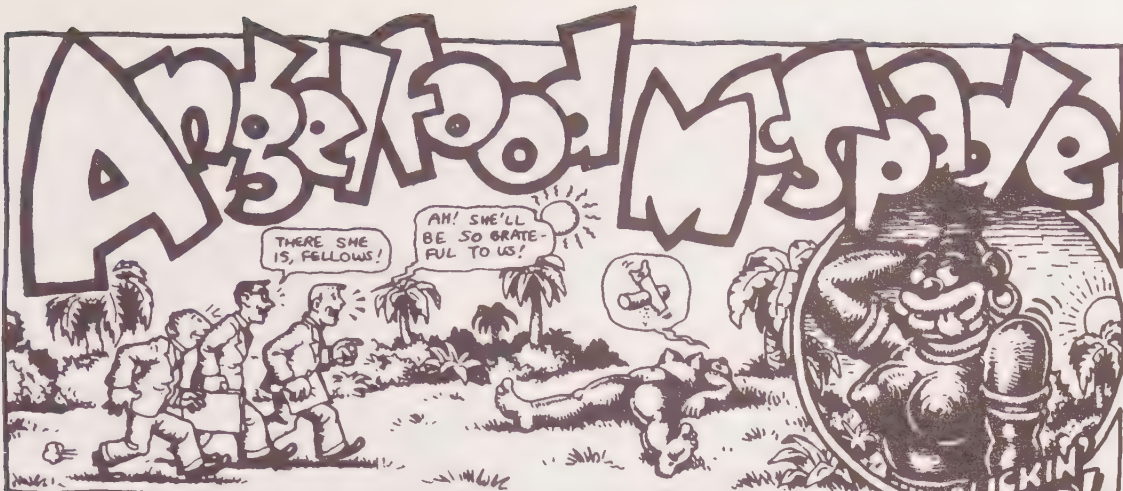
## "GOES SURFIN'!"

WUT A LIFE!  
by R. CRUMB



END





.....Scripts by Little Bobby Swumberg





AND NOW FOR ALL YOU YID LOVERS,  
(AND WHO ISN'T) IT'S  
TIME FOR...

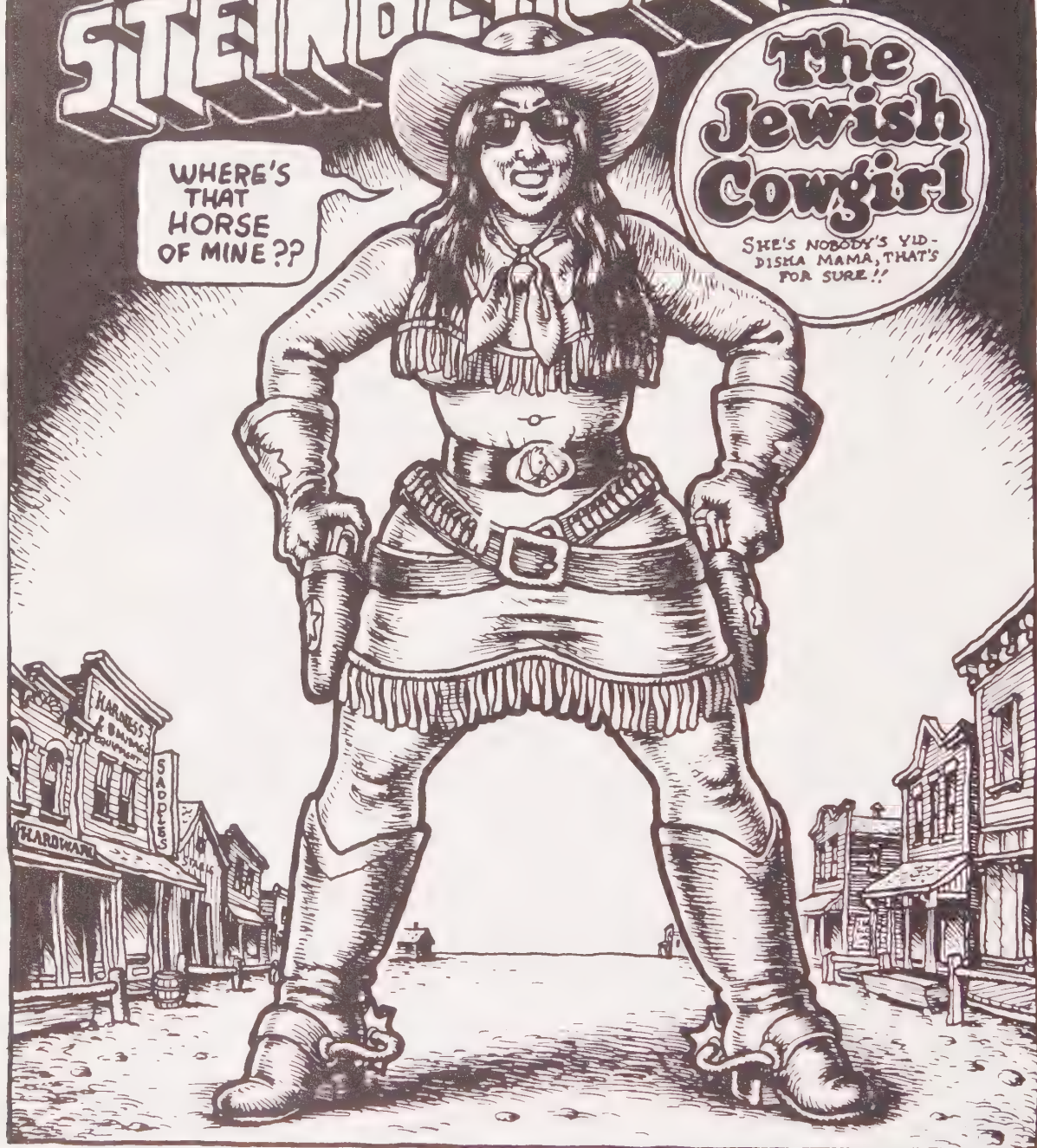
WHAT IS  
THIS STRANGE  
FASCINATION  
WITH JEWISH  
GIRLS??

# DALE STEINBERGER

WHERE'S  
THAT  
HORSE  
OF MINE??

## The Jewish Cowgirl

SHE'S NOBODY'S YID-  
DISHA MAMA, THAT'S  
FOR SURE!!



**DALE** HAS BEEN HAVING A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM LATELY WITH HER HORSE! THE MISERABLE BEAST HAS BECOME UNCOOPERATIVE, SULLEN AND ILL-MANNERED OF RECENT DAYS. NOTHING AGGRAVATES A COWGIRL MORE THAN HAVING TO KEEPER HORSE IN LINE!



MEANWHILE, AT A LOCAL BAR ROOM...

SO I TOLE HER,  
I SEZ, LIZ'N, GET OFF  
MY BACK YA GODDAMN  
BITCH, I'M SICK AN'  
TIRED O' THIS SAME  
OLD RODEO!!



AN' THEN I  
THROW 'ER  
AN' SHE LANDS  
HEAD FIRST IN  
A MUD PUDDLE!  
HAW HAW!!



BLAM  
BLAM

UUP!



JUST AS I THOUGHT...  
DRUNK AGAIN!! YOU  
GOOD-FOR-NOTHING  
IDIOT!

HEY DALE!!  
DEY'S ANUDDA  
MULE KICKIN' IN  
YO' STALL!!  
HEE HEE



YOU SHUT-UP,  
JOCKEY BOY!! I  
DONT APPRECIATE  
YOUR WISE  
CRACKS!!

YAZ'IM!  
ANYTHIN'  
YO'  
SAY!

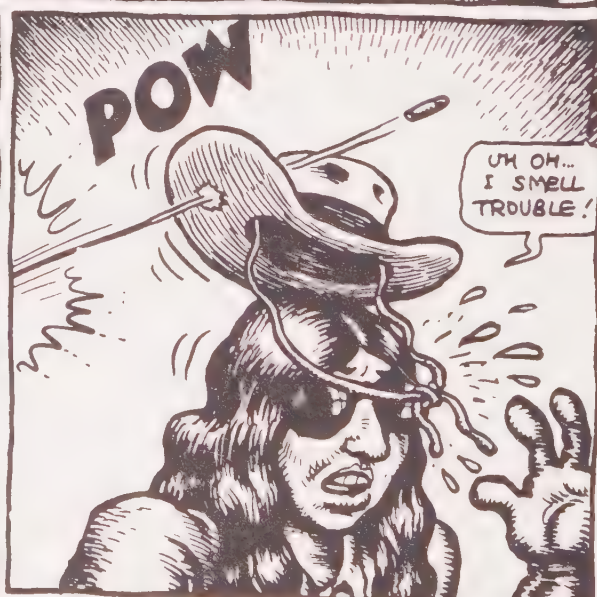
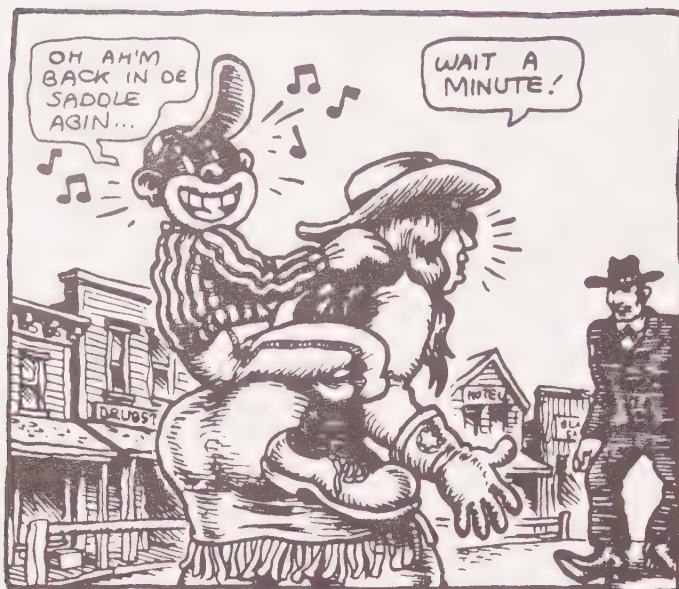


BE A NICE  
BOY AN' DONT  
GIVE ME NO BACK  
TALK! JUST GET  
ON AN' RIDE YOUR  
COWGIRL!!

GIDYAP!  
LATER AH'LL  
MILK YO'  
TITS!!







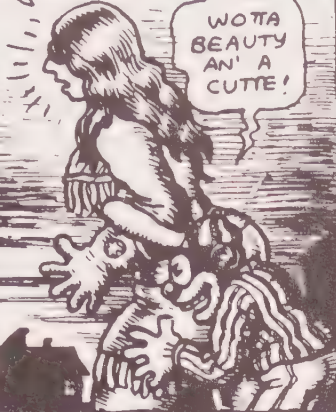


START SAYIN' YER PRAYERS, DALE KUNTSTEIN! THIS IS A SHOWDOWN!

IT'S GLORIA NORD, THE ROLLER SKATIN' CHAMP AND GUN-SLINGER FROM OUT OF DEE MOINES, IOWA!

WOTA BEAUTY AN' A CUTTE!

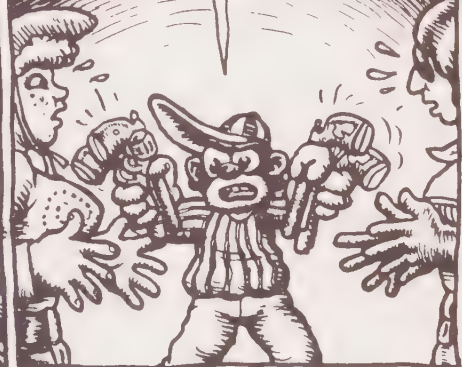
TH' NAME IS STEINBERGER, YOU SIMPLE-MINDED CORNFED EX-DRUM MAJORETTE! YA BETTER WATCH YOUR MANNERS!



I'M THE FASTEST THING ON EIGHT WHEELS, AN' I HEAR YOU BEEN BAD MOUTHIN' ME ALL OVER TH' WEST!

THAT'S A FACT, YOU BRAINLESS HONKY FASCIST HOME-COMING QUEEN BULL-DYKE! DRAW!!

HEY! HOL' ON HERE! GIMME DEM GUNS, YOU TWO, FO' SUMBUDDY GITS HURT!!



NOW AH WANTS YOU TWO BROADS TO JES' COOL IT WHILE AH EXPLAINS TO YO' HOW WE IS GONNA WORK ALL DIS OUT TO EVVABUDDY'S SATISFACTION! YOU DIG??

AND SO, AS THE EVENING SUN GOES DOWN AND THE NIGHT WIND HOWLS ACCROSS THE PRAIRIE...

OKAY! DAS RIGHT... NOW DALE, YO' SET ON GLORIA'S FACE WHILST AH SLIPS IT TO HER SWEET POOZLE!!

OOOHH... THIS IS FUN!



END

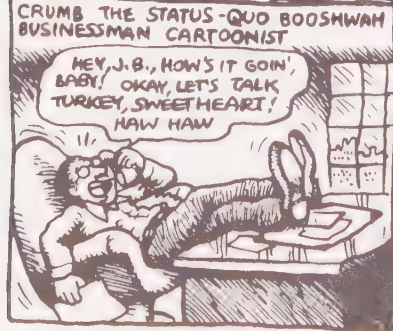
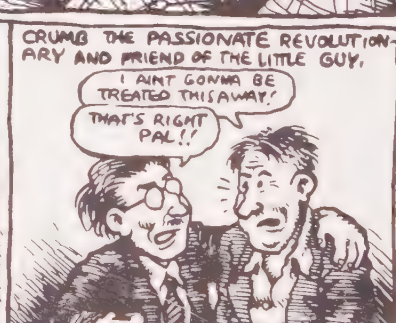
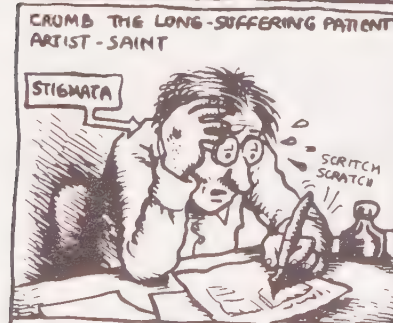
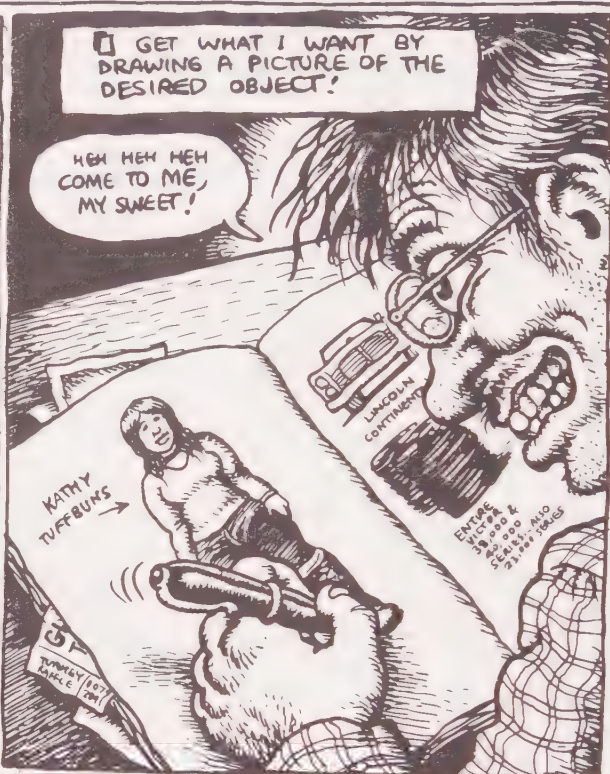
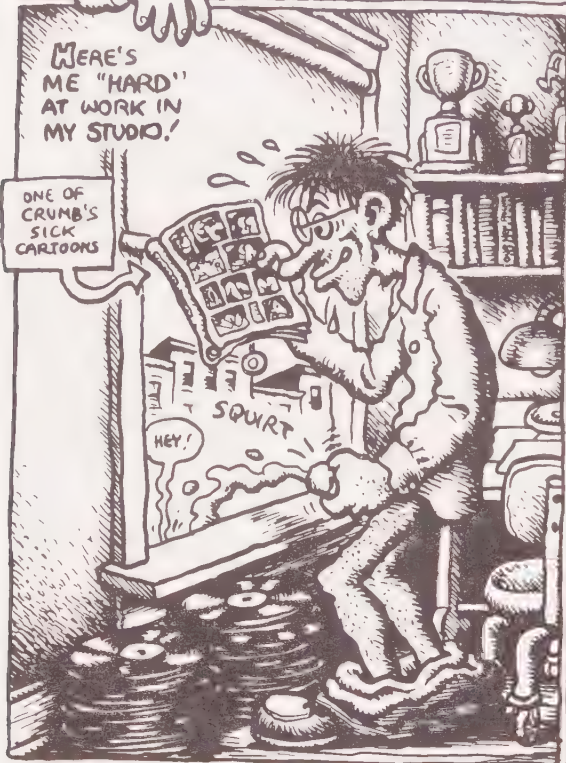


ME, MYSELF & I presents

# THE MANY FACES OF R. CRUMB

ON INSIDE LOOK AT THE COMPLEX PERSONALITY OF THE GREAT ME!!!

HE'S CUTE 'N' CLEVER!!



THERE'S MORE!!



**MEDIA SUPERSTAR, MONUMENTAL EGOTIST AND SELF-CENTERED S.O.B.**

HI GURLS!!



**NAÏVE LOVABLE HAY-SEED**

GARSH!



**SEX-CRAZED FIEND AND PERVERT**



**REGULAR GUY AND GOOD NEIGHBOR**

GOT A SWELL GARDEN IN THIS YEAR!



**WEARY WANDERER; RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST FREE SPIRIT**



**SENTIMENTAL SLOB**

WHEN CARES PURSUE ME I'M NEVER GLOOMY I JUST KEEP SINGIN' A SONG...

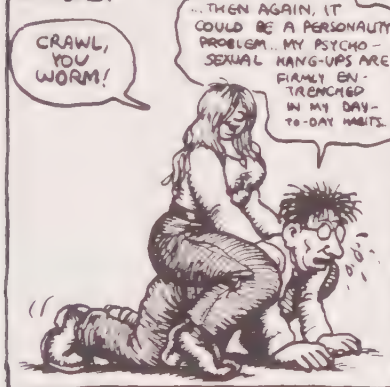
SOB



**HOPELESSLY NERVOUS, GUILT-RIDDEN CRY-BABY**

CRAWL, YOU WORM!

...THEN AGAIN, IT COULD BE A PERSONALITY PROBLEM... MY PSYCHO-SEXUAL HANG-UPS ARE FRAMED BY TRENCHED IN MY DAY-TO-DAY HABITS.



**ONE OF "US"... YOUTH CULTURE MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING ...ONE OF THE "MOVEMENT" PEOPLE**

OWOW BEAUTIFUL!



**OUT-OF-IT DULL-WITTED FOOL**



**WASTED DEGENERATE**

WHUDUZZITALL MEEN?

FUG IT!

GO GET ME A PACKAGE O' TWINKIES, WOULDJA, SWEETS?



**THE ENIGMATIC, ELUSIVE MAN OF MYSTERY. WHO IS THIS CRUMB?**



IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE MOOD I'M IN..!

BYE ALL!



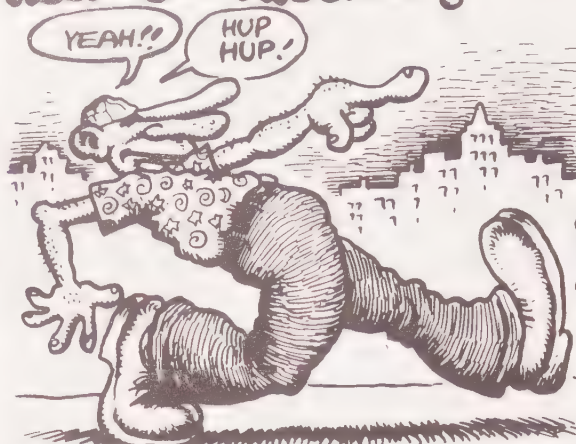
THE END



REMEMBER

# KEEP ON TRUCKIN'?

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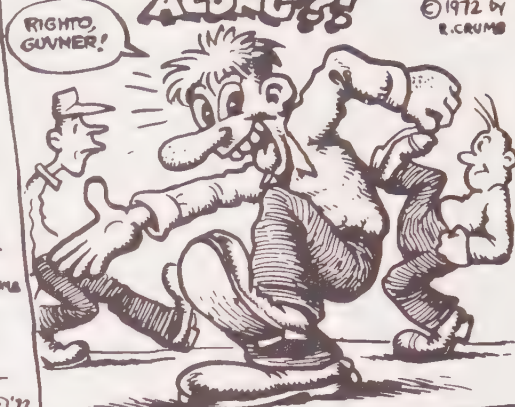


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THAT WAS A BIG HIT,... WELL, NOW, NOW 'BOUT

# KEEP ON ROLLIN' ALONG??

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©'72 R. CRUMB

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# KEEP ON CHUNKIN'?



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# Keep on Toodlin'?



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# Keep on Choodlin'?



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# KEEP ON BOOFIN'?



©1972 by R. CRUMB

# KEEP ON DOOFIN'?



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# KEEP ON BOOPIN'?



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# KEEP ON HOPPIN'?



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# KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON?



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# KEEP ON ONNIN'?



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# KEEP NO-NDN'?



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# KEEP ON PEEKIN'?



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# KEEP IT CLEAN?



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# KEEP RIGHT ON!!



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# KEEP ON THE SCENE?



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# KEEP IT UP?



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# KEEP ON MOONIN'?



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# KEEP ON KEEPIN'?



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# KEEP ON KRAZY KOOL?



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# KEEP IT REET?



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# KEEP ON KEETIN'?



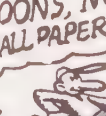
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# KEEP ON KEETIN'?



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# KEEP ON KEETIN'?



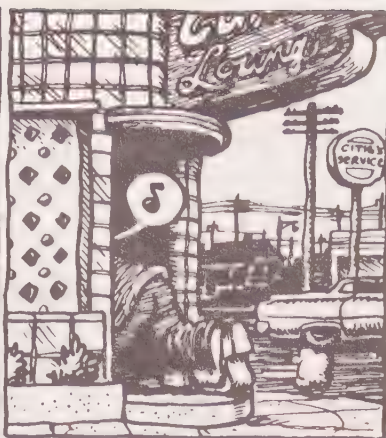
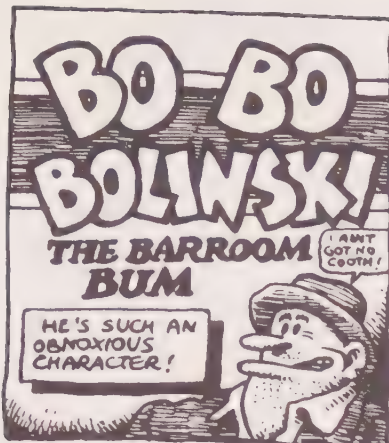
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AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP ON BUYIN' THOSE "KEEP ON SHUCKIN'" POSTERS, PATCHES, T-SHIRTS, CIGARETTE PAPERS, BASEBALL CAPS, BATH MATS, BEACH TOWELS, BUMPER STICKERS, DRINKING GLASSES, BUTTONS, MATCHBOOKS, BALLOONS, NOTEBOOKS, SNEAKERS, TOILET SEAT COVERS, WALL PAPER, AND SO ON AD NAUSEUM...



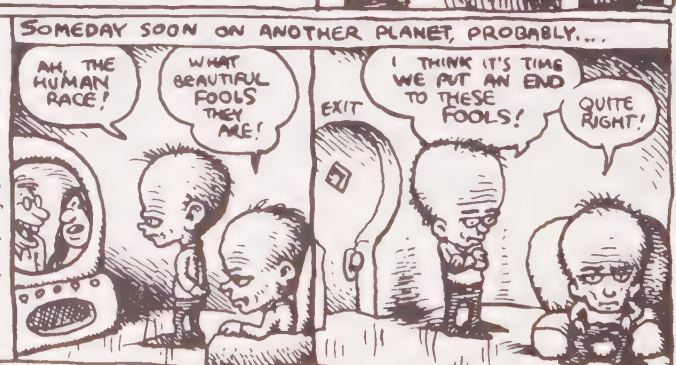
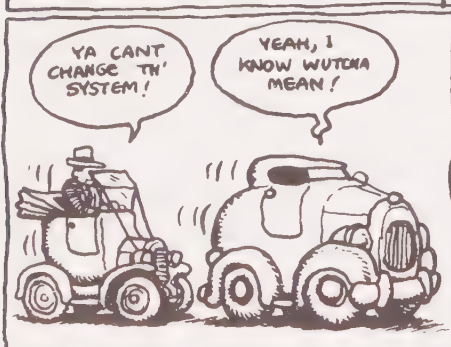
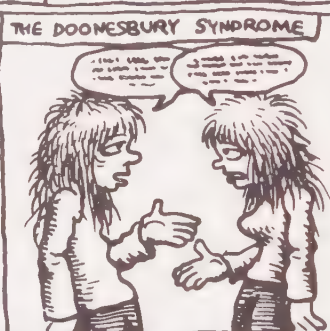
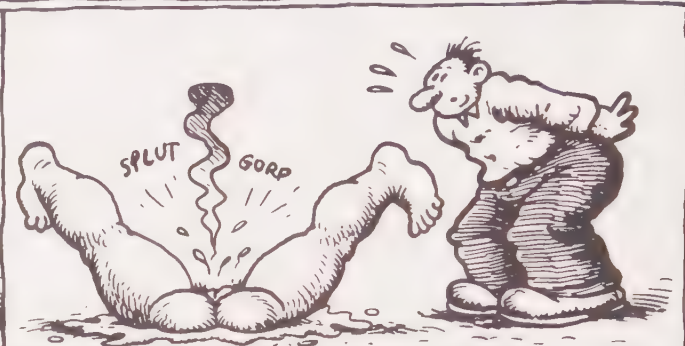
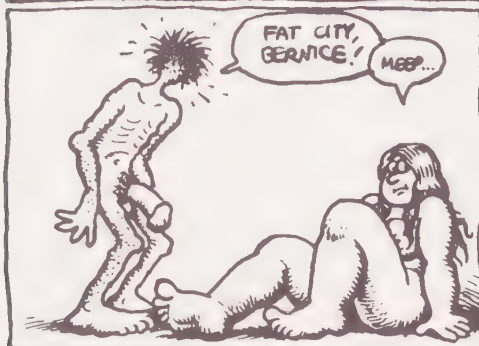
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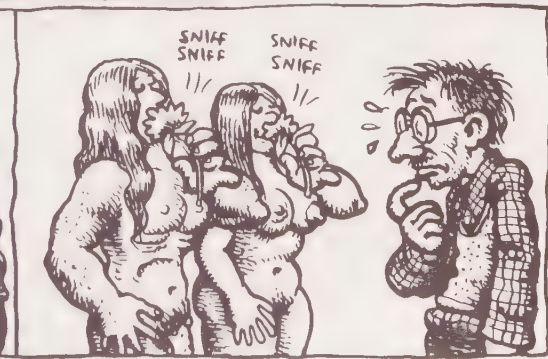
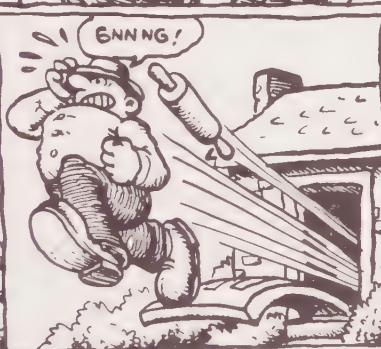
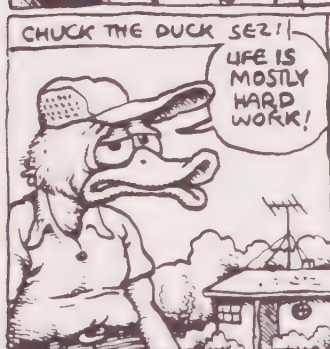
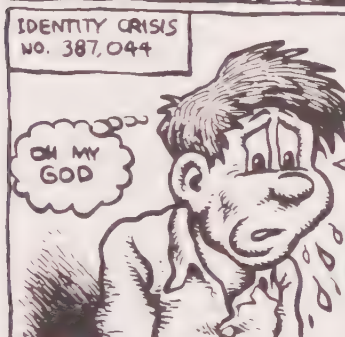
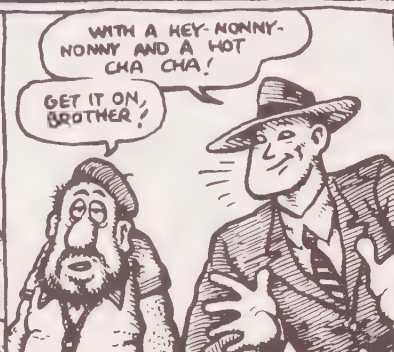
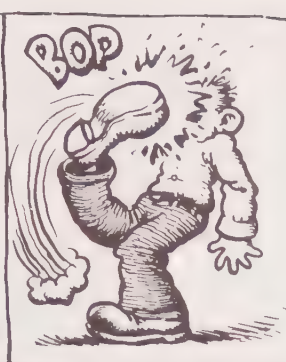




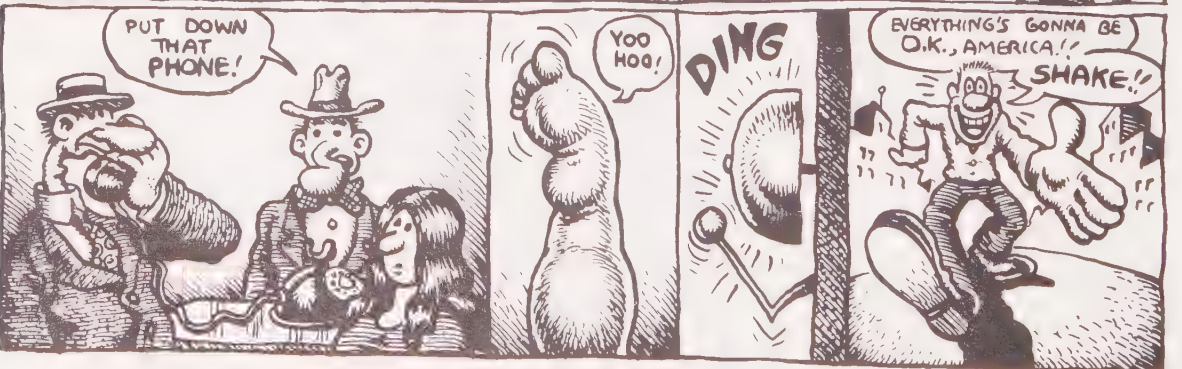
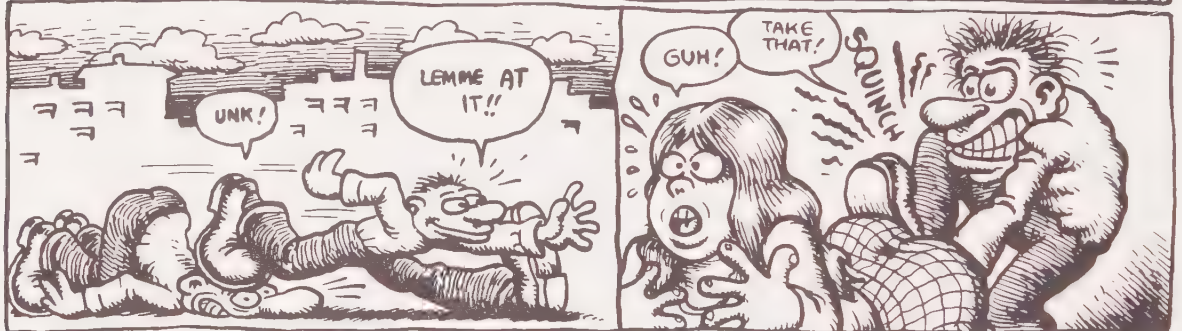
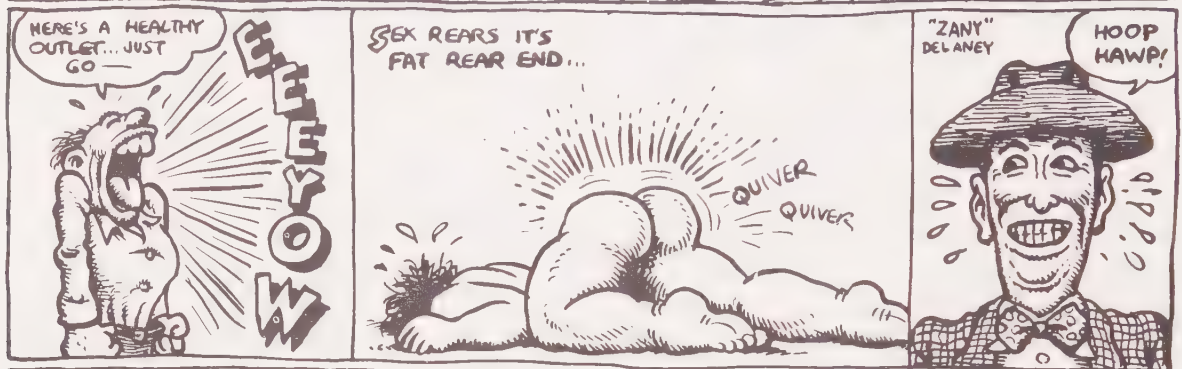
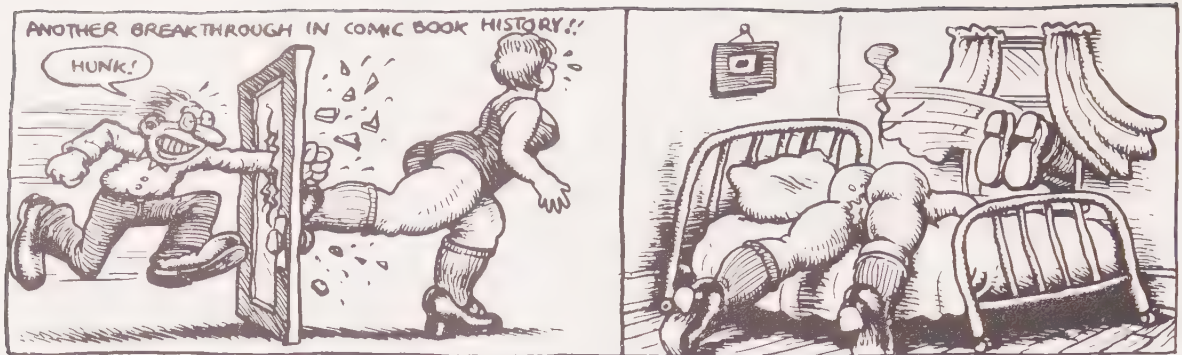
# COMICAL COMICS



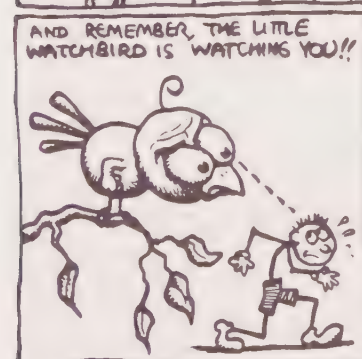
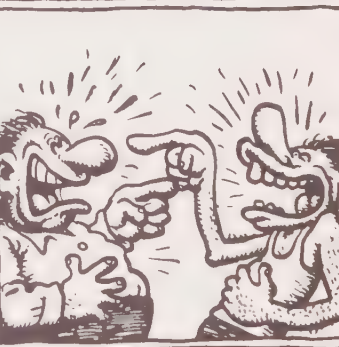
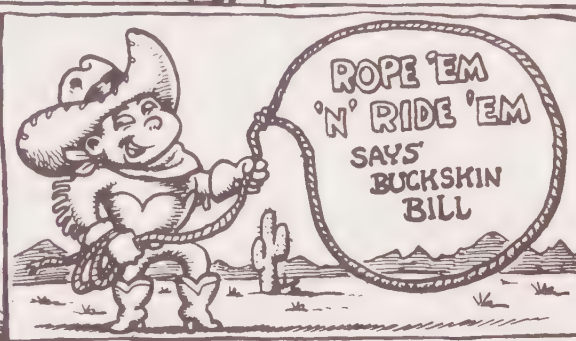
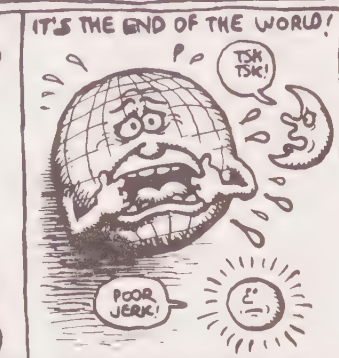
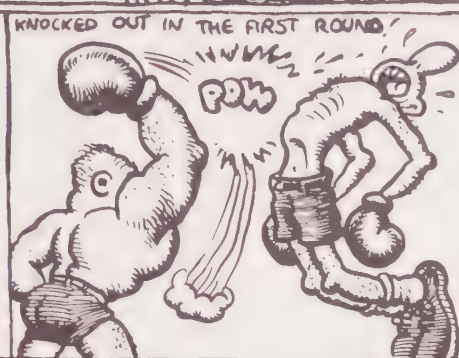
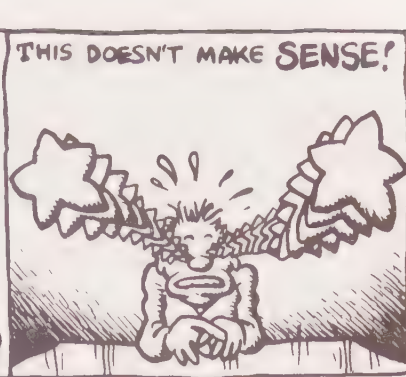
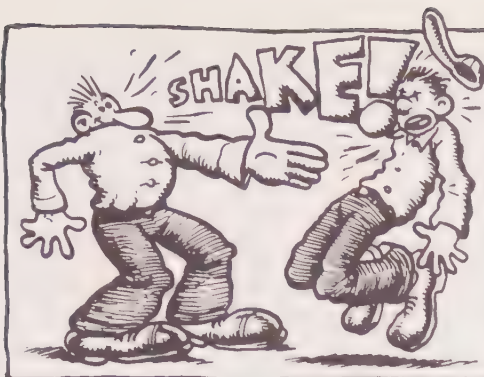














A TRUE STORY

# MY FIRST LSD TRIP

by R. CRUMB

© 1973 by R. CRUMB

HEY, REALLY, THOUGH, WHO CAN FORGET THAT FIRST BIG ACID TRIP!? I FIRST TOOK THIS POTENT BRAIN SCRAMBLER IN JUNE, 1965, WITH MY WIFE... JUST A COUPLE OF CRAZY KIDS OUT FOR KICKS'N'TRUTH!!

WELL, HERE GOES NUTIN'!!

DOWN TH' MATCH!!

IT WAS THE REAL STUFF! SANDOZ... SIX HUNDRED MIKES APPIECE... WHAT DID WE KNOW FROM LSD!? NOTHIN'! BUT WE SOON FOUND OUT, LEMME TELL YA!

GIGGLE CHORTLE! ROBERT, YOU LOOK LIKE A PINHEAD!!

SO DO YOU, DANA!! YAK YAK!!

THINGS WENT FROM WEIRD TO WEIRDER... BOY, WERE WE HAVING FUN!!

CACKLE CACKLE CLUCK CHIRP

GOOBLE GOBBLE GIRK

THEN IT GOT HEAVY... I STARTED MAKING PRO-FOUND PRONOUNCEMENTS...

I'M REALLY SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME!! EVERYTHING IS COSMIC!

I SEE IT ALL... MY LIFE... REALITY... IT'S ALL ONE... IT'S... ALL... THE-LIGHT-WENT-OUT-

DANA!! THIS IS THE END OF EVERYTHING!!

**HUALP!!**

I-I'M BEING BORN!

SNIFF SNIFF

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

...AND THEN I CAME DOWN!











**DOOZY!**



DONT STOP  
NOW, BOYEE!



O O B E Y O B S A  
O O B O P O O B O P S H ' B O P  
U H - O O B L E D E E O O B A O O B O P  
O O B O P S H ' B O P B I P I O K E E E Y O P  
U H - O O B I D E E Y O P S H ' B O P  
O O H Y A K O O O O H Y A K O O

I'M WILD  
ABOUT HORNS  
ON AUTOMOBILES  
THAT GO DA DA  
D'DA D'DA DAA!!



I WONDER  
WHAT KINDA  
MUSIC THEY GET  
DOWN THERE!

I DUNNO,  
BUT IT BETTER  
BE GOOD!

YEAH!



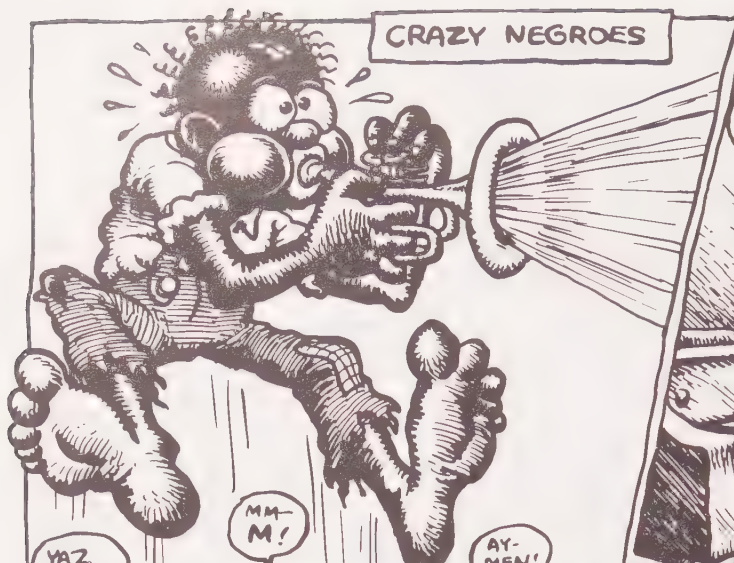
DUM  
DE  
DUM

**EEEEEEK**





CRAZY NEGROES



STRUT YO' STUFF...  
C'MON AN' STREW YO' MESS...

YEAH.. PLAY IT, BWAH...

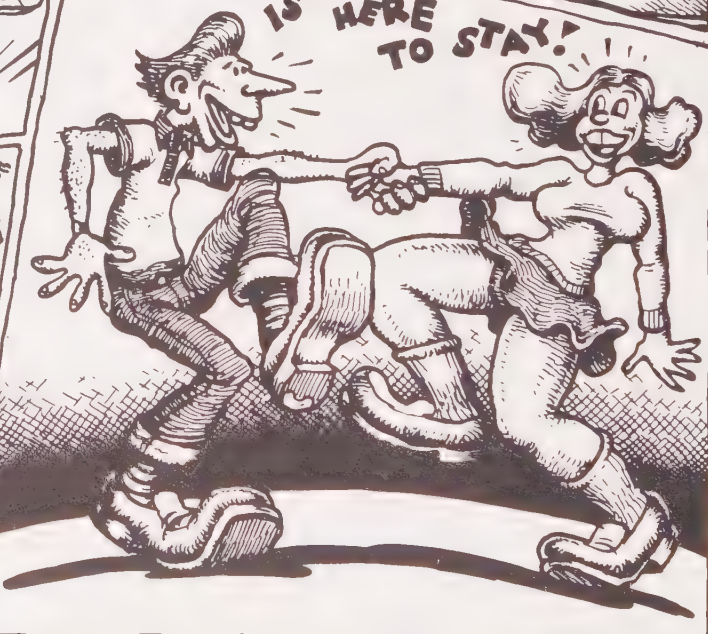
THE JOINT IS JUMPING



CRAZY WHITIES



ROCK 'N' ROLL IS HERE TO STAY!





THIS'S DEFINITELY  
ONE PERCENT INSPIRATION  
AN' NINETY-NINE PERCENT  
PERSPIRATION!!

GETTIN' OUT  
THERE!

WIGGY  
WEIRD!

FUCKED  
UP

Do It Like The  
Moderns Do!!

BRADFORD  
BRUSH-STROKE  
SAYS:  
"GET  
LOOSE!"

GRRRR

CONFLICT

THE  
TUMBLING  
BOXES THEORY

MESZY

PATTED  
SM

WAG



GONE · MAD · BEAT · HOLY · COMIC · GROON!

000000 ☆: \*\* 000 @  
\*\* ☆ !!! \$ S \* MIMI !!!









AIN'T WE CRAZY?





HEY GANG...LET'S PRETEND WE'RE WATCHING T.V. AND IT'S TIME FOR...

# UNDERGROUND Hotline

YES, IT'S TIME ONCE  
AGAIN FOR THE SHOW THAT  
FILLS YOU IN ON WHAT'S  
HAPPENING IN THE NEW  
TURNED-ON FREAK-OUT  
ALTERNATIVE CULTURE!  
SO LET'S MEET OUR HIP  
HOTLINE HOSTESS,  
LARK CLARK!!

DRAWN BY  
THE BIG LUG  
HIMSELF,  
R. CRUMB

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HEY, HOW Y' DOIN' BROTHERS  
'N SISTERS! I THINK WE'VE GOT  
A GROOVY SHOW LINED UP FOR YOU...  
WE'RE GOING TO TALK TO THAT  
GREAT UNDERGROUND PHENOMENON,  
CARTOONIST BOB (MR. SKETCHUM)  
CRUMB!!

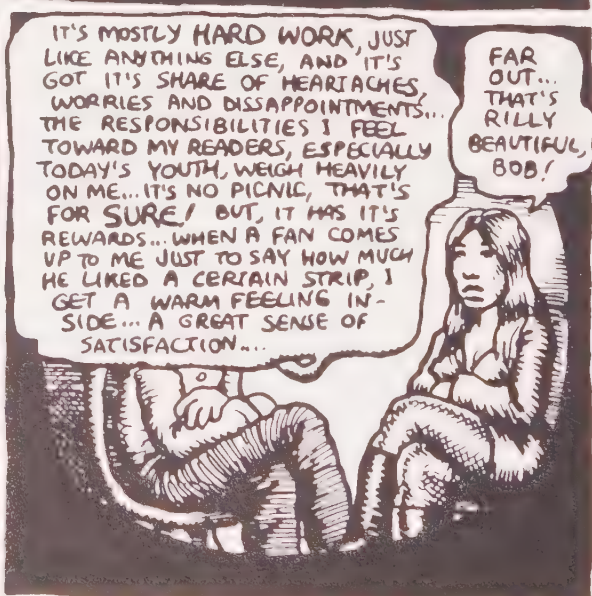
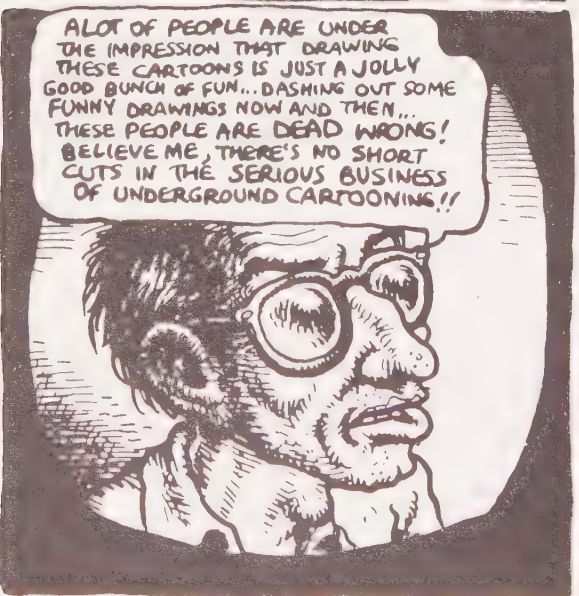
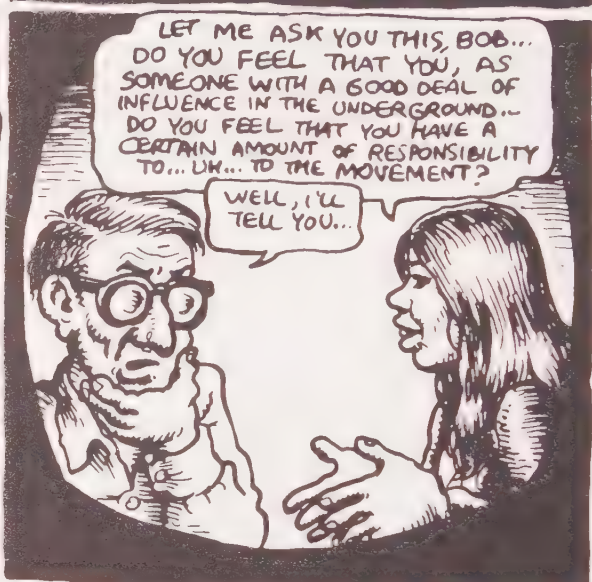


HI BOB...  
HI LARK!

BOB, YOU'VE BEEN  
CALLED ONE OF THE  
FEW REAL GENIUSES  
OF THE NEW GENER-  
ATIONAL CULTURE..  
DO YOU AGREE  
WITH THAT?











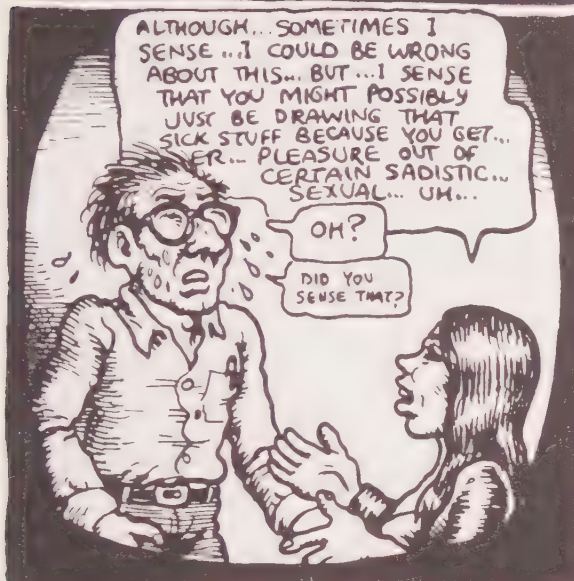
WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY EVIDENT FROM YOUR WORK THAT YOU'RE ACUTELY AWARE OF THE TERMOIL AND CRISIS OF OUR TIME...

I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO... UH...



ER...  
HEH  
HEH

OH YES! EVEN IN YOUR MOST TWISTED, DERANGED... UHM... SICK DRAWINGS, THERE'S DEFINITELY A DEEPER SIGNIFICANCE THAT GOES BEYOND THE CRUDE SADISTIC SURFACE LEVEL...



ALTHOUGH... SOMETIMES I SENSE... I COULD BE WRONG ABOUT THIS... BUT... I SENSE THAT YOU MIGHT POSSIBLY JUST BE DRAWING THAT SICK STUFF BECAUSE YOU GET...  
ER... PLEASURE OUT OF CERTAIN SADISTIC... SEXUAL... UH...

OH?

DID YOU SENSE THAT?

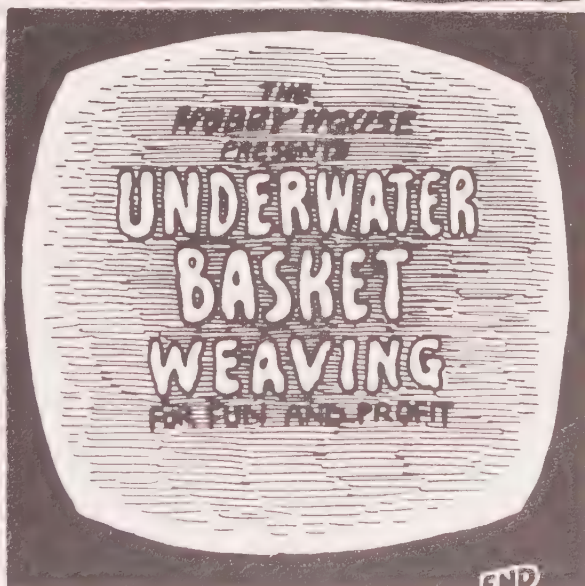


YOU... MIGHT... JUST BE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, URK!!

AAAGHH



FZZT!



THE  
HOBBY HOUSE  
PRESENTS

UNDERWATER  
BASKET  
WEAVING  
FOR FUN AND PROFIT

END



# The BLEEDING HEART Syndrome

OH  
DAVID...

BUT  
DEAREST... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

DAVE AND PHIL  
HAD BEEN CLOSE  
FRIENDS FOR YEARS.  
PHIL WAS STILL  
SEEING ZELDA,  
AND THOUGH I  
LOVED DAVE I  
JUST KNEW WE  
COULDN'T GO ON  
LIKE THIS...THERE  
WAS OBVIOUSLY  
NO PLACE FOR ME  
IN THIS MAD  
SCHEME OF  
THINGS...



POOR  
DAVE...HE  
NEVER DID  
UNDER-  
STAND...

R. CRUMB

I HAD TO RUN...RUN...RUN...  
THE TEARS WERE STREAMING  
DOWN MY FACE...I RAN BLINDLY  
INTO THE NIGHT...

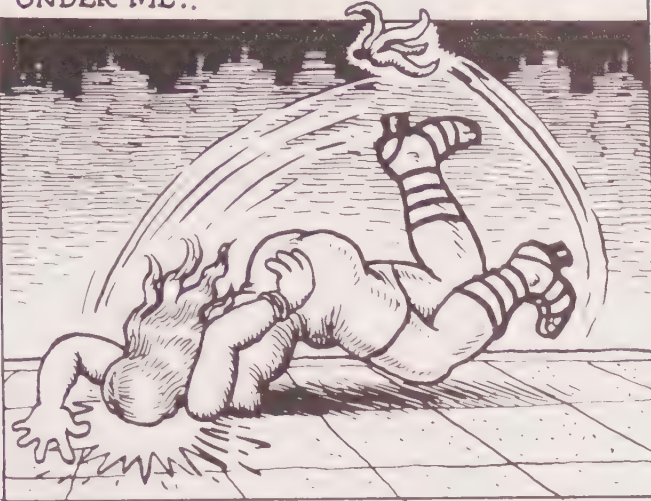
DARLING!  
WAIT...I...

I COULD HEAR DAVE CALLING ME... MY  
HEART WAS POUNDING...I WAS GETTING  
WEAK...BUT I KNEW I COULD NEVER STOP  
RUNNING...





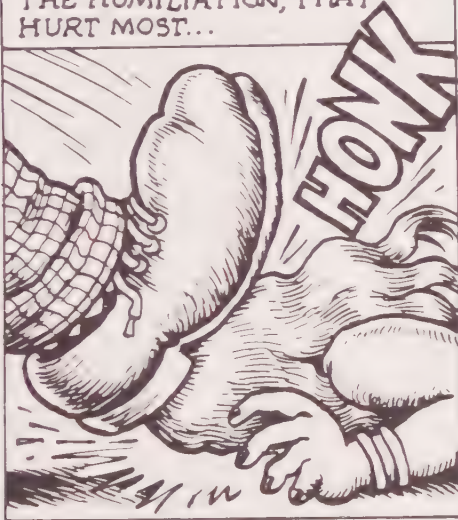
**S**UDDENLY IT SEEMED AS IF SOMEONE HAD PULLED THE WHOLE WORLD OUT FROM UNDER ME!!



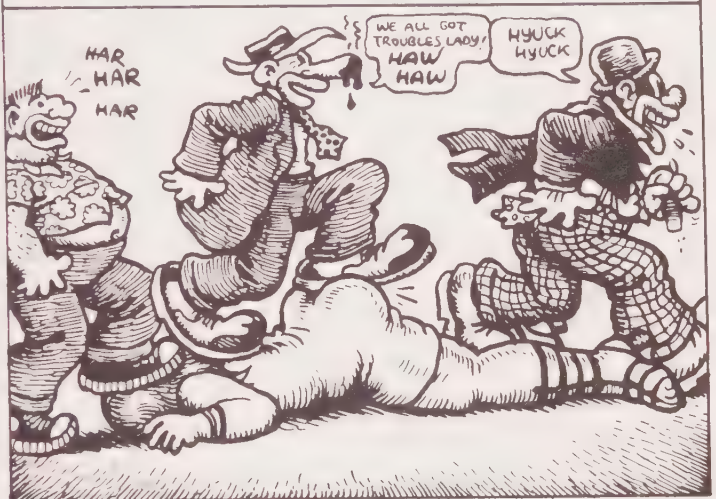
**I** FELT LOST...CONFUSED...AIM-LESS....AND I WAS IN PAIN...



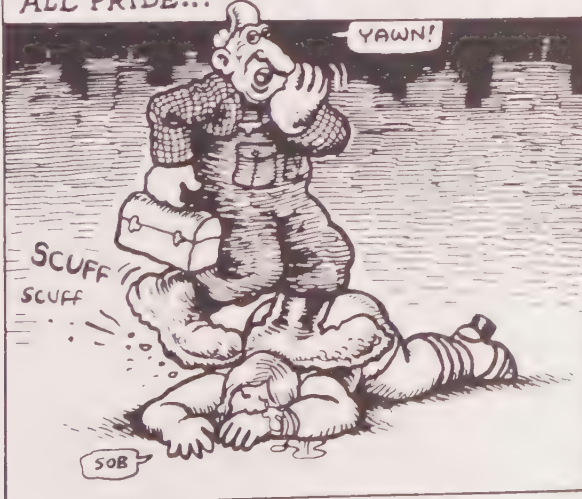
**I**T WAS THE DEGRADATION, THE HUMILIATION, THAT HURT MOST...



...BEING STEPPED ON...LETTING PEOPLE WALK ALL OVER ME...



**I** LET THEM USE ME FOR A DOOR-MAT...BUT I DIDN'T CARE...I'D LOST ALL PRIDE...



**I** ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE DRAGGED THROUGH THE MUD...IT DIDN'T MATTER...





**FINALLY I GOT TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT!!**



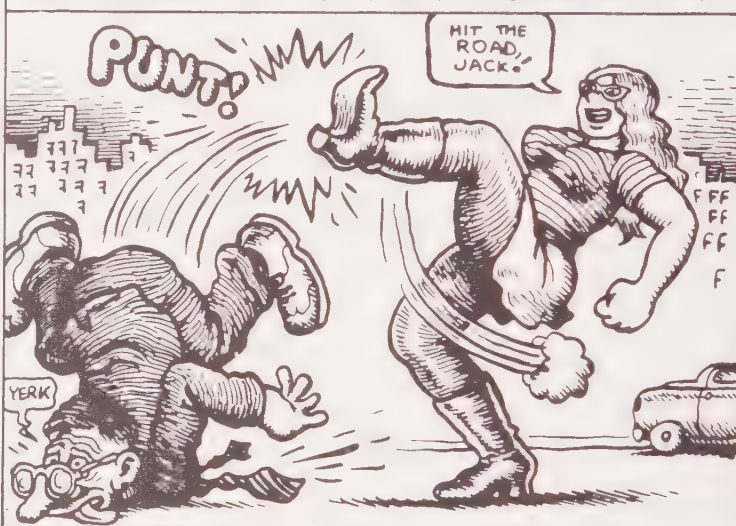
**I STARTED FIGHTING BACK!!**



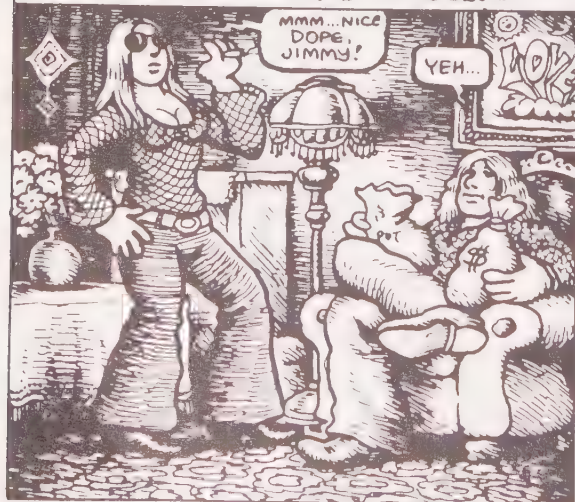
**I SPIT IN THEIR FACE!!**



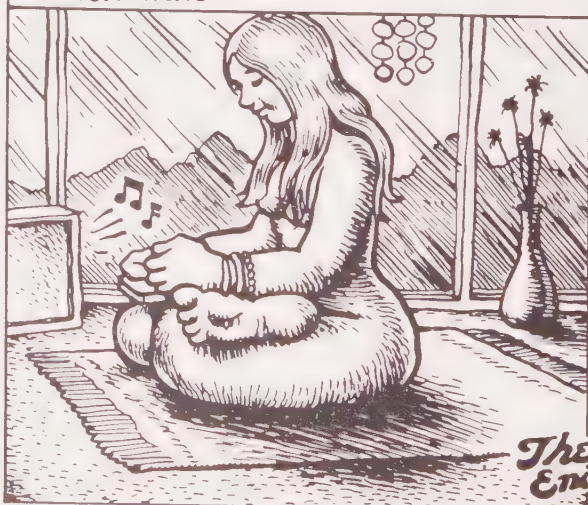
**I KICK THEIR ASS JUST LIKE I GOT MINE KICKED!!**



**IT TOOK ME AWHILE, BUT I'VE LEARNED THE ROPES... NOW I CAN MOVE WITH EASE THRU THE BIG-TIME HIP SCENE...**



**WHEN I GET BORED I PRACTICE YOGA OR STUDY ASTROLOGY OR PLAY THE AFRICAN FINGER PIANO...**

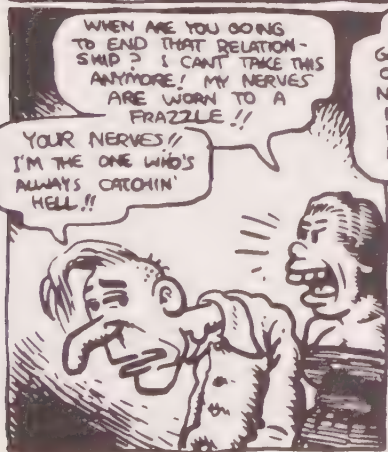
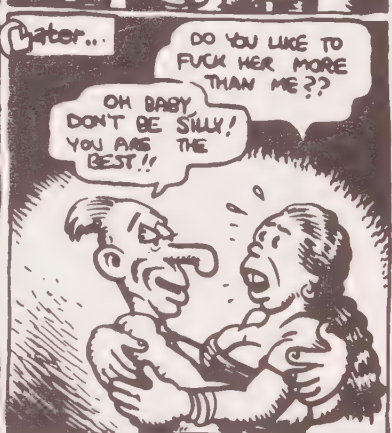
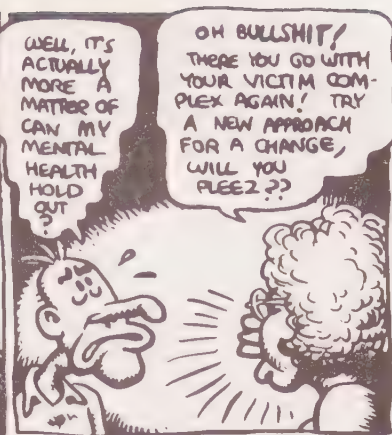
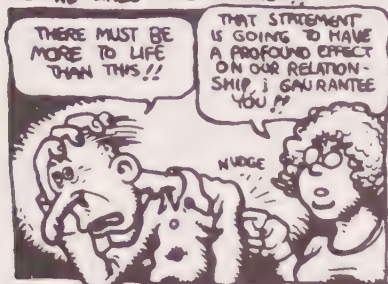


*The End*



# The RED HOT ROMANCES of SHLUB MUGUBB

— HE LIKES THE WOMEN! —



IT NEVER ENDS...



# A GURL

**A** GURL  
WAS GAZING  
OUT HER  
WINDOW  
ONE DAY...

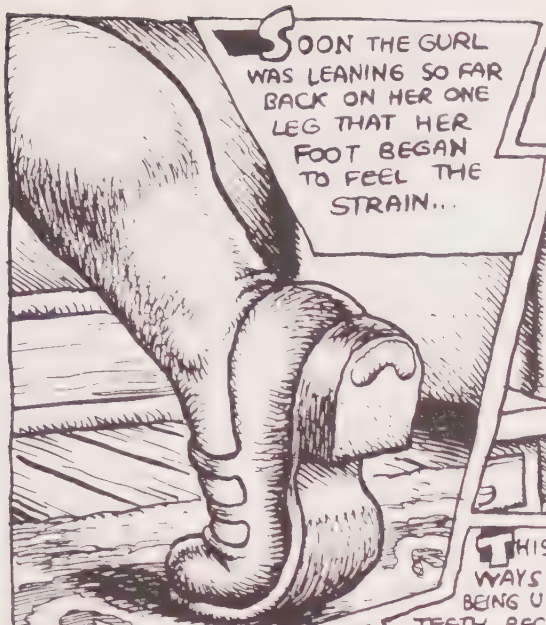


THERE WAS NOBODY  
AROUND TO MAKE HER SELF-  
CONSCIOUS, SO SHE LET HER MOUTH  
HANG OPEN ABSENT-MINDEDLY...

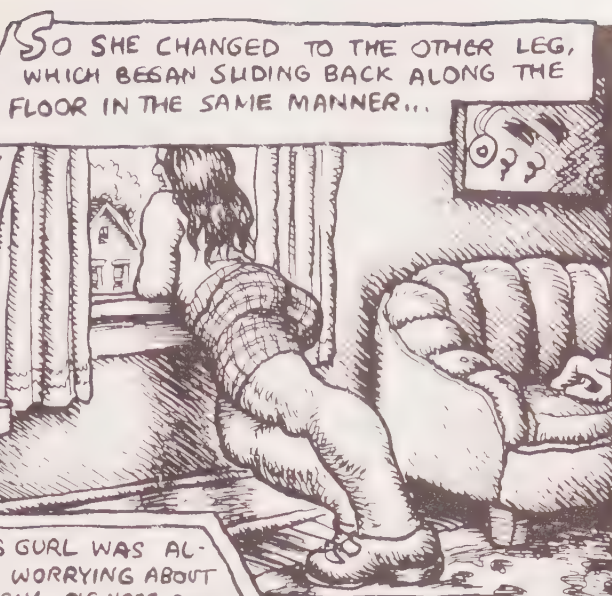
...AND LET HER BODY SPRAWL LOOSELY, BRACED  
UP ON ONE LEG, PUSHING FURTHER AND FURTHER  
BACK ACROSS THE FLOOR...







SOON THE GURL WAS LEANING SO FAR BACK ON HER ONE LEG THAT HER FOOT BEGAN TO FEEL THE STRAIN...

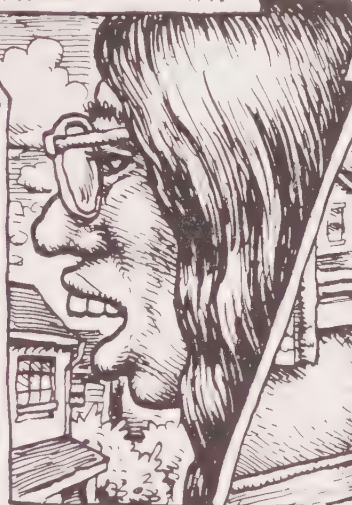


SO SHE CHANGED TO THE OTHER LEG, WHICH BEGAN SLIDING BACK ALONG THE FLOOR IN THE SAME MANNER...

THIS GURL WAS ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT BEING UGLY... BIG NOSE, BUCK TEETH, RECEDING CHIN, AND SO ON AND SO FORTH...

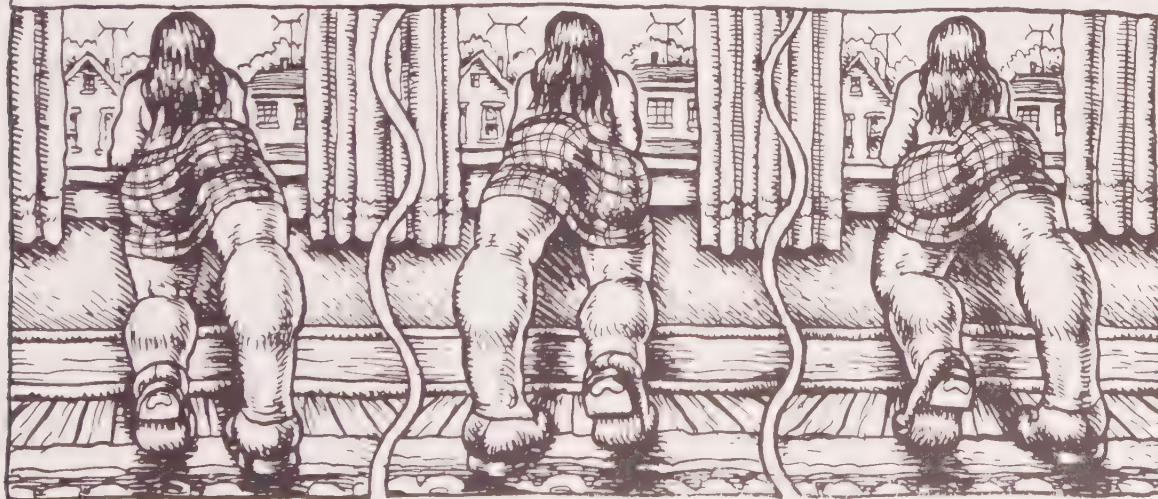


SHE STARTED RUBBING HER GUMS, WHICH MADE HER START WORRYING ABOUT IF HER GUMS WERE CONSPICUOUS WHEN SHE SMILED...



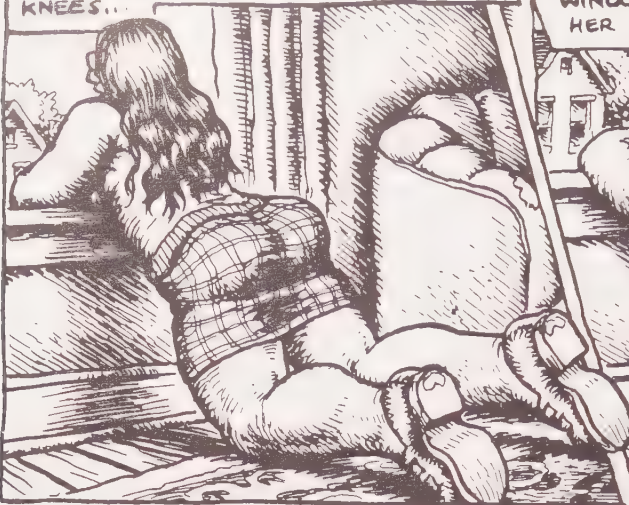
SHE BEGAN TO FIDGET... NOW SHE LEANED ON HER RIGHT LEG AGAIN, NOW HER LEFT LEG, BACK TO THE RIGHT LEG... LEFT LEG...

IT BECAME A DANCE... YER LEFT, YER RIGHT, LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT! YER LEFT, YER RIGHT, YER LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT! NOW SHE WAS BUMPING HER HIPS LIKE A HOOTCHY-KOOTCHY DANCER, THRUSTING HER LEGS IN AND OUT IN A JERKY, SEXUAL MOTION...

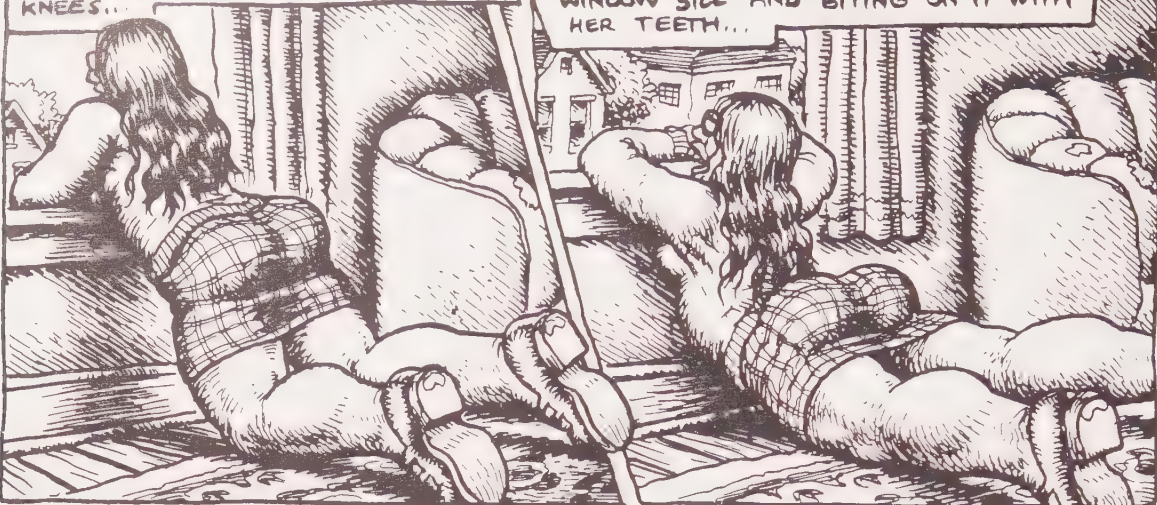




A WAVE OF HORNINESS SWEEPED OVER THE GURL ... SHE SANK TO HER KNEES...



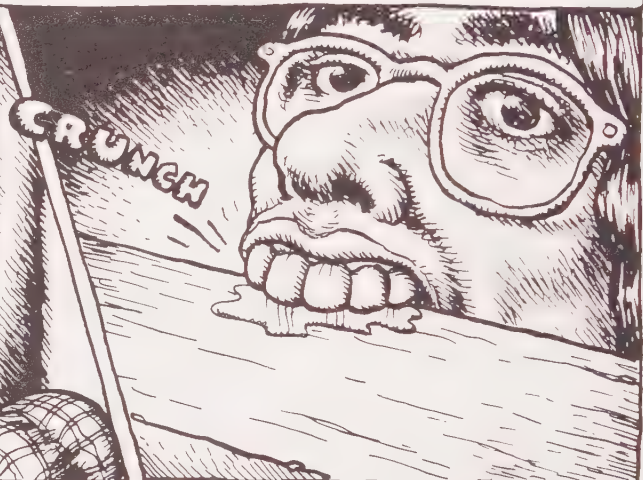
SHE SLID FURTHER DOWN 'TIL SHE WAS ALMOST ON HER BELLY, CLUTCHING THE WINDOW SILL AND BITING ON IT WITH HER TEETH...



SHE TOOK HER HANDS OFF THE WINDOW SILL AND HELD ONTO IT WITH JUST HER JAWS...



SHE BIT DOWN HARD ON THE WINDOW SILL WITH HER BIG STRONG TEETH, 'TIL SHE COULD TASTE THE OLD DUSTY PAINT, THEN THE WOOD UNDERNEATH...



SHE STIFFENED HER LEGS UP AND BALANCED HER WHOLE BODY ON JUST THE BALLS OF HER FEET AND HER VICE-LIKE JAW-GRIP ON THE WINDOW SILL... SHE LIKED DOING ACROBATIC STUNTS SUCH AS THIS WHEN SHE WAS ALONE...



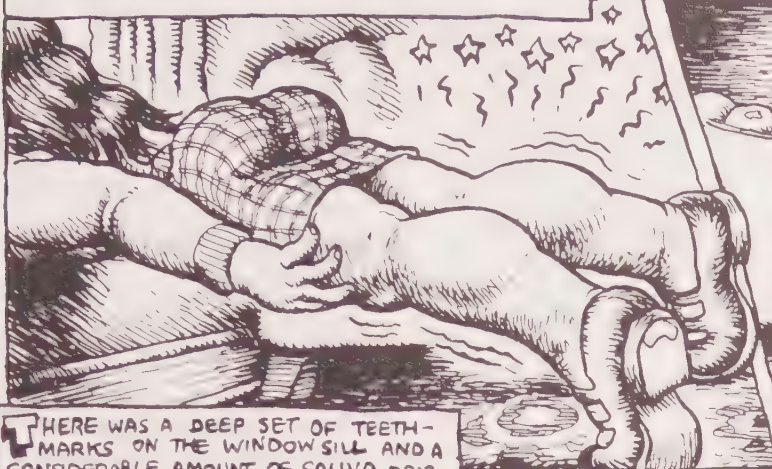
SHE MANAGED TO HOLD THIS POSITION FOR AN AMAZING LENGTH OF TIME... SHE COULD HEAR THE TV DOWNSTAIRS... SHE LISTENED AND HEARD WHAT SOUNDED LIKE CONTINUOUS CANNED LAUGHTER.





THE GURL KEPT LISTENING, BUT SHE COULDN'T BE SURE IF IT WAS REAL OR IF SHE WAS IMAGINING IT... MAYBE IT WAS JUST A MOTOR HUMMING SOMEWHERE... NOW HER LEGS WERE TREMBLING AND ACHING FROM THE STRENUOUS EFFORT OF HOLDING HER UP...

FINALLY THE GURL COULDN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER, SO SHE LET GO AND SAT UP ON HER KNEES, FEELING FLUSHED AND EN-VIGORATED...



THERE WAS A DEEP SET OF TEETH-MARKS ON THE WINDOW SILL AND A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF SALIVA DRIPPING OVER THE EDGE... SHE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF GOING DOWNSTAIRS AND WATCHING TV...

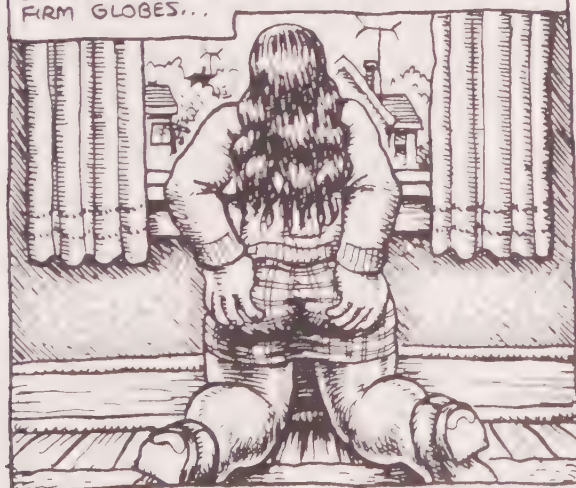
SHE WIPED THE SALIVA AWAY WITH THE SLEEVE OF HER SWEATER...

THEN RUBBED THE SLEEVE ON THE SIDE OF HER SKIRT.



THE GURL TRIED TO THINK IF THERE WAS ANYTHING GOOD ON THE TUBE AT THAT TIME. SHE LET HER HANDS WANDER BACK TO HER BUTTOCKS... AROUND AND OVER THE TWO FIRM GLOBES...

SUDDENLY SHE HAD THE EMBARRASSING RE-COLLECTION THAT SHE HAD A BIG ASS! HER BIG ASS WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANXIETY FOR THE GURL...

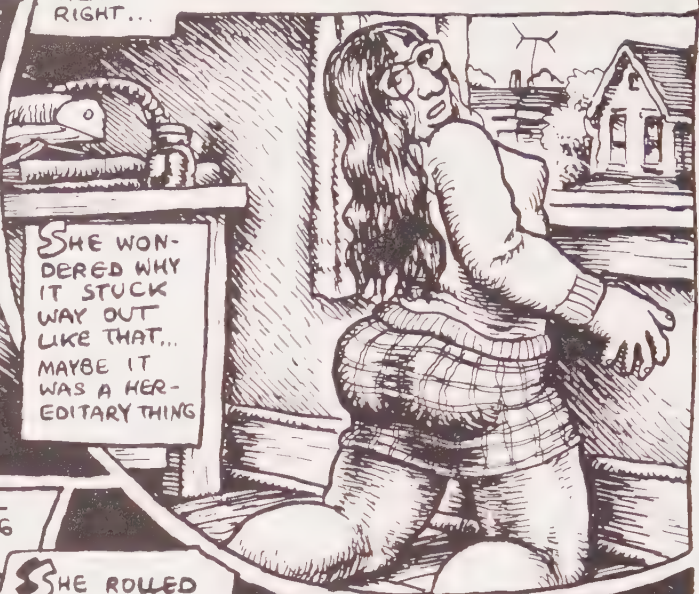




SHE FLEXED THE MUSCLES IN HER BUTTOCKS, MAKING THEM AS TIGHT AND HARD AS SHE COULD, AND POUNDED ON THEM WITH HER FISTS... IT FELT GOOD TO DO THAT...



HER FATHER USED TO CALL HER "FAT ASS." HE THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.... HE'D SAY, "HEY FAT ASS, COME AN' DO THESE DISHES!" AND LAUGH. WAS IT REALLY THAT BIG? IT LOOKED PRETTY LARGE ALRIGHT...

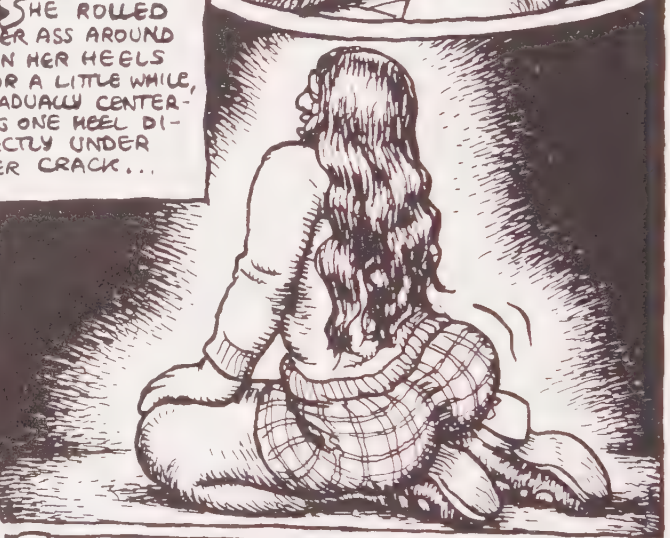


SHE WONDERED WHY IT STUCK WAY OUT LIKE THAT... MAYBE IT WAS A HEREDITARY THING

WITH A SIGH OF SELF-PITY THE GURL PLUMPED DOWN ON HER HEELS, RESTING HER CHIN ON THE WINDOW SILL.



SHE ROLLED HER ASS AROUND ON HER HEELS FOR A LITTLE WHILE, GRADUALLY CENTERING ONE HEEL DIRECTLY UNDER HER CRACK...



THEN SHE PUT HER RIGHT LEG OUT BEHIND HER, LETTING HER LEFT HEEL PUSH UP DEEPER INTO THE HOLE BETWEEN HER LEGS...

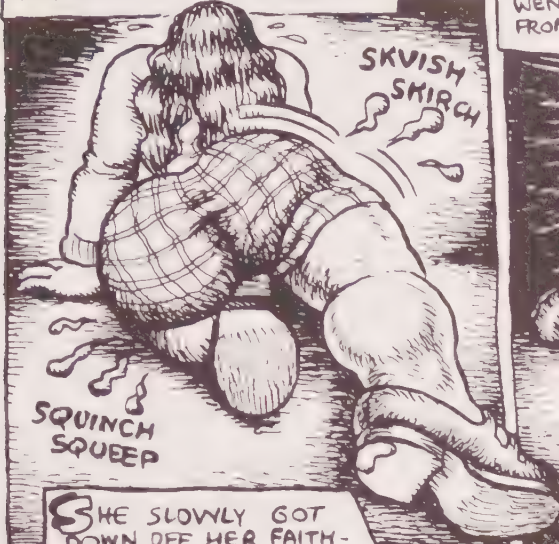


SHE SQUIRMED AROUND ON THE HEEL OF HER SHOE, BECOMING MILDLY EXCITED... SHE THOUGHT ABOUT RIDING HORSES, AND STARTED BOUNCING UP AND DOWN, RIDING ON HER HEEL LIKE IT WAS A HORSE... THEN SHE BECAME VERY EXCITED!





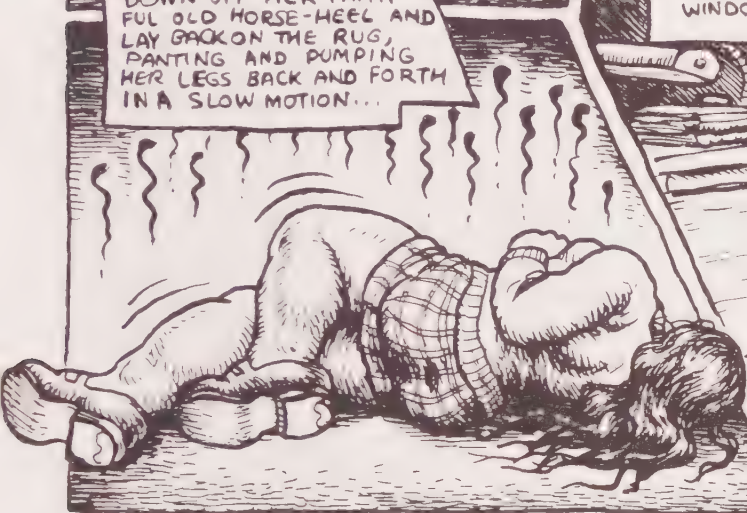
SHE KEPT RIDING HARDER AND HARDER... SHE WAS GALLOPING NOW... AND IT STARTED GETTING WET AND GUSHY DOWN THERE...



SHE WAS SNORTING AND WHEEZING, STARING BLANKLY UP AT THE CEILING AS SHE RODE THAT OLD "HORSE" ON DOWN! FINALLY SOMETHING INSIDE HER WENT OFF AND SHE HEARD A SQUIRTING NOISE COME FROM BELOW!



SHE SLOWLY GOT DOWN OFF HER FAITHFUL OLD HORSE-HEEL AND LAY BACK ON THE RUG, PANTING AND PUMPING HER LEGS BACK AND FORTH IN A SLOW MOTION...



SHE LAID THERE FOR A LONG TIME NOT THINKING ANYTHING, JUST LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AT THE SKY...



SHE ROLLED OVER ON HER STOMACH, FEELING VAGUELY DESPONDENT AND LONELY... GUILT FEELINGS ABOUT MASTURBATING BEGAN TO CREEP OVER HER... SHE HAD A MILD URGE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM...



SHE GOT UP QUICKLY, SUDDENLY REMEMBERING THAT IT WAS ALMOST TIME FOR THE EVENING NEWS SHOWS, AND STRODE OUT THE DOOR, HEADING FOR THE BATHROOM...



GOODNIGHT, SWEET GURL, WHEREVER YOU ARE!!

THE END

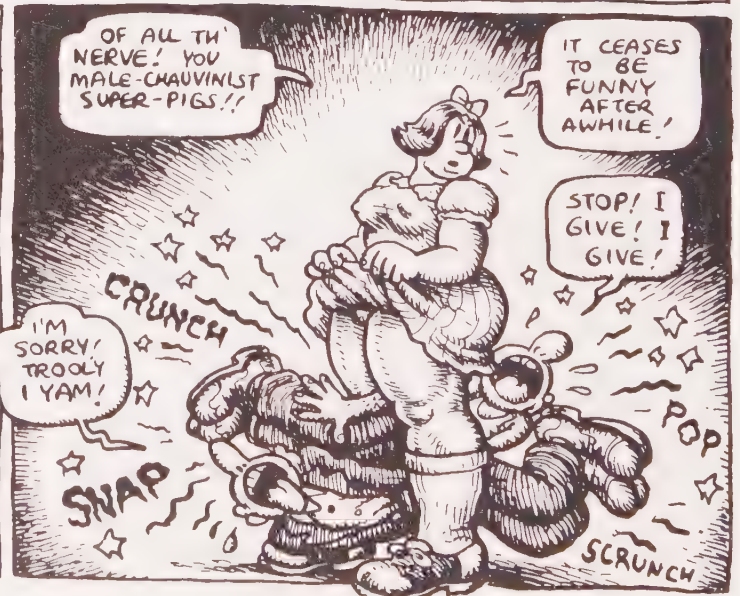
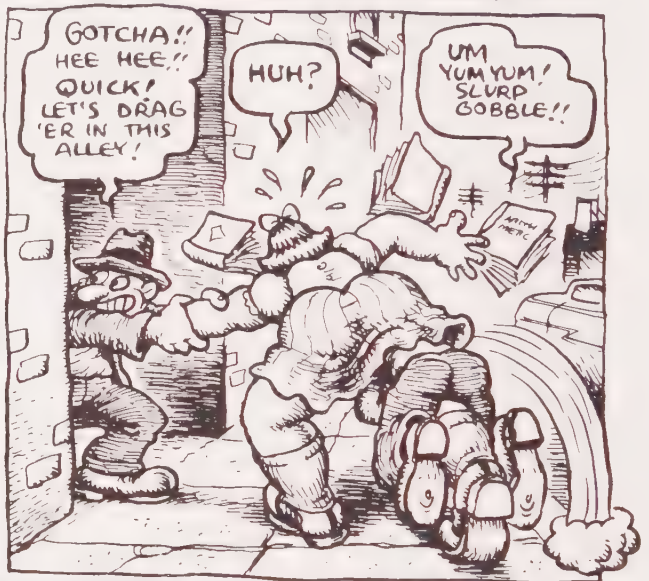
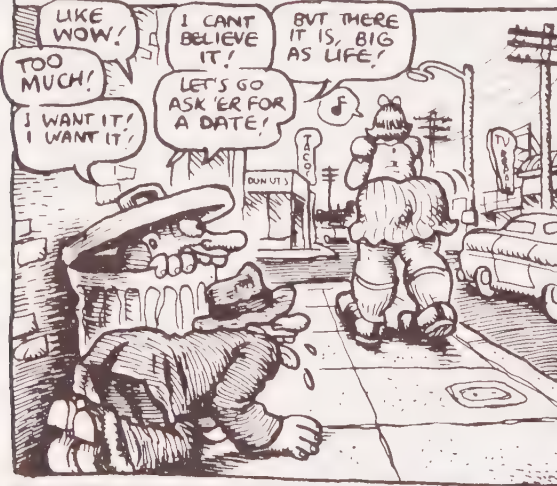


# Sally Skuloberbutt

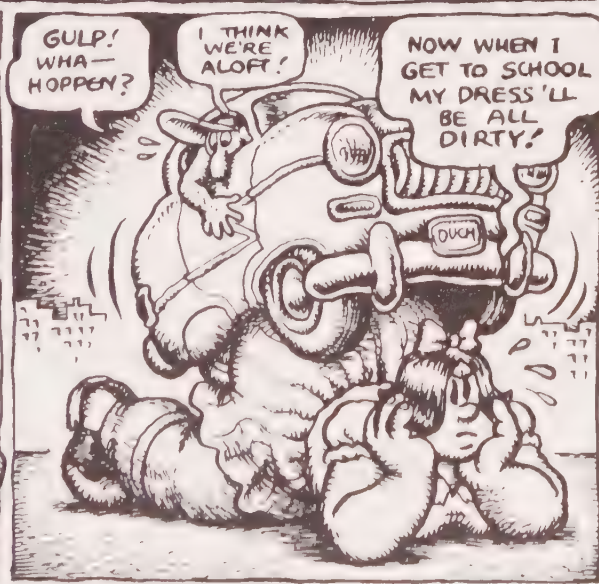
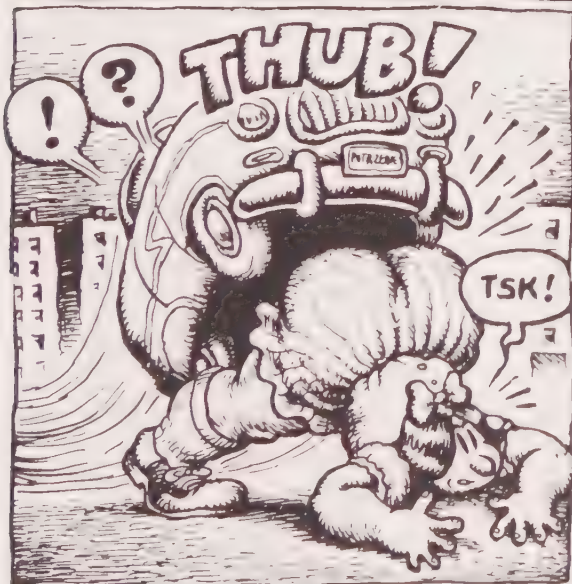
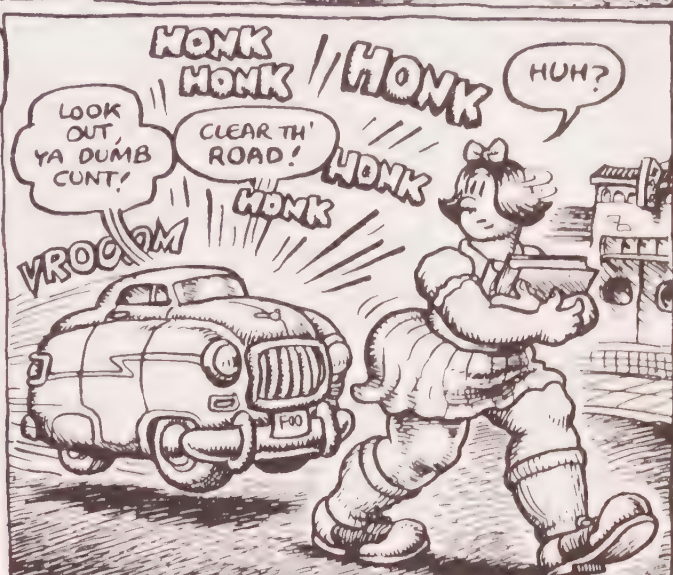
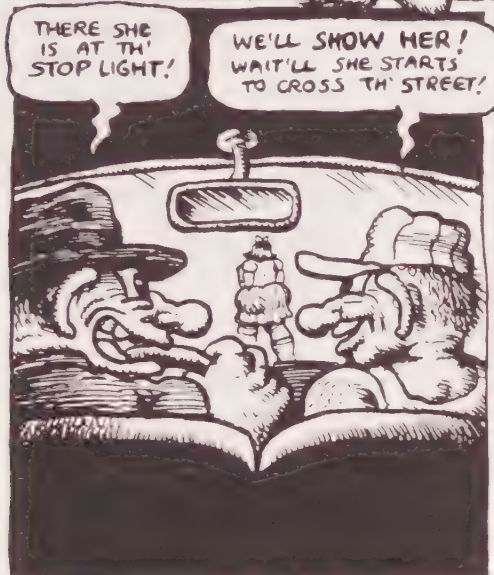
IT WAS A MORNING MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER MORNING FOR SALLY AS SHE WALKED DOWN THE STREET ON HER WAY TO SCHOOL, HUMMING A CHEERFUL MELODY TO HERSELF...



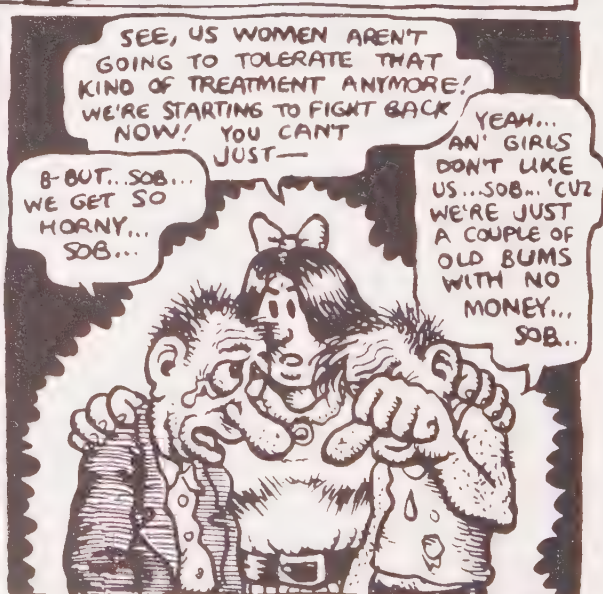
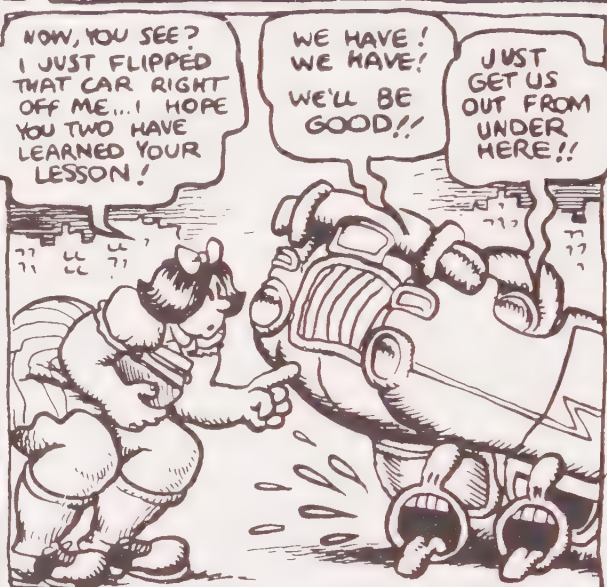
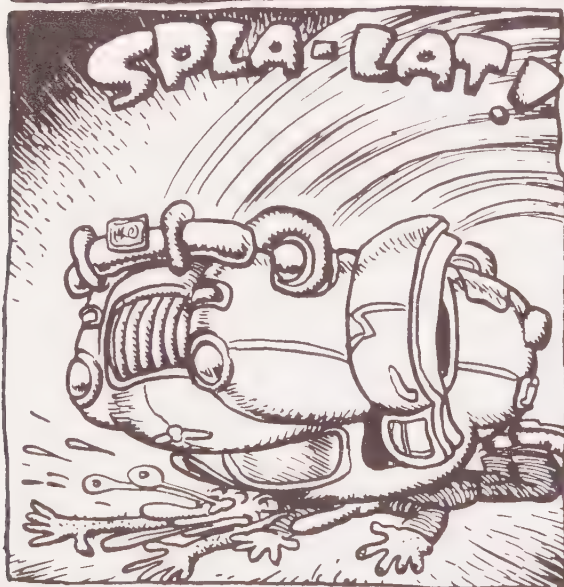
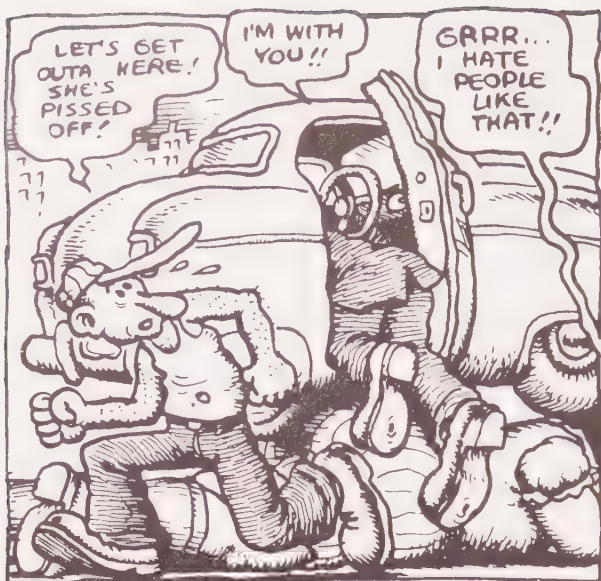
LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT NOT FAR OFF KEEN EYES FOLLOWED EVERY SWAY AND BOB OF HER ABUNDANT BOTTOM...













WHY CAN'T YOU RISE  
ABOVE IT? LOOK AT ME!!

I'M ON MY WAY TO SCHOOL SO  
THAT I CAN MAKE SOMETHING  
OF MY LIFE!

SIGH... WISH I  
COULD A GOT A  
DECENT EDGE-  
KASHUN... I  
WUZ UNDER-  
PRIVILEGED!

I ADMIRE A  
PERSON WHO  
WANTS T' BETTER  
THEIR LOT IN  
LIFE... ER...  
Y' GOT TIME  
FOR A  
QUICKIE?

A "QUICKIE"? WHY,  
YOU BASTARDS!!

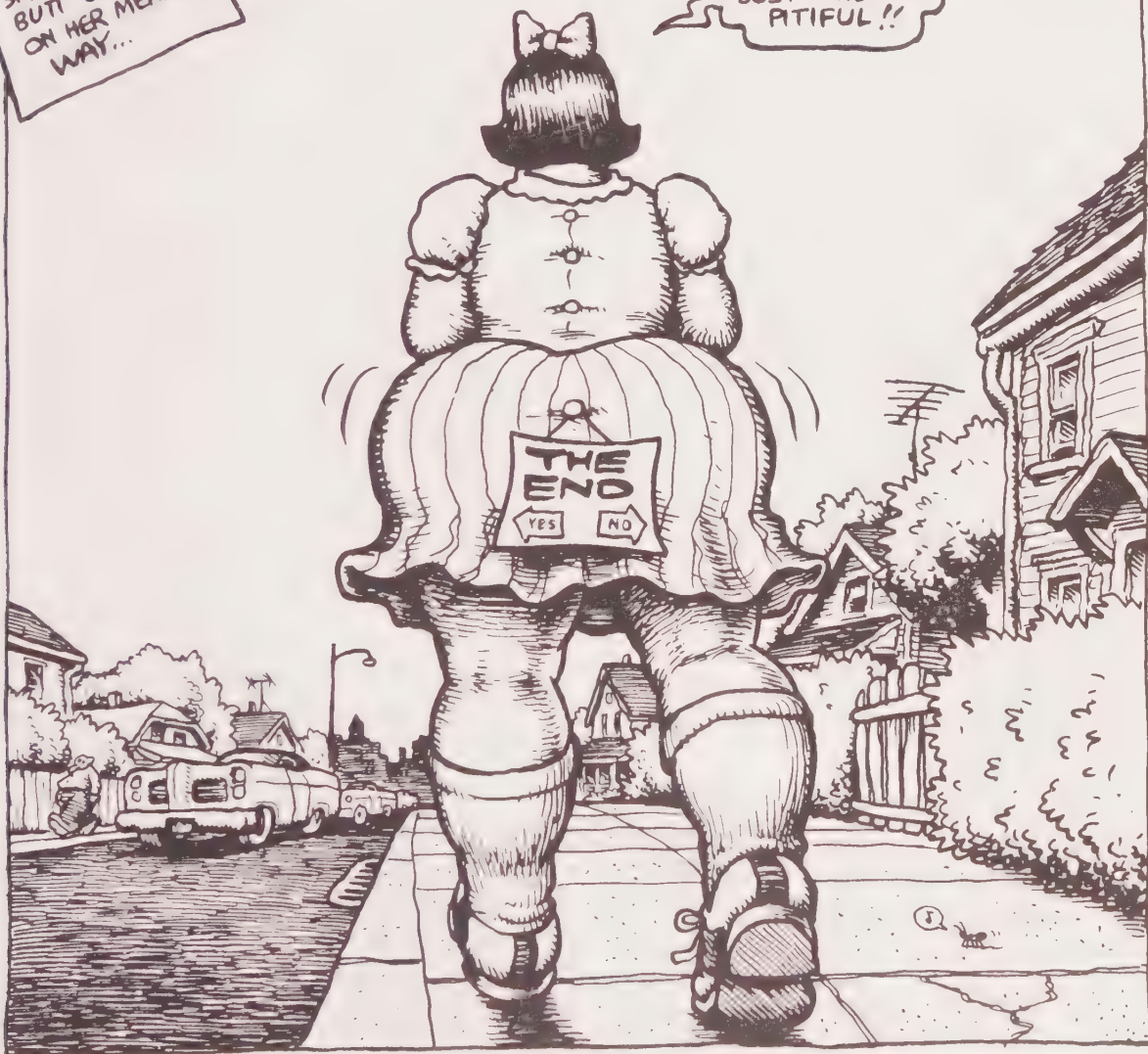
BAM

YOW!

YELP!

AND SO,  
SALLY BLUBBER-  
BUTT GOES  
ON HER MERRY  
WAY...

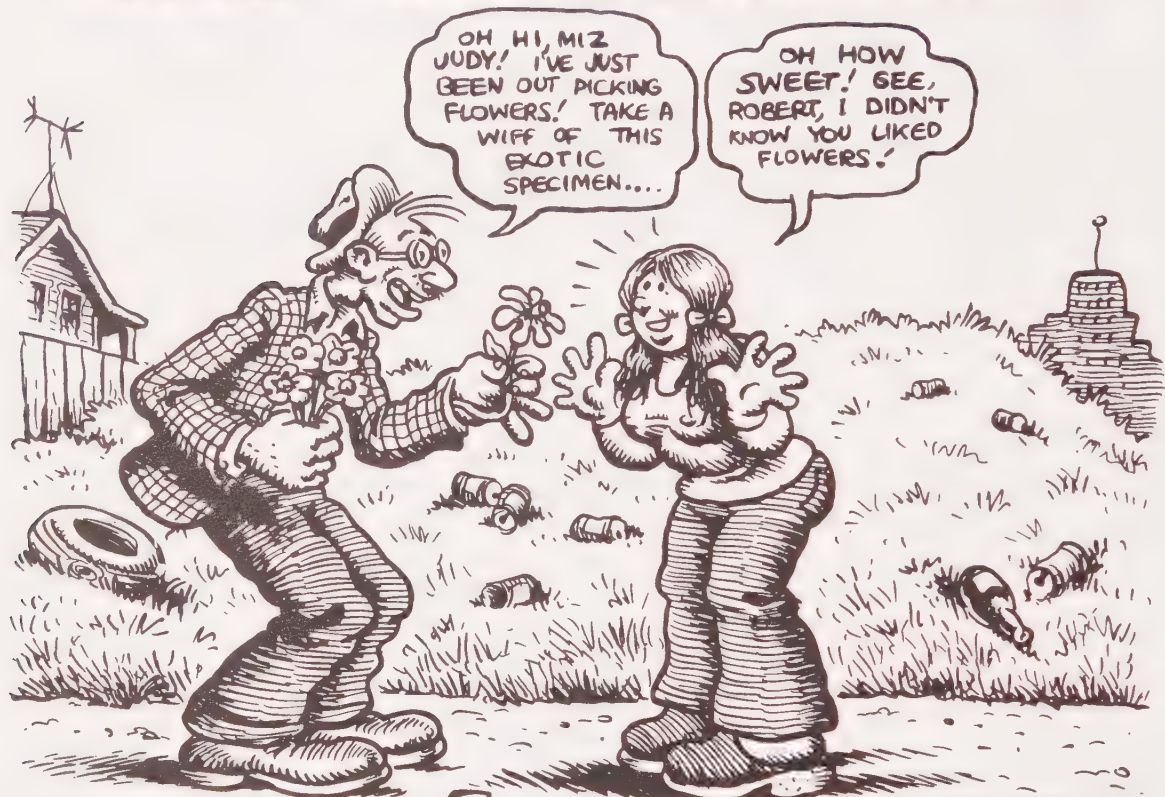
MEN!! AT  
BEST THEY'RE  
PITIFUL!!





...AND NOW FOLKS, THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!!

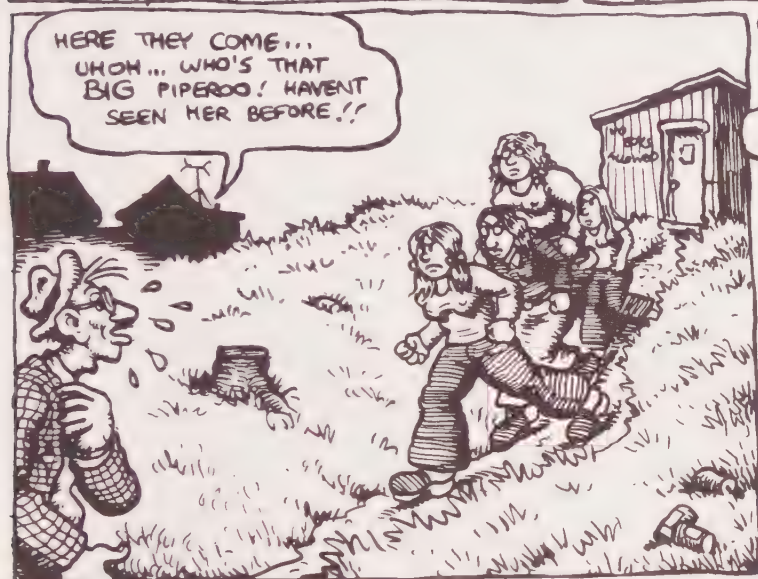
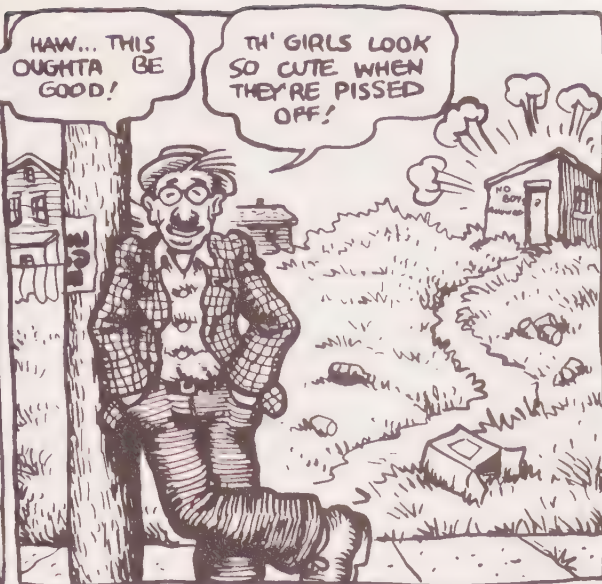
# R. CRUMB ~VERSUS~ THE SISTERHOOD



— by R. "the Victim" Crumb '73





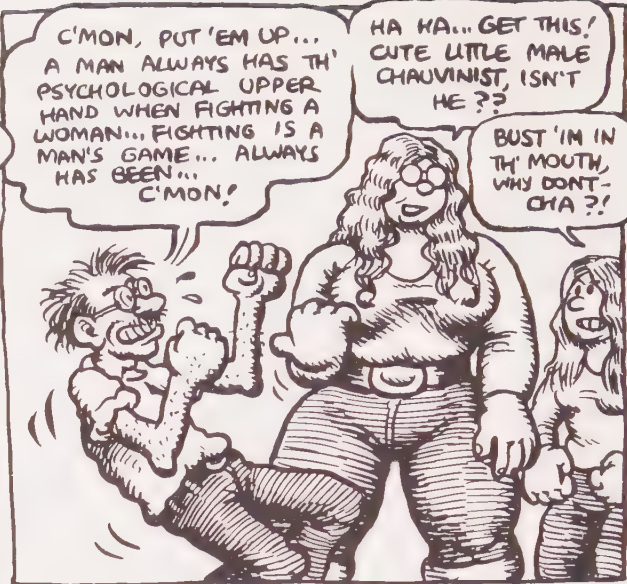






VERY WELL, GIRL... IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, I'LL FIGHT... I HESITATE TO STRIKE A WOMEN, HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BEHAVE IN SUCH AN UNLADYLIKE MANNER, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE...

SHHET...



C'MON, PUT 'EM UP... A MAN ALWAYS HAS TH' PSYCHOLOGICAL UPPER HAND WHEN FIGHTING A WOMAN... FIGHTING IS A MAN'S GAME... ALWAYS HAS BEEN... C'MON!

HA HA... GET THIS! CUTE LITTLE MALE CHAUVINIST, ISN'T HE??

BUST 'IM IN TH' MOUTH, WHY DONT CHA?!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS... MY GRANDMOTHER COULD STOMP THIS PUNY WHIMP!!

C'MON YA BIG FAT DUMB CUNT! LET'S GO AT IT!!

BOOF

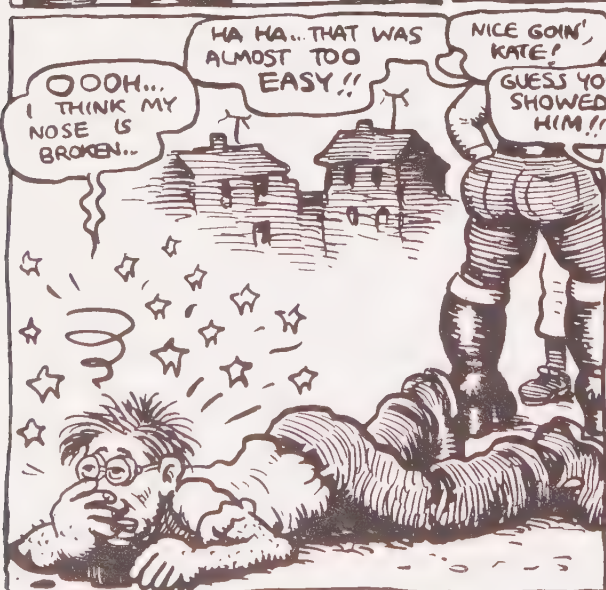


HERE, PAL... I'LL GIVE YA A FAIR CHANCE... I'LL JUST USE MY LEFT LEG...

YAY!

OH MY GOD

BAP

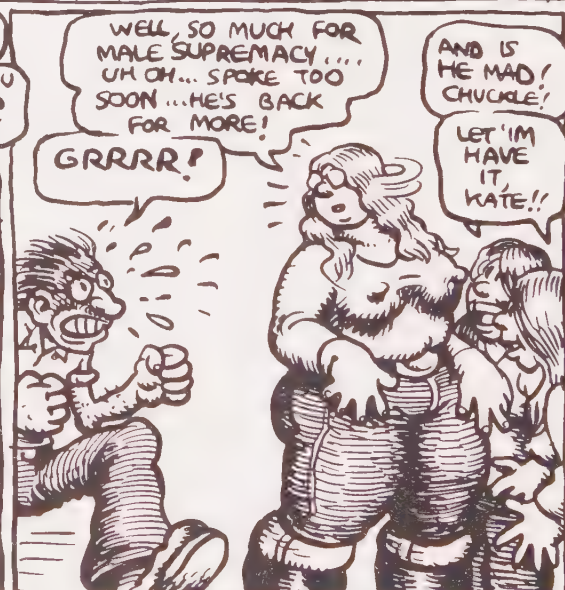


OOOH... I THINK MY NOSE IS BROKEN...

HA HA... THAT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY!!

NICE GOIN' KATE!

GUESS YOU SHOWED HIM!!



WELL, SO MUCH FOR MALE SUPREMACY... UH OH... SPOKE TOO SOON... HE'S BACK FOR MORE!

GRRRR!

AND IS HE MAD! CHUCKLE!

LET 'IM HAVE IT, KATE!!

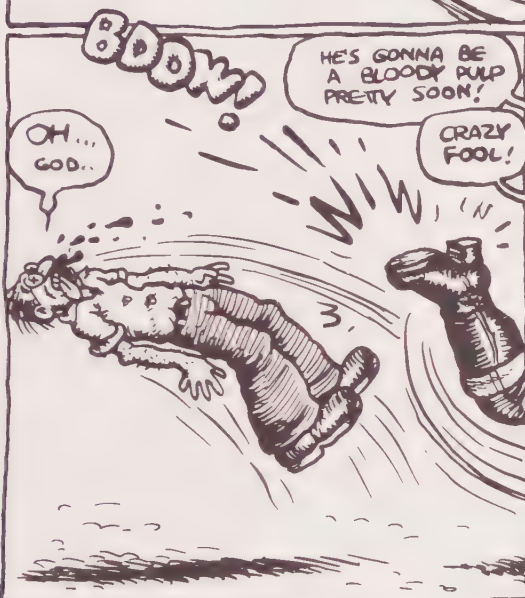




HE MUST DIG IT...  
PROBABLY A MASOCHIST...  
HA HA HA



JEEZIZ! HE'S NOT THROUGH YET!  
A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT!



OH... GOD...  
HE'S GONNA BE A BLOODY PULP PRETTY SOON!  
CRAZY FOOL!



THAT GIRL'S GOT ONE HELLUVA LEFT LEG! CAN'T ADMIT DEFEAT... GOTTA KEEP FIGHTIN'...  
I DONT THINK HE'LL BE BACK...  
IT SEEMS HIGHLY UNLIKELY...  
LET'S GO BACK TO TH' CLUBHOUSE!



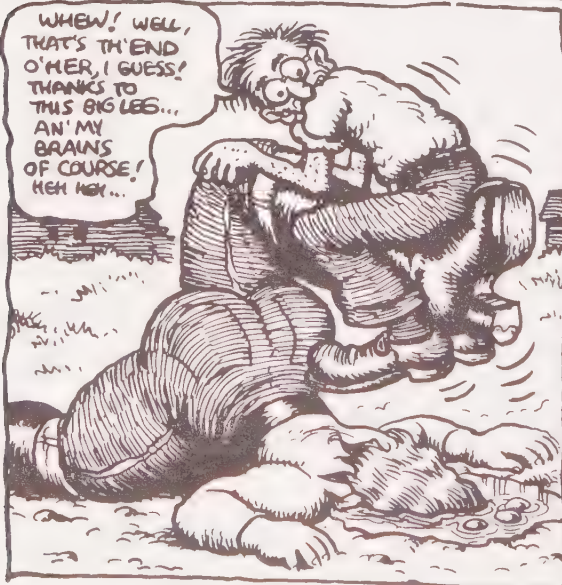
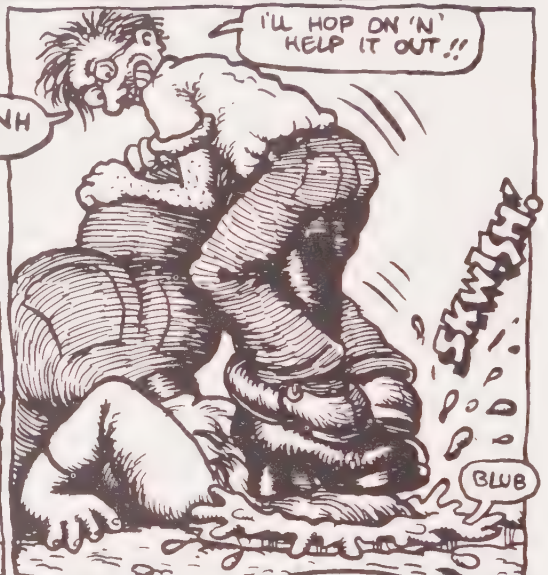
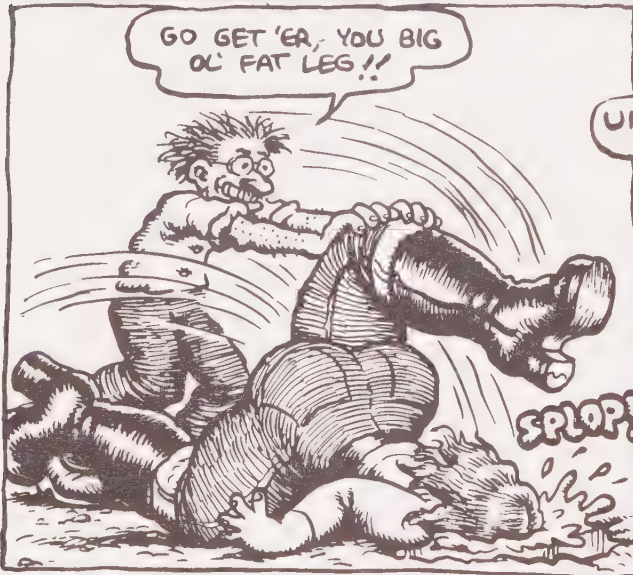
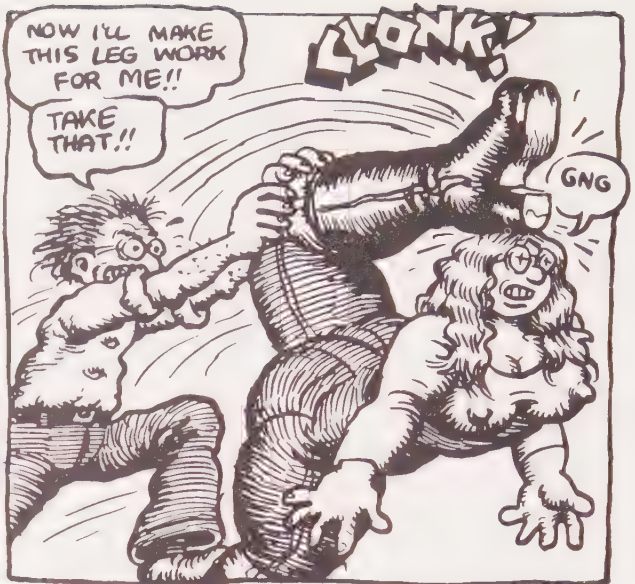
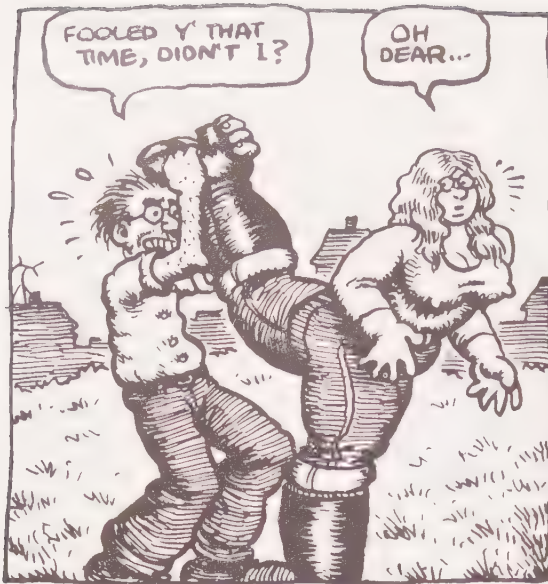
THAT CREEP WONT BE HASSLING ANY WOMEN FOR AWHILE, I'LL BET....  
OH NO! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!



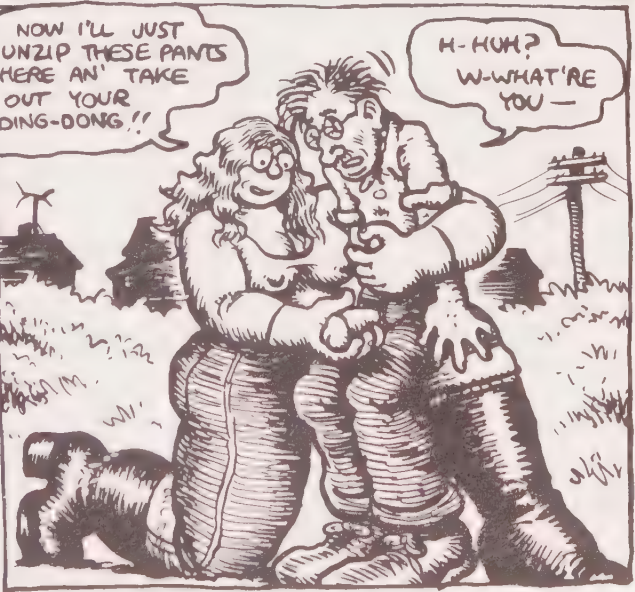
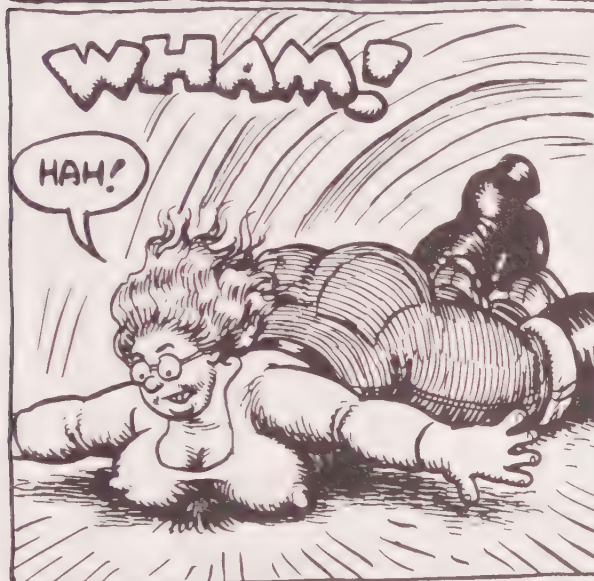
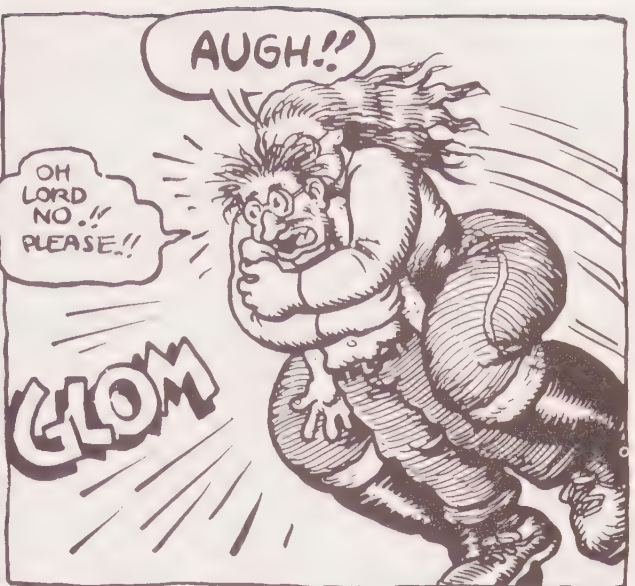
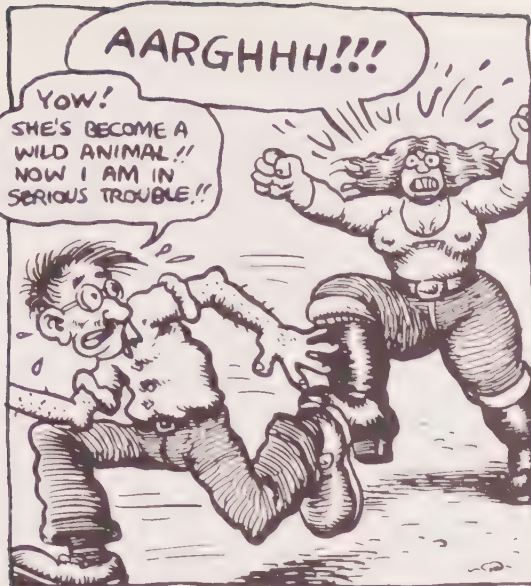
HO HUM...THIS IS GETTIN' TIRESOME...THIS FELLA DONT KNOW WHEN TO QUIT...

HAH! MISSED!

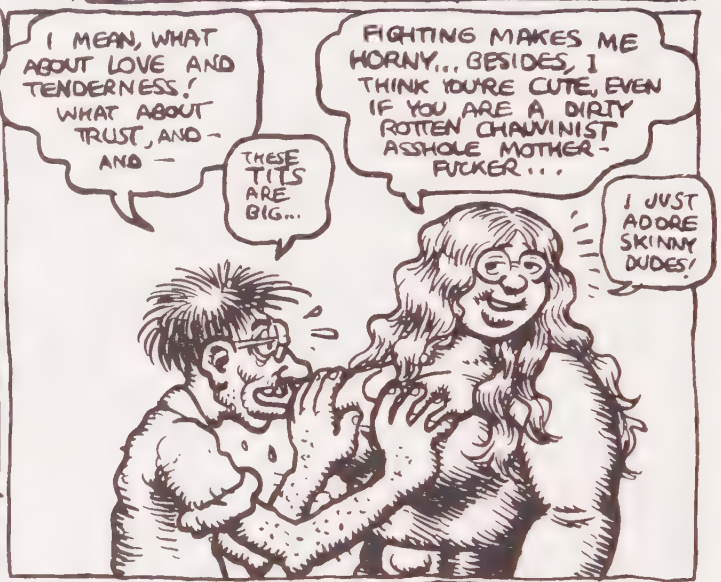
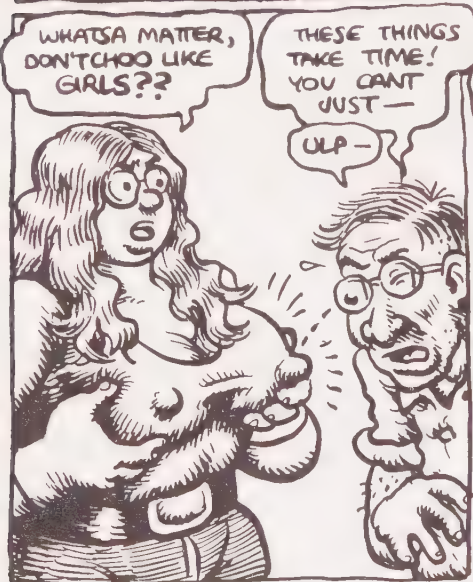
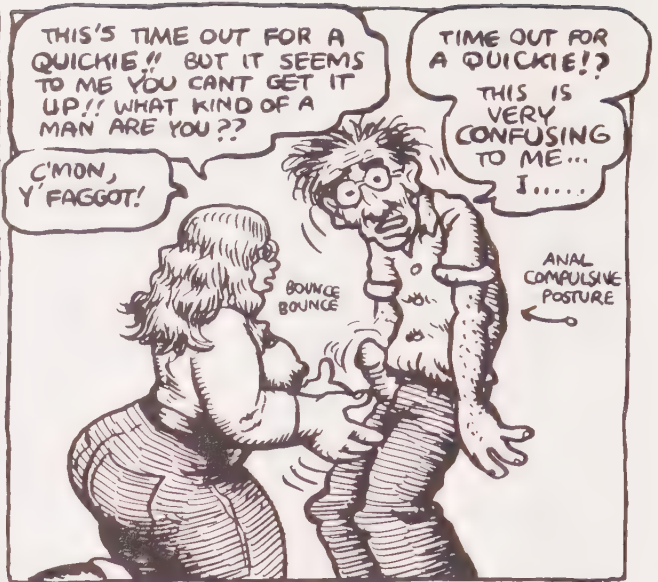




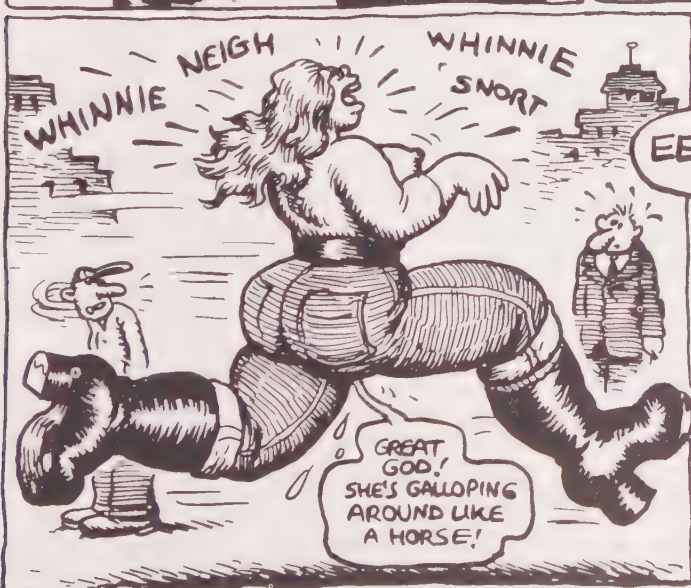
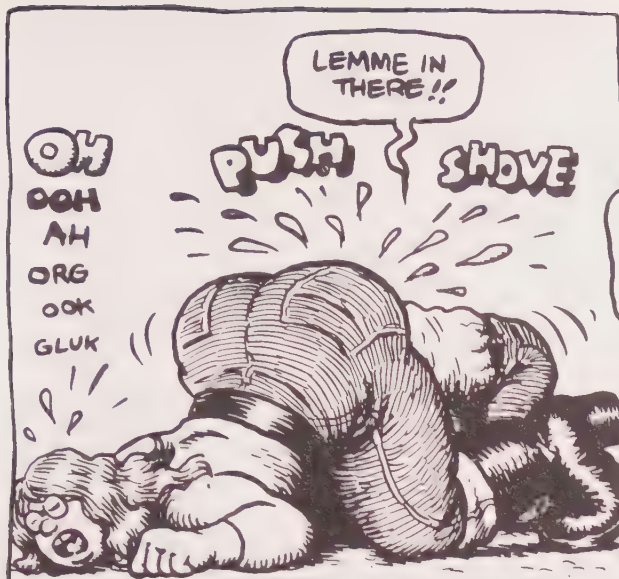




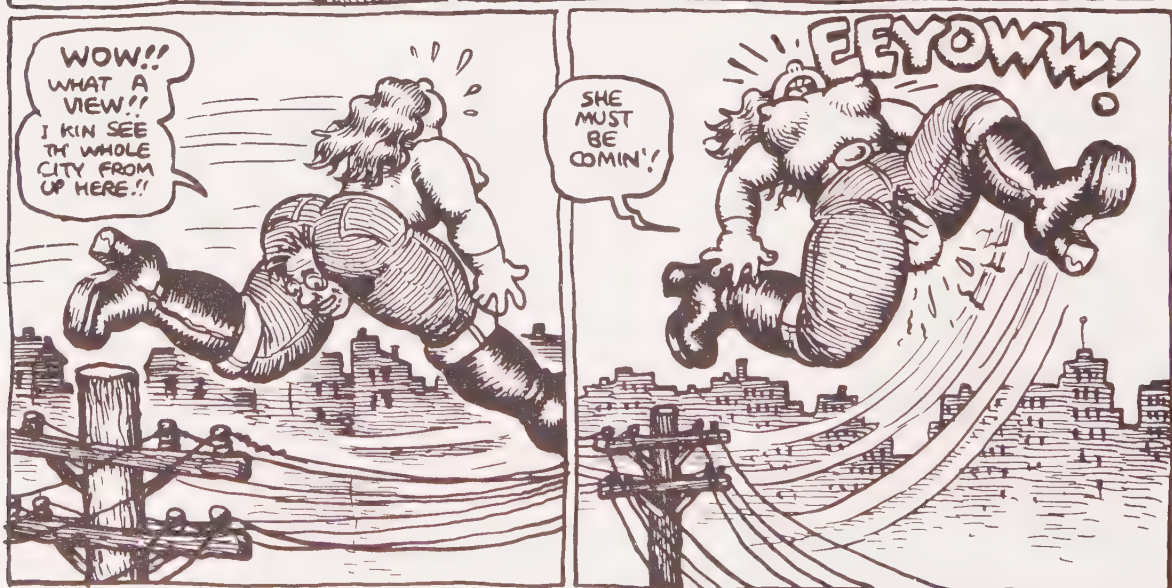
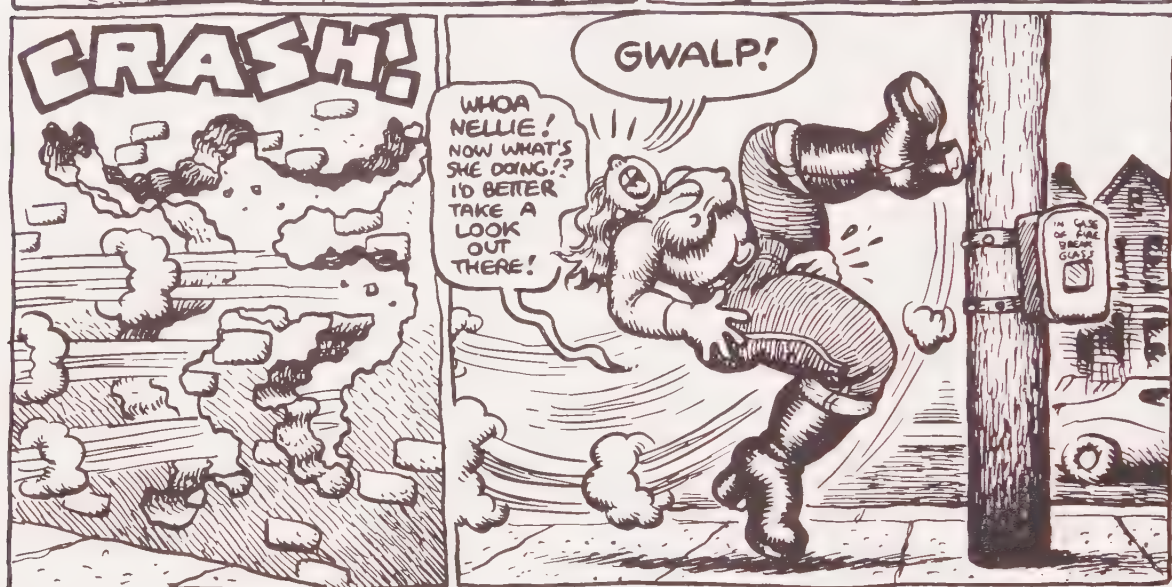
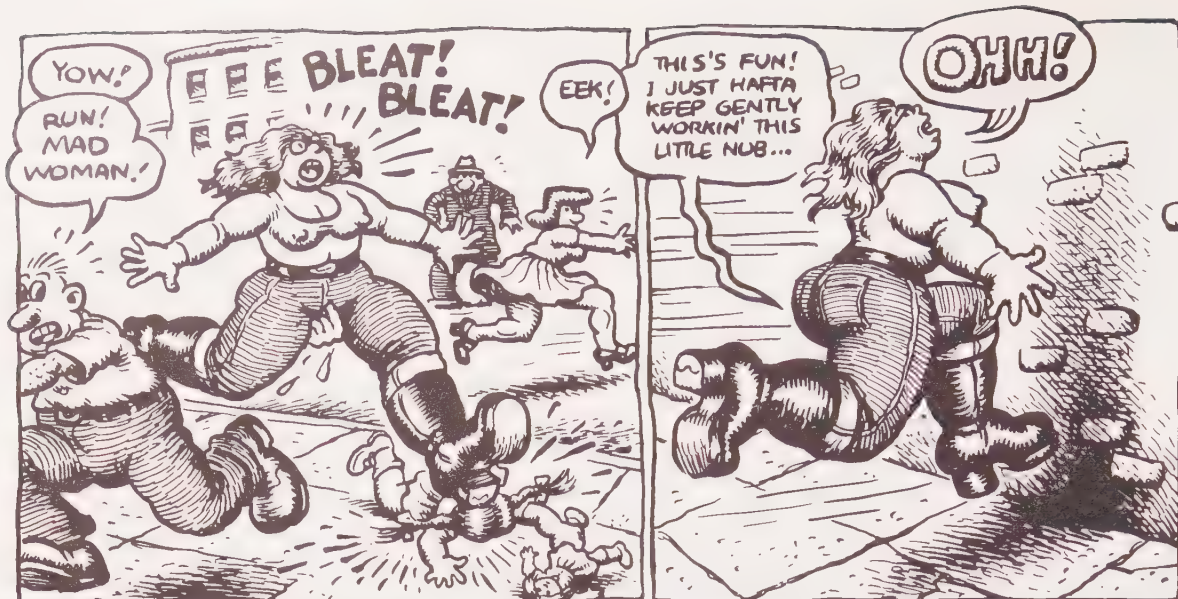




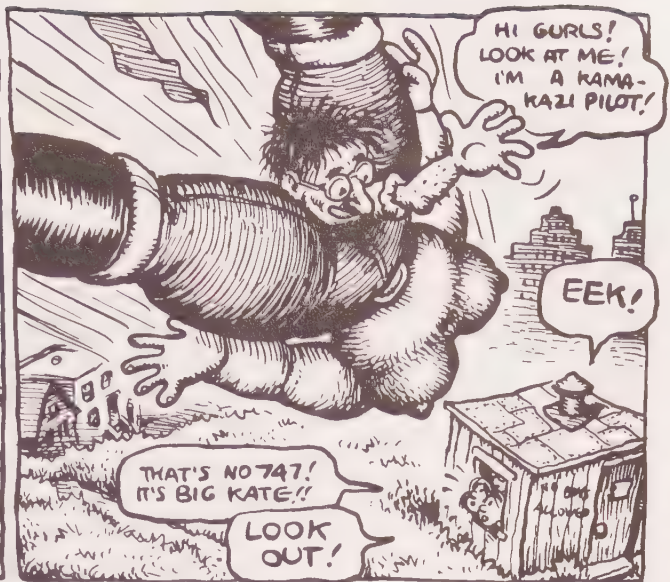












JUST KIDDING GIRLS!  
ACTUALLY I'M ON YOUR SIDE!!

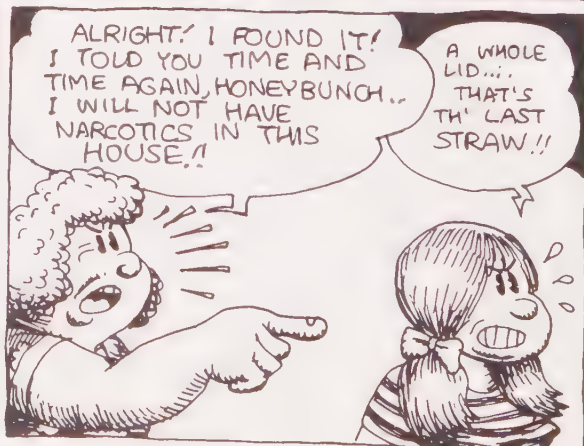
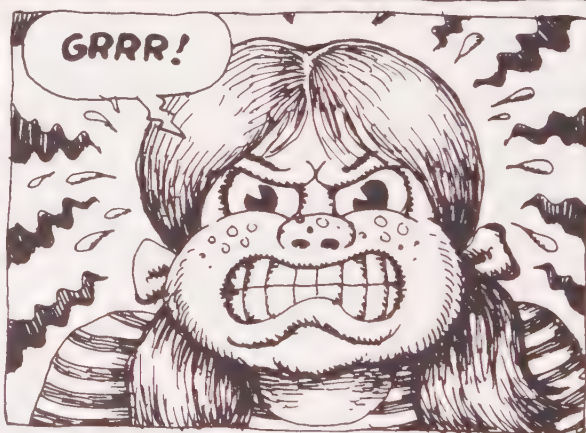
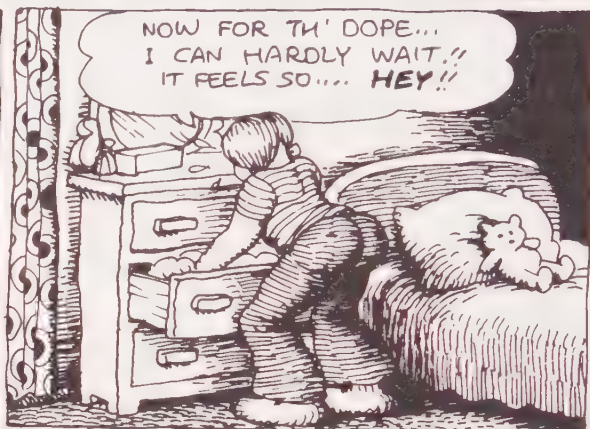
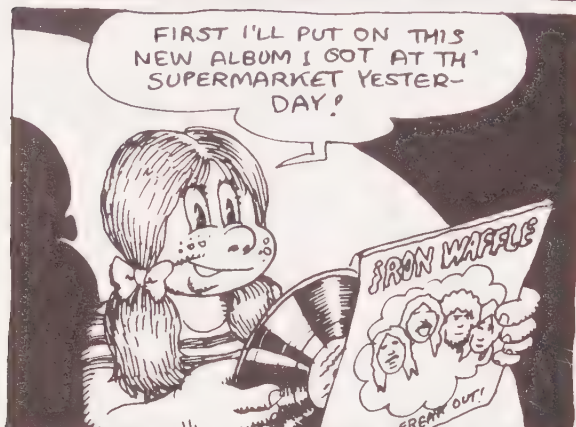
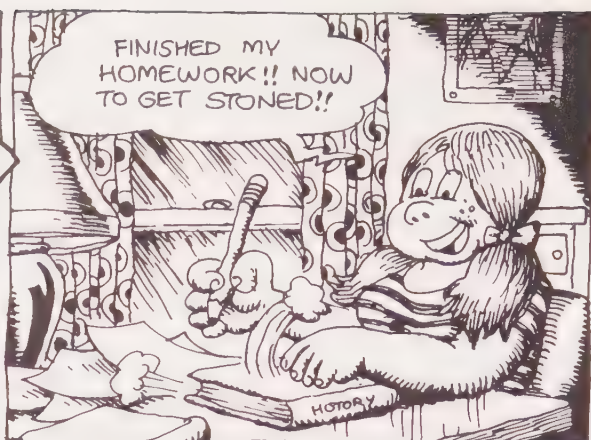
HONEST!!

THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER INFANTILE FANTASY FROM A SICK, IMMATURE MIND....  
...BUT, REMEMBER, IT'S ONLY A COMIC BOOK !!  
—LOVE & KISSES  
R. CRUMB

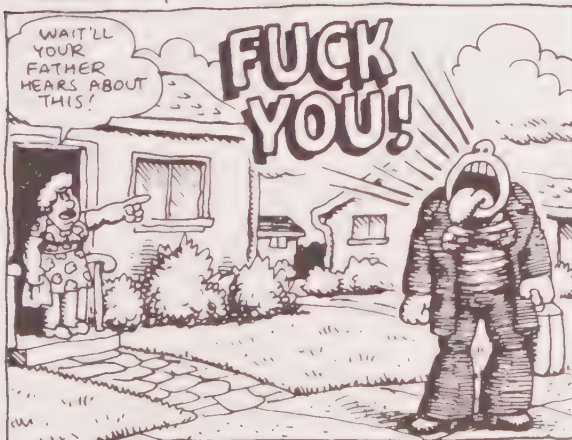
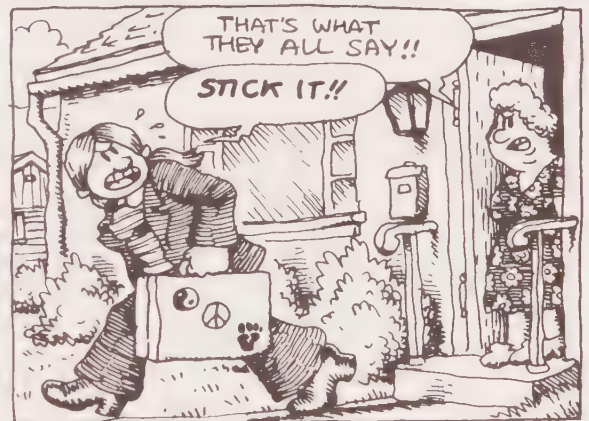
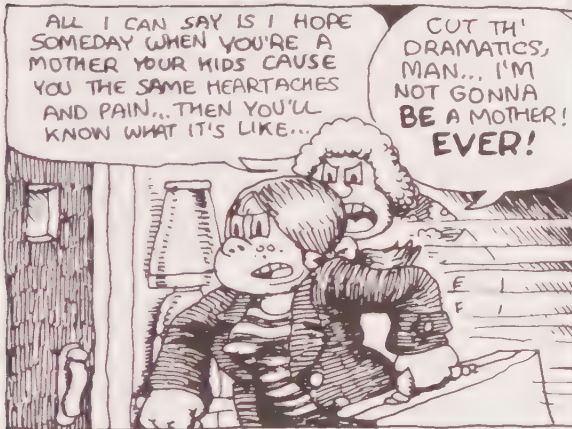
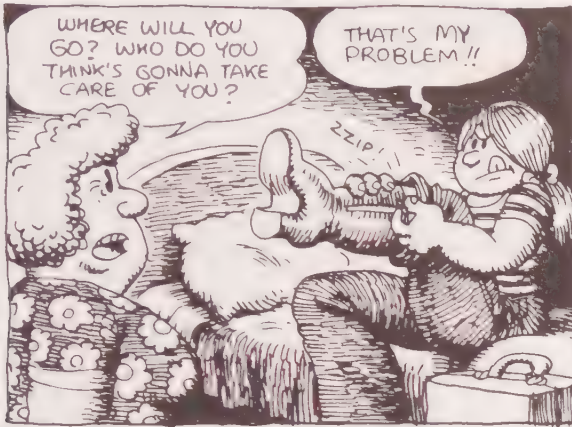
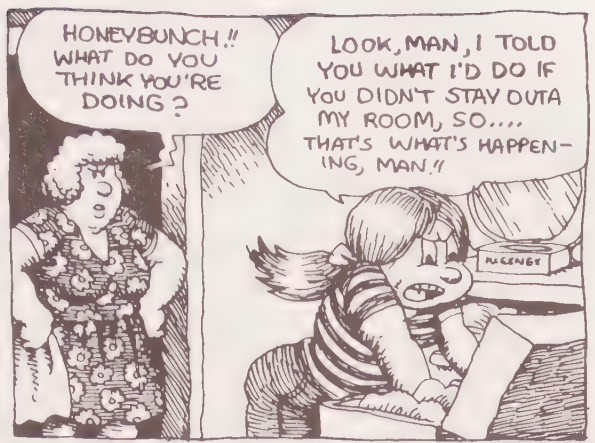
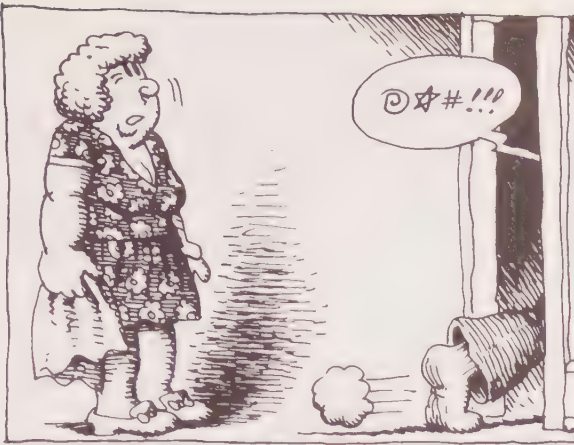


# HONEYBUNCH KAMINSKI

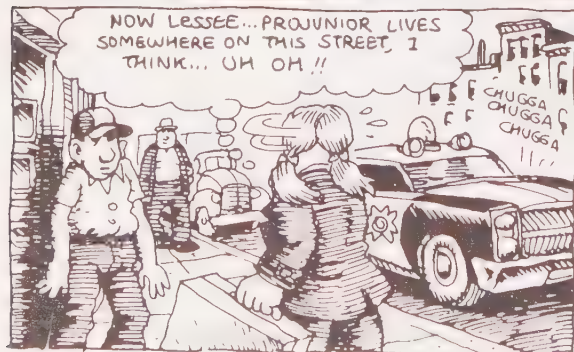
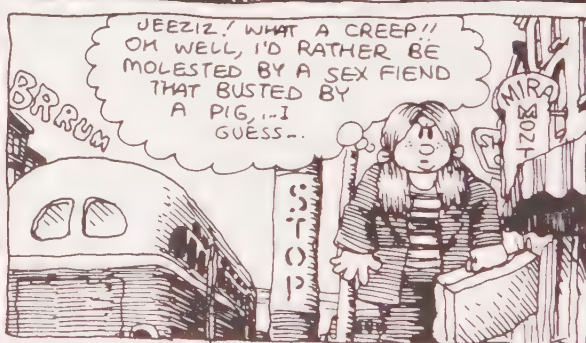
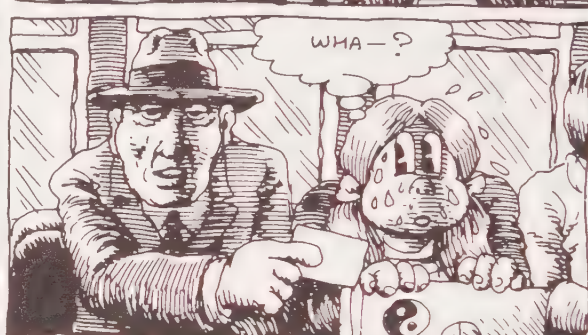
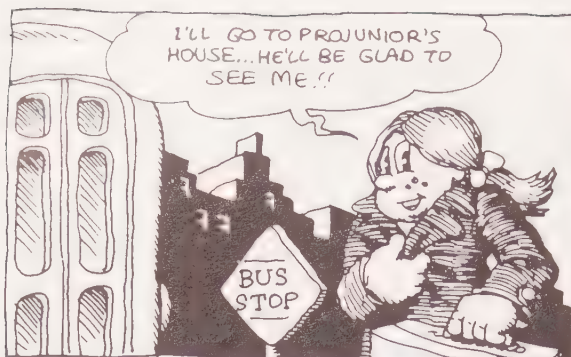
"THE  
DRUG-CRAZED  
RUNAWAY"  
in  
SHE'S LEAVING HOME



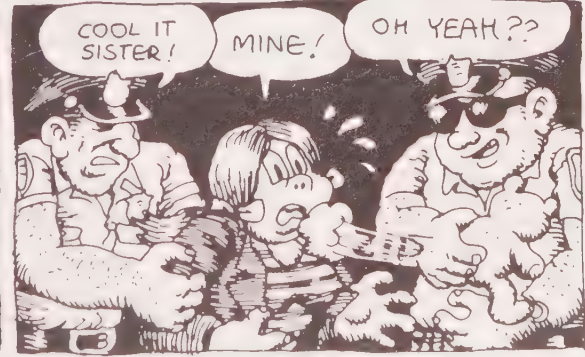
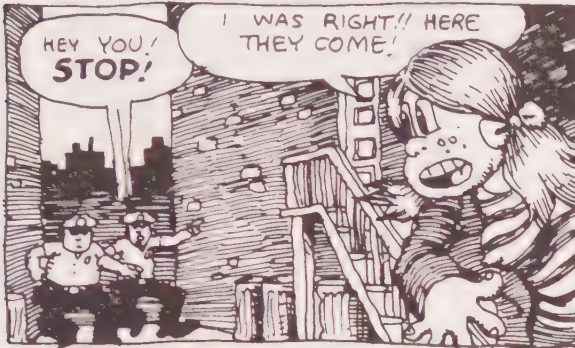
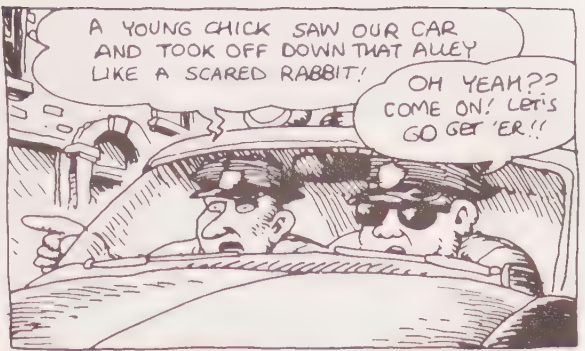




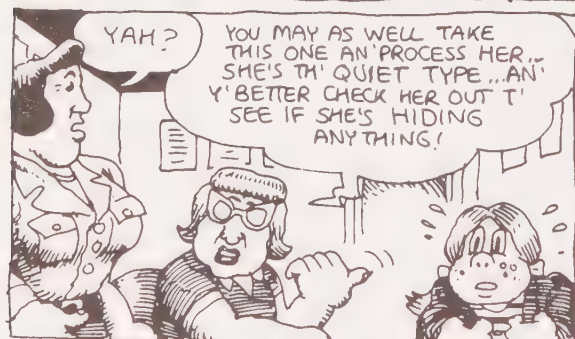
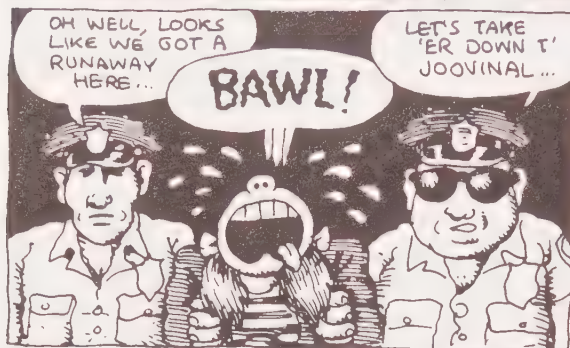
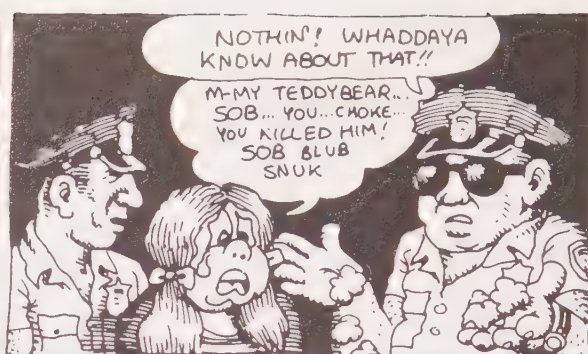




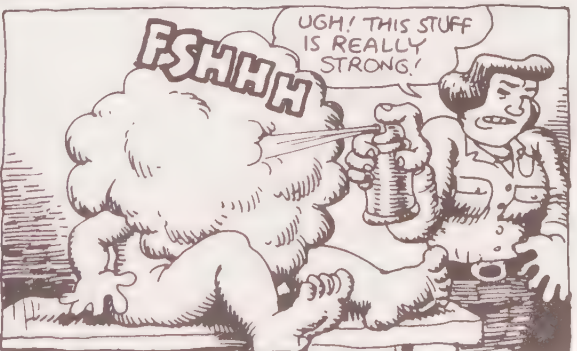
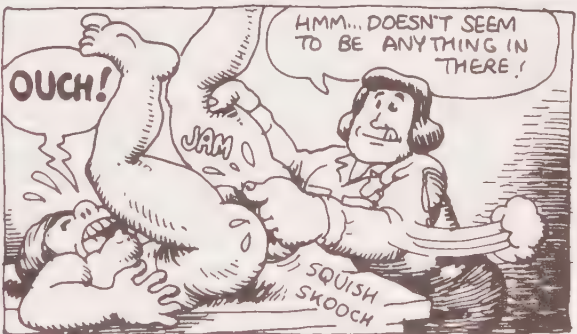
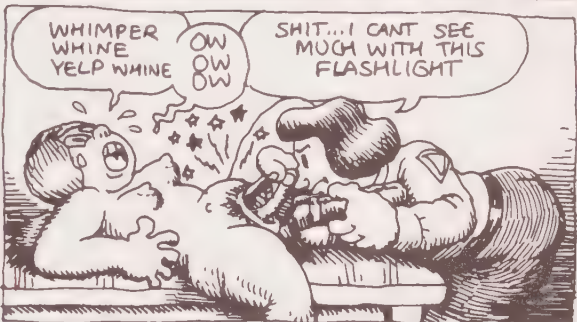
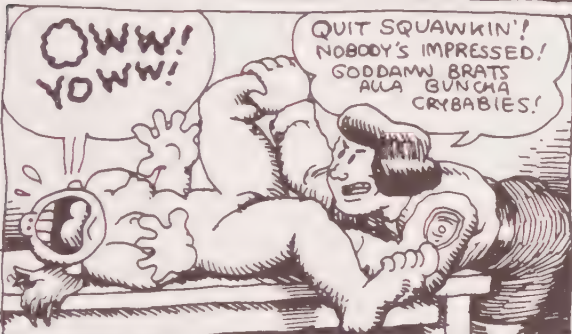
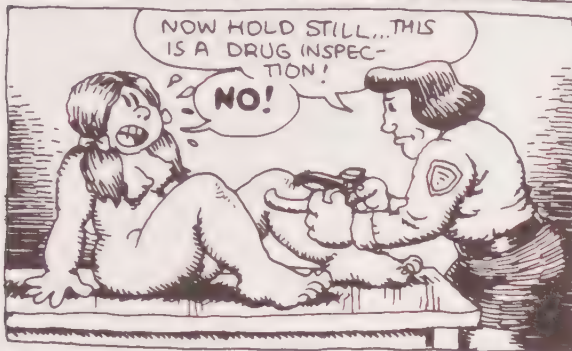
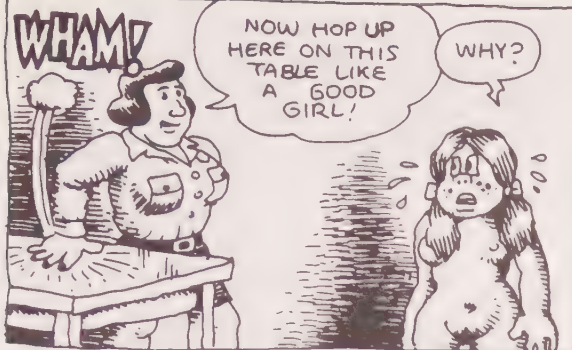




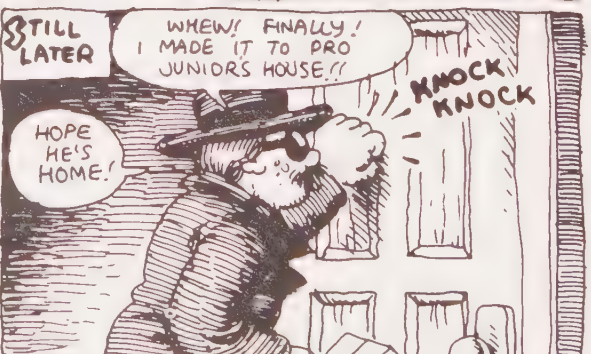
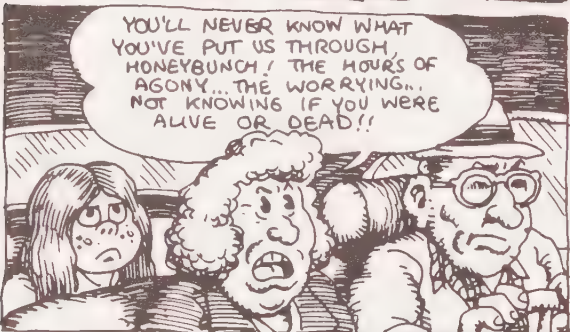
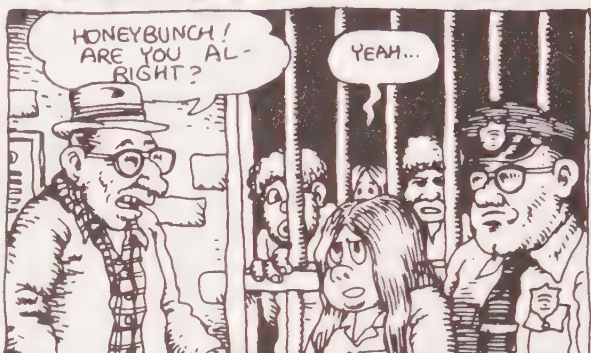
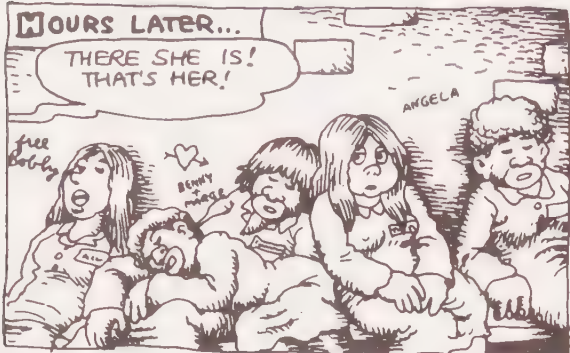
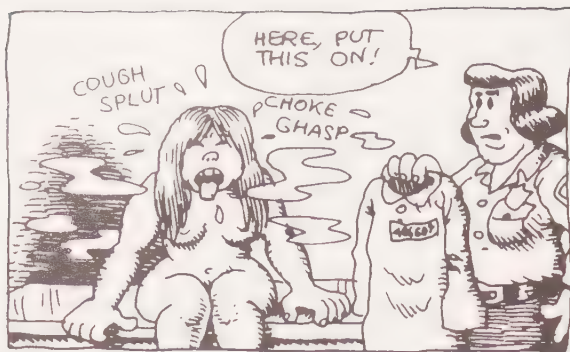




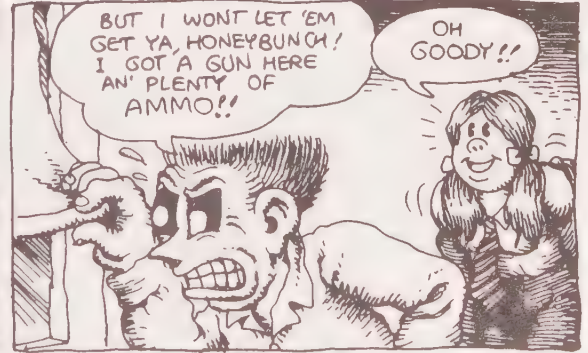
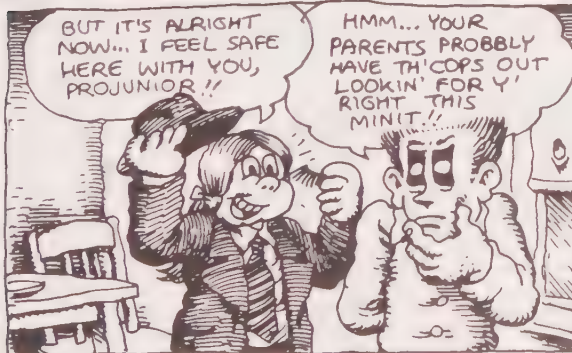
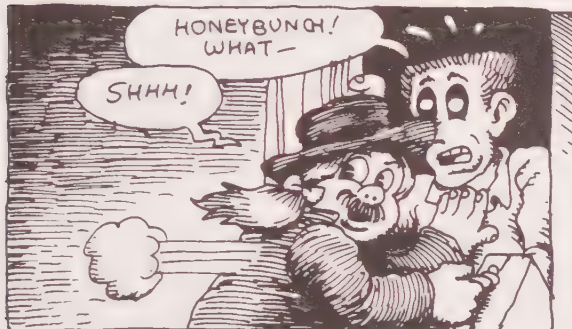




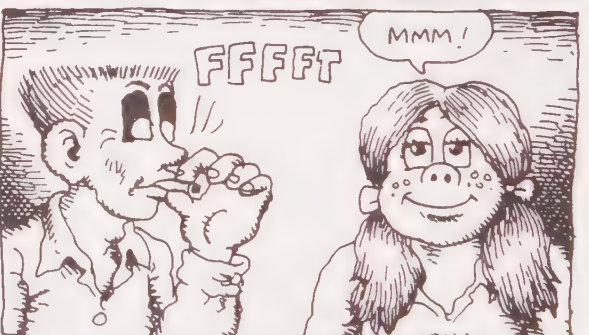
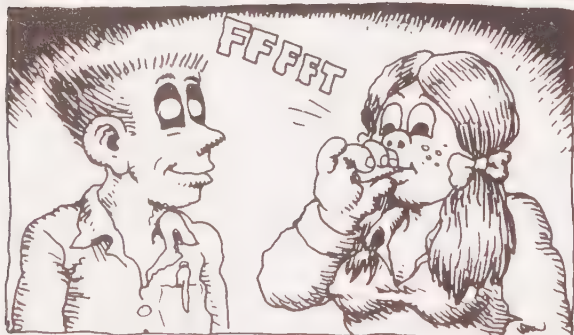
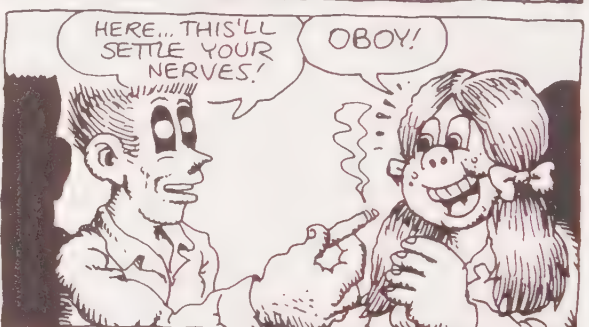
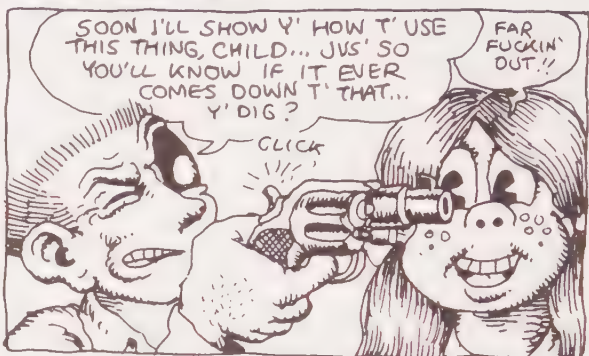
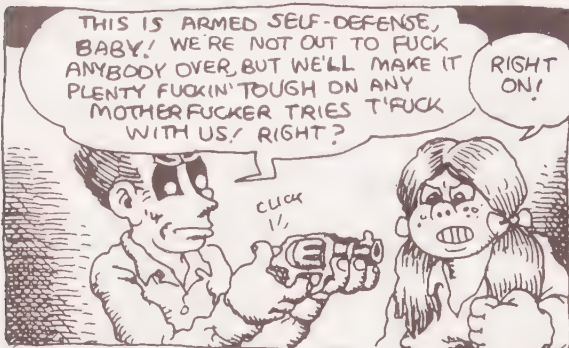
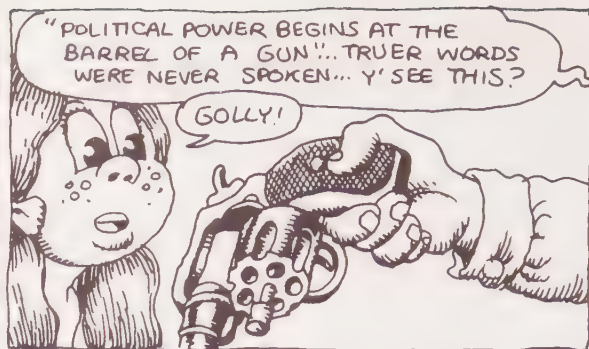
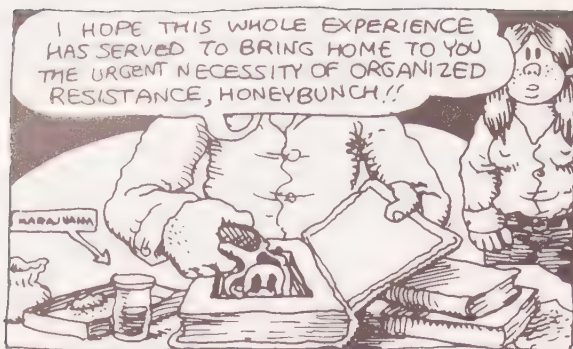




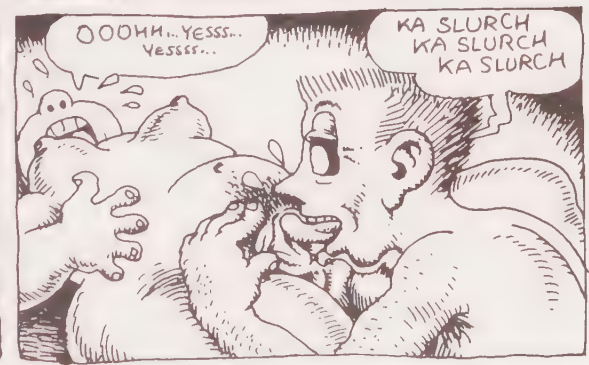
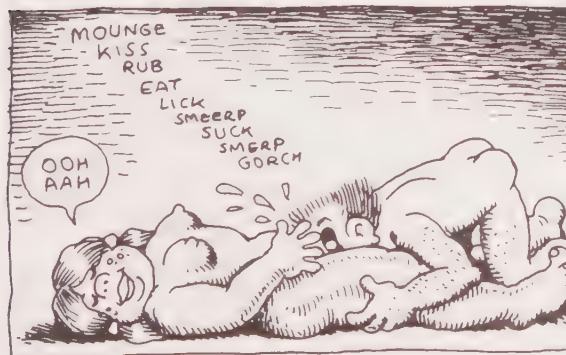
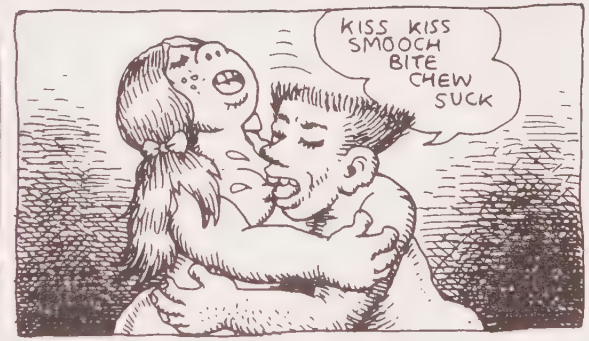
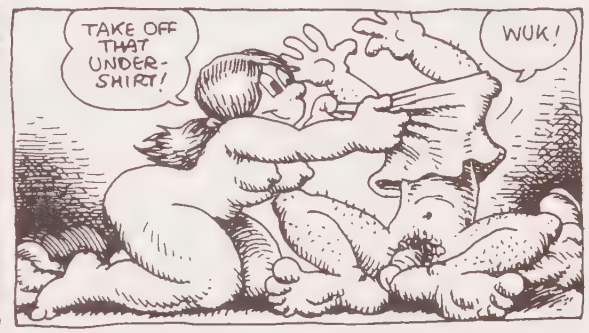
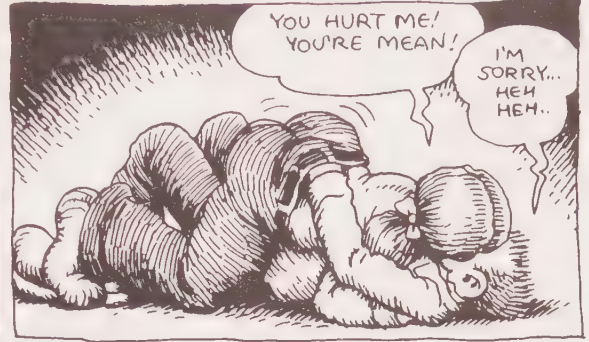
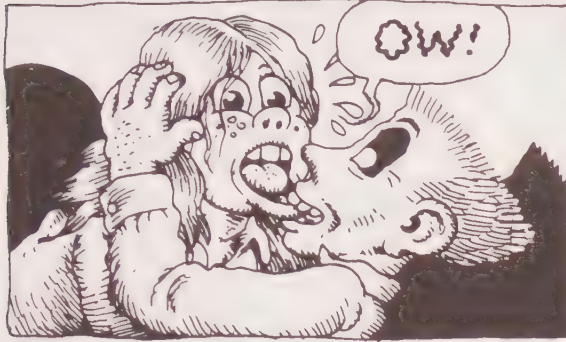
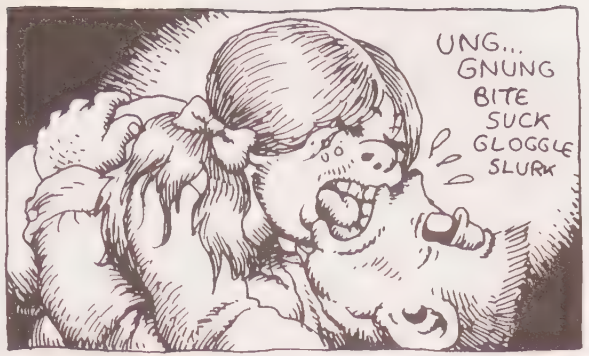










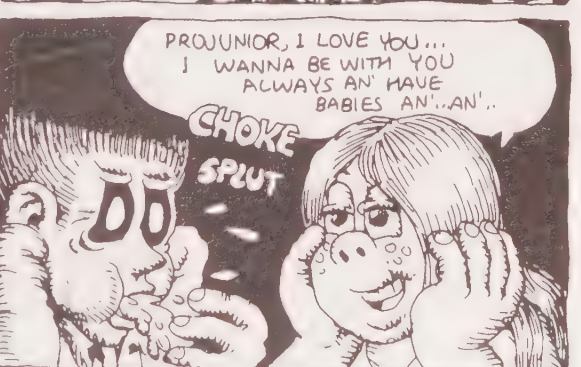
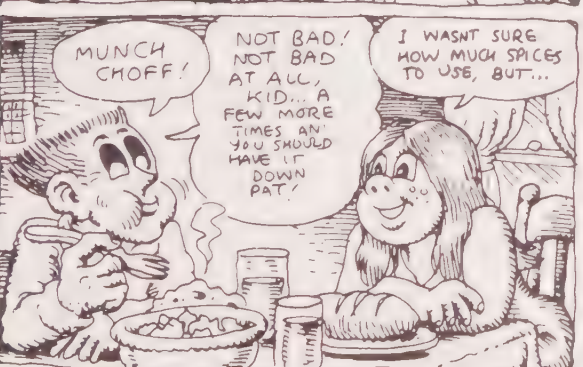
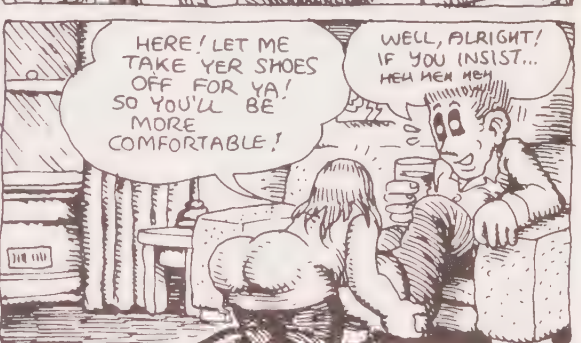
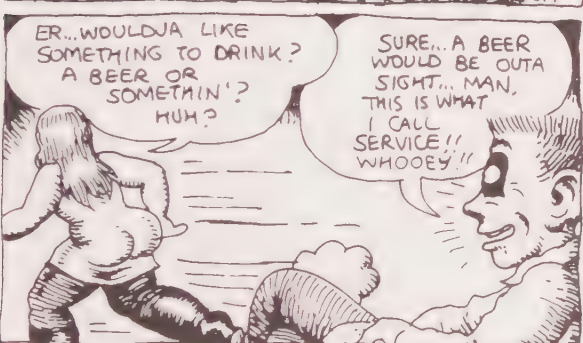
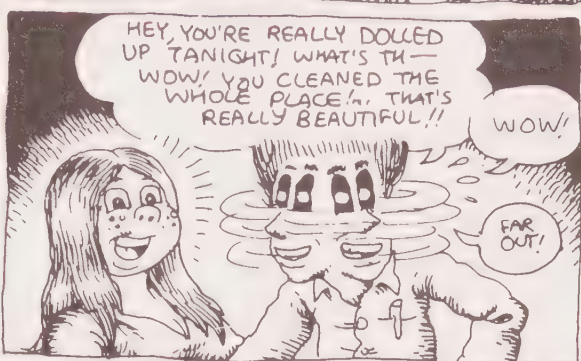
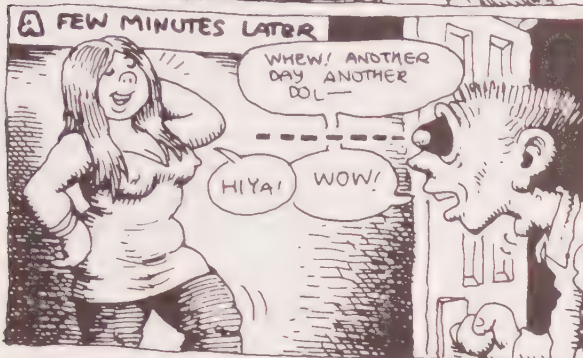
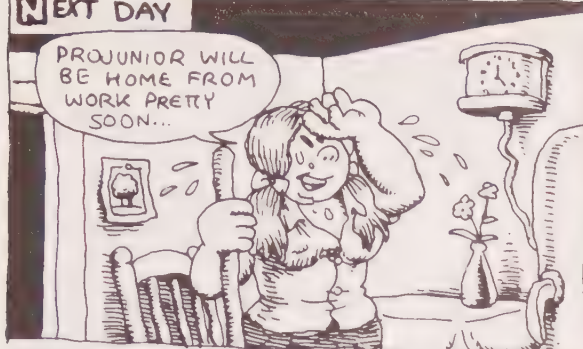




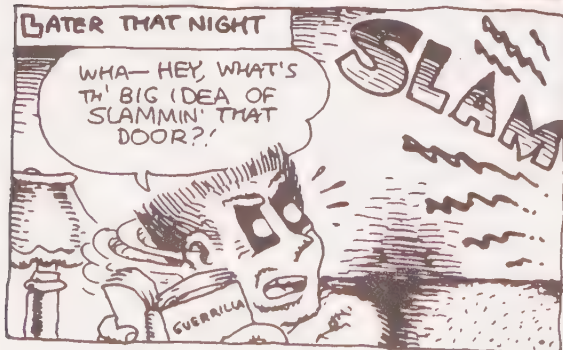
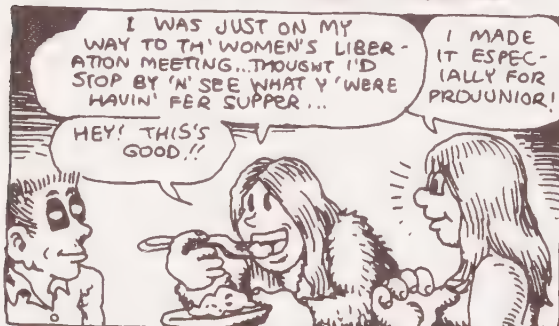
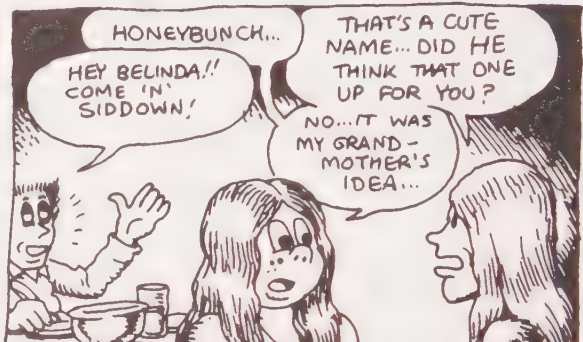
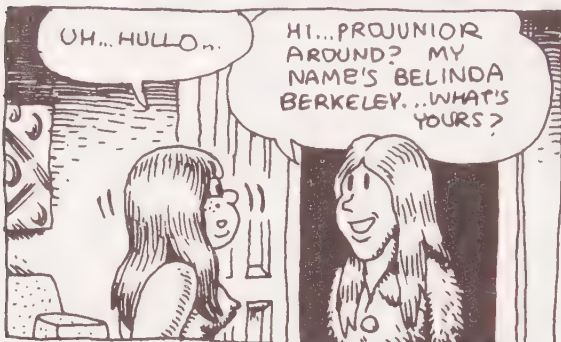
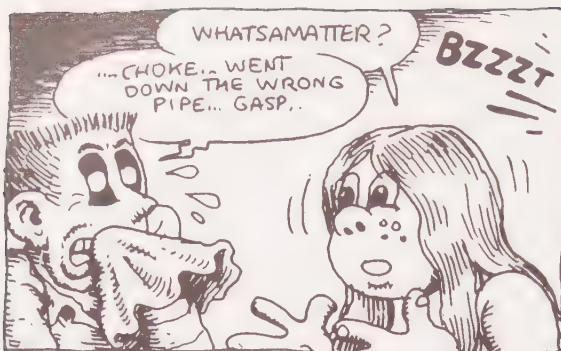




**NEXT DAY**

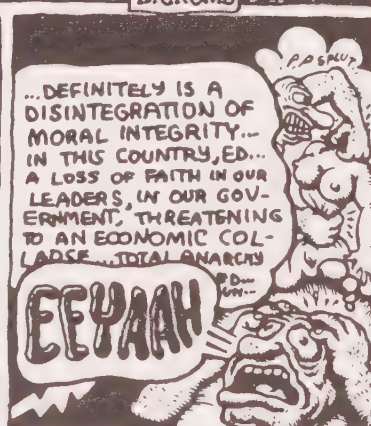
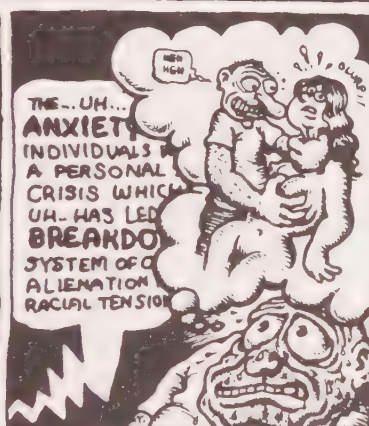
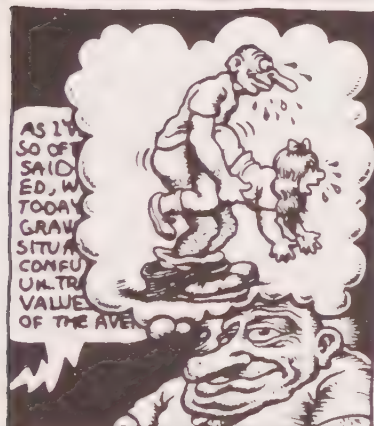
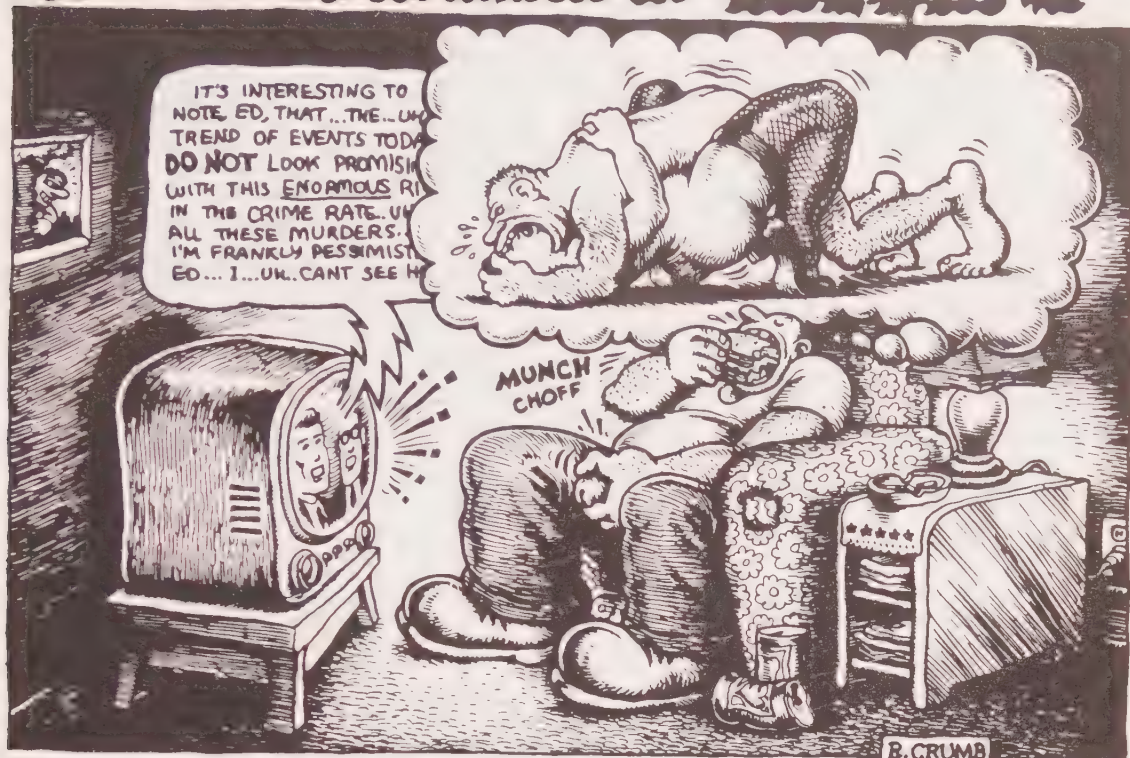




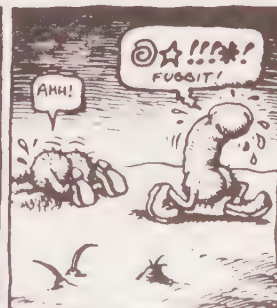
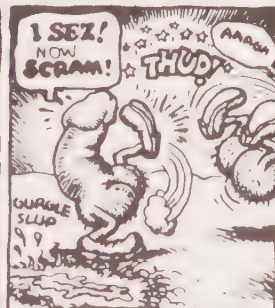




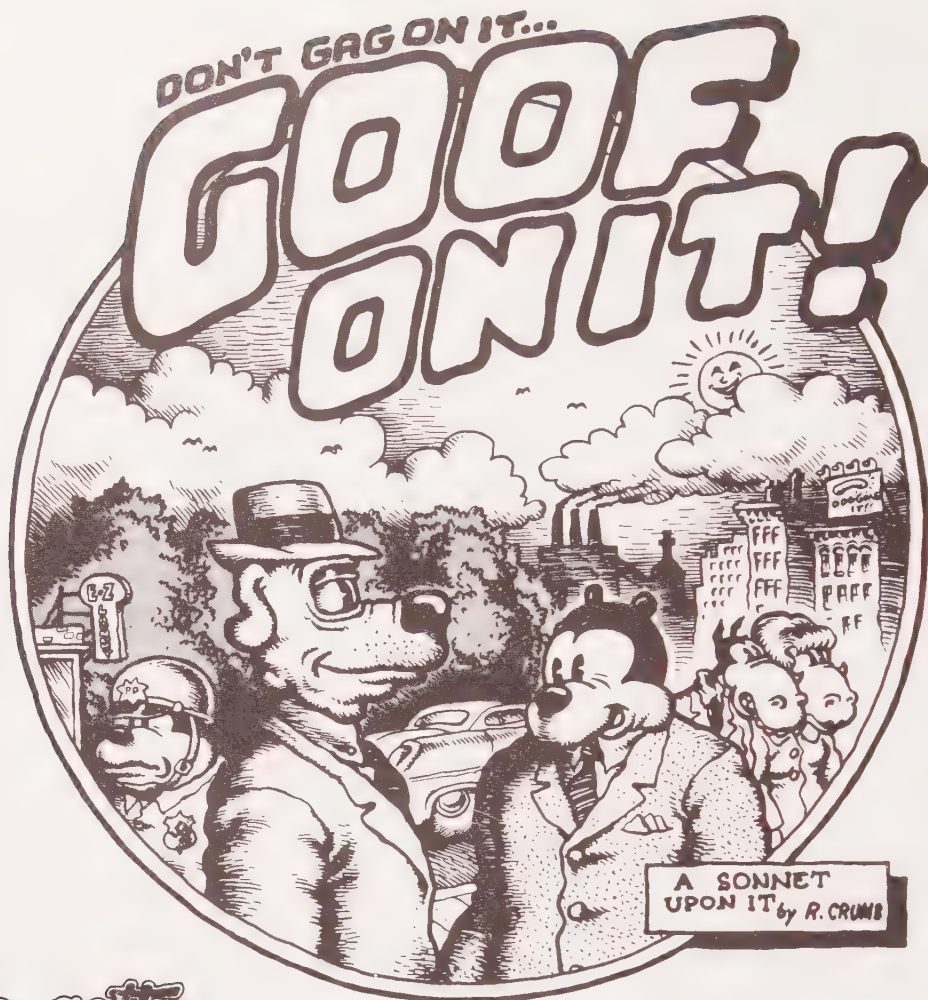
# SHOO SHOO BABY



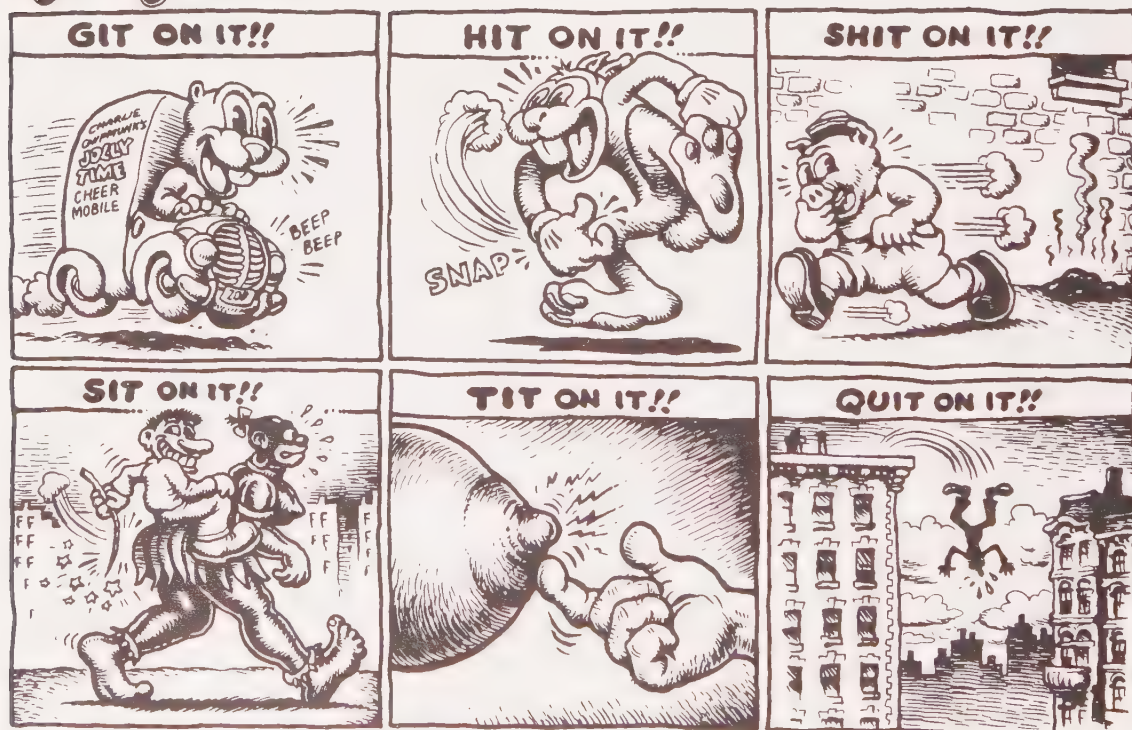
TALES FROM THE LAND OF GENITALIA







*nya gotta...*





and ya gotta...



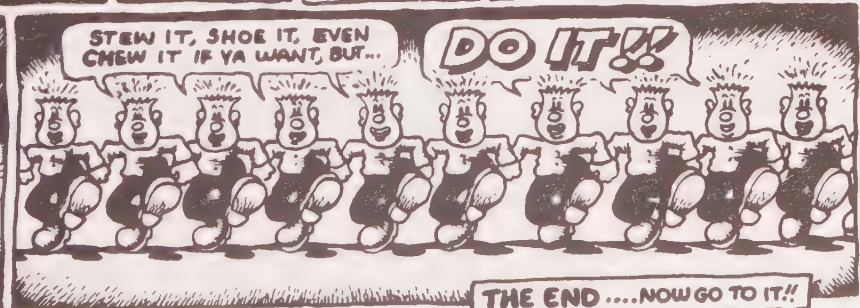
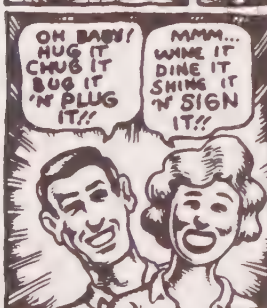
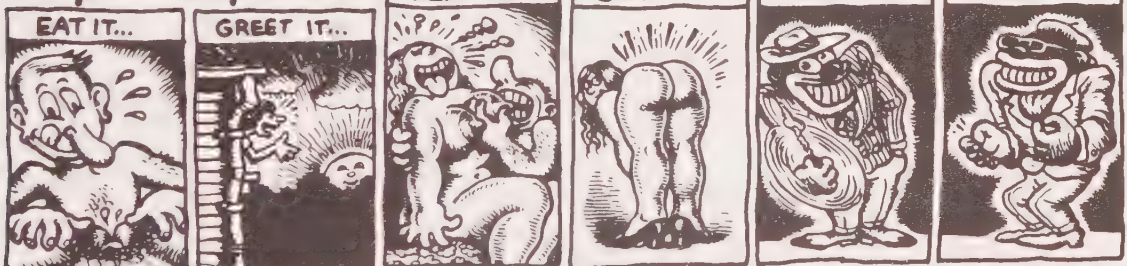
you ought to...



you can always...



hey listen, you can







**RIDDLE:**  
WHAT'S A GREATER GIFT TO HUMANITY  
THAN PLUMBING?  
**ANSWER:**

# Pete the Plumber

HEY PETE! YOU  
SURE GOTCHA WORK  
CUT OUT FOR YOU!  
HAW HAW!!

PEW!

AHH  
SHEDDUP!!

AN' WHAT'S TH'  
GREATEST GIFT  
TO PETE? WHY,  
ME OF 'COURSE!

THE  
PLUMBER'S  
FRIEND

This  
Story is  
dedicated  
to my  
good ol'  
uncle  
Pete

**Toilet  
Tune**  
Presentation  
©1970

I THINK THIS  
TOILET WILL  
WORK NOW  
LADY...  
GIVE 'ER A  
TRY!

WELL...  
ALRIGHT!

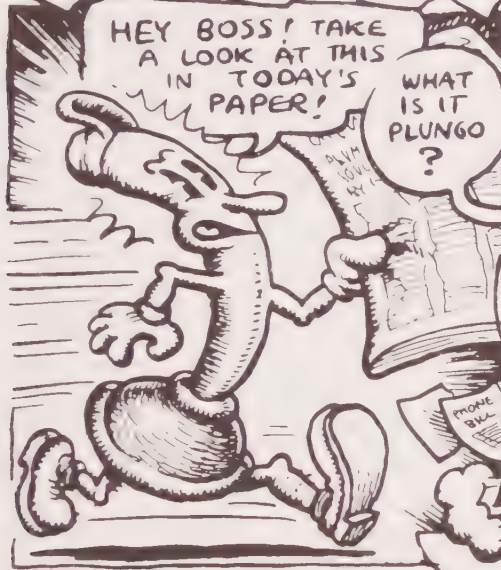
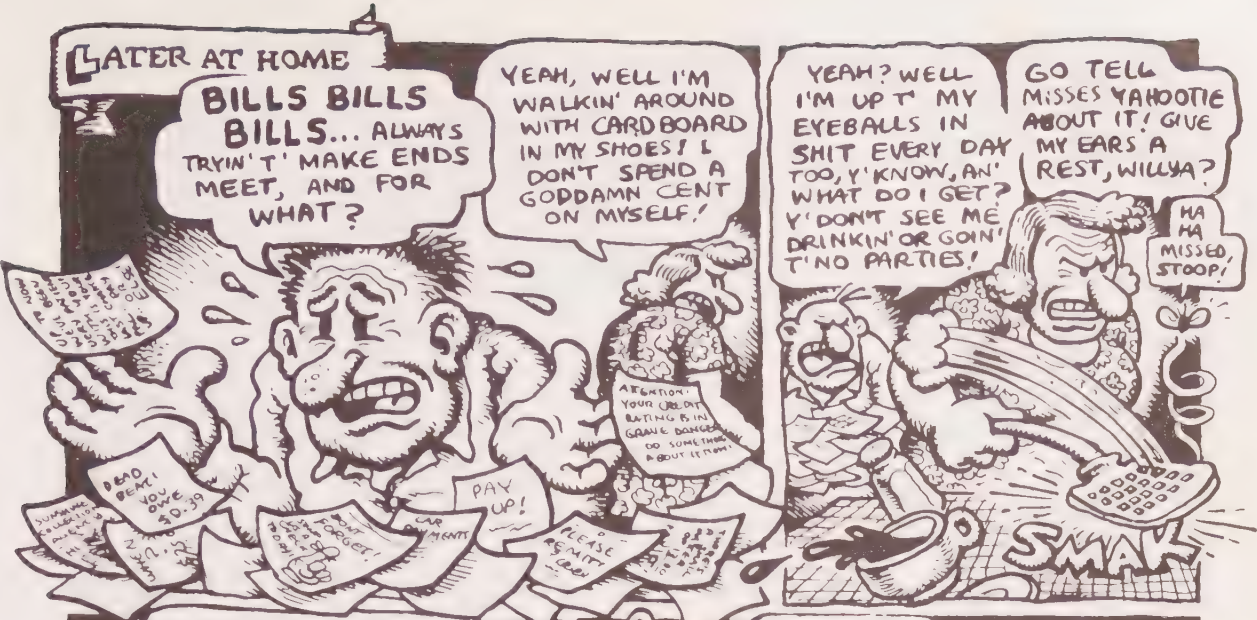
THAT'S A  
LOAD O'  
CRAP!

**EEEEK**

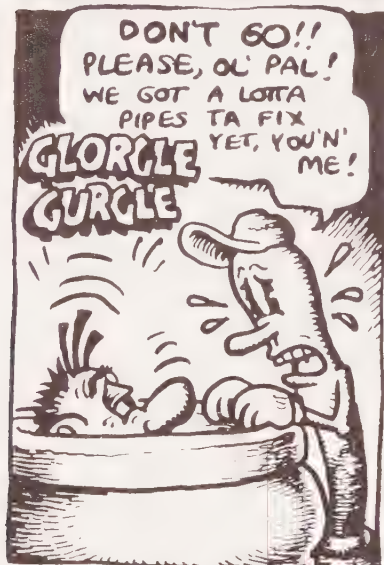
C'MON, PLUNGO!  
LET'S BEAT IT'  
OUTA HERE!!

YE  
GODS!

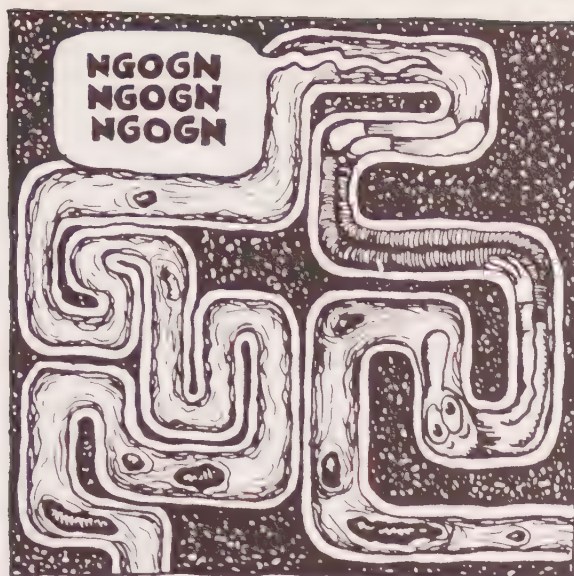




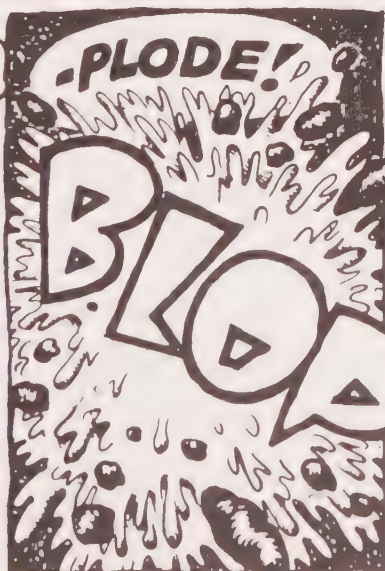
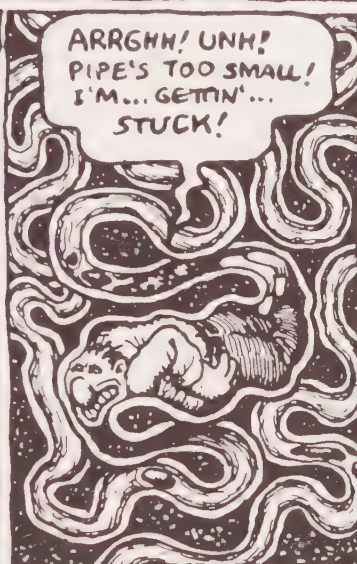








HE'S HAVIN' A HELLUVA TIME, ISN'T HE, FOLKS?







HOW COME TH' ONLY VISITORS WE EVER GET DOWN HERE IS MORE SHITHEADS?!

WH-WHERE AM I?

HEY, DID ONE O' YOU GUYS CALL ROTO Rooter? HAW HAW!

AH HA! AH HA!

♪ LULLABY OF TURDLAND LA DE ♪ DA ♪

BEATS ME!

MORE SHIT STINKIN' UP TH' JOINT!



GOOD GOD! I'M COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE WITH—

WELL IT AINT SHAVING CREAM! SURE AS SHITTIN' AINT! HAW HAW! HAR HAR!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE HERE... JUST HOLD IT A SECOND! WHO ARE YOU CREEPS AN' WHAT IS THIS PLACE?!

"CREEPS" HE CALLS US! YOU LOOKED IN A MIRROR LATELY, BUB? YA BETTER TAKE INVENTORY OF YERSELF, CHUM!

YOU GOT HERE SAME WAY WE DID MOST LIKELY... A ONE-WAY TRIP DOWN TH' BATHROOM BOWL...



YOU MEAN TH' "GOOD-BYE CROOL WORLD" BIT?

YIP... DOWN' TH' TUBES...

A FINE MESS WE GOT OURSELVES INTO, EH?

AND AS FOR WHAT THIS PLACE IS, WELL—

I THINK IT'S A FILTER... A KIND OF DEPOSITORY BUILT INTO THE SEWAGE SYSTEM...

NO NO... YOU GOT IT WRONG! IT'S SOME SORT OF WAITING ROOM FOR LOST SOULS!

TH' GREAT DEBATE GOES ON! WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GIVE IT UP!

WELL, I'VE HAD A LOT OF TIME TO THINK IT OVER AND I'M CONVINCED THERE'S A HIGHER FORCE INVOLVED IN IT!

FEH!

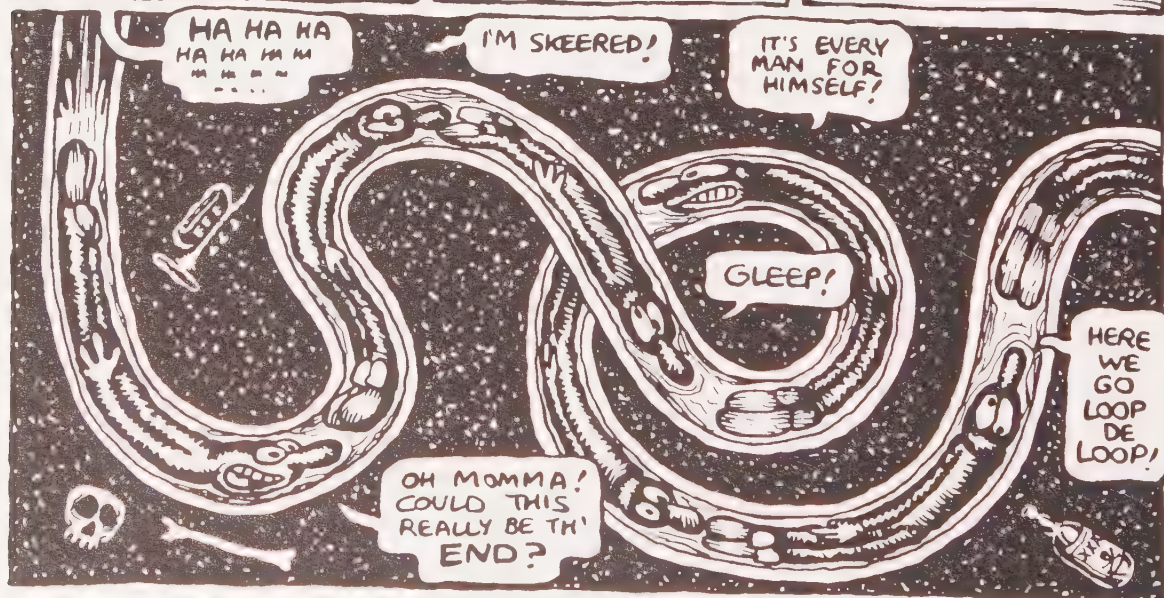
YOU TALK LIKE TH' TURDS YOU ARE!

I THINK WHAT IT IS IS WE'VE ALL DIED AND GONE TO HELL, THAT'S WHAT!













OH NO! THIS  
PIPE'S GETTIN'  
SMALLER! I'M  
GONNA GET  
STUCK  
AGAIN!



NO... GOIN' FASTER  
THIS TIME 'STEAD OF  
STOPPING... FASTER...  
FASTER... HEY  
THIS IS FUN!



...SEEM TO  
BE... DISSOLVING  
SOMEHOW... TURNIN'  
INTO JELLY OR...

UK  
WUK!



THIS IS  
INCREDIBLE!  
I'VE NEVER...  
THAT IS I...



WHAT IN THEE  
HELL IS...



HUH?!

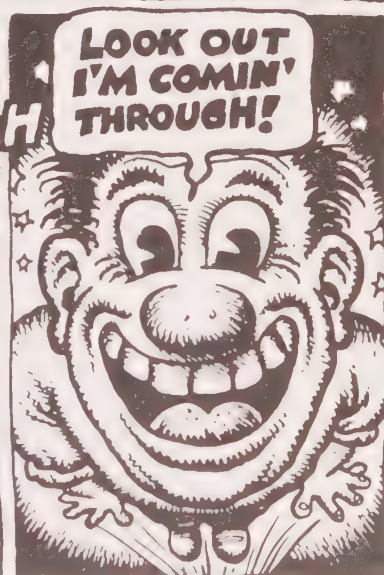
OH MY  
GOD!



WOW  
MOM

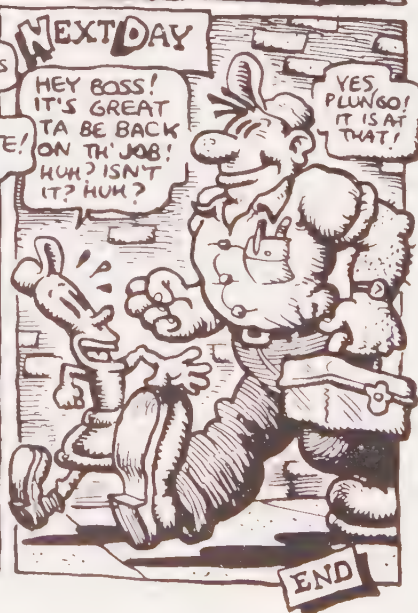
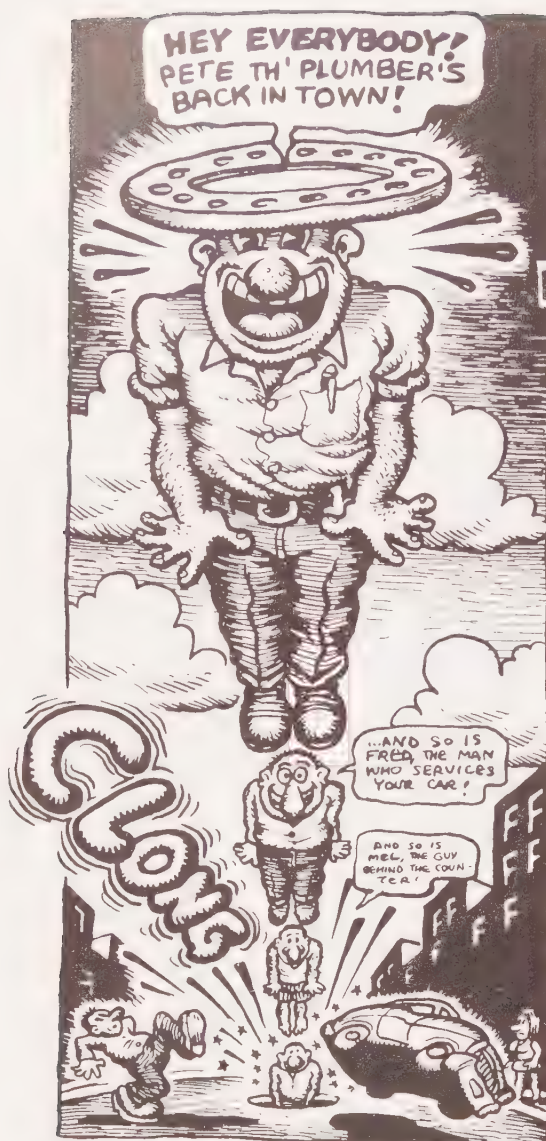


TA-RA-AH  
TA-RA-AH  
TA-RA-AH



LOOK OUT  
I'M COMIN'  
THROUGH!







# SQUIRRELY THE SQUIRREL

THE NUTTIEST  
LI'L GUY THAT  
EVER WALKED  
ACROSS A  
PIECE O' PAPER!

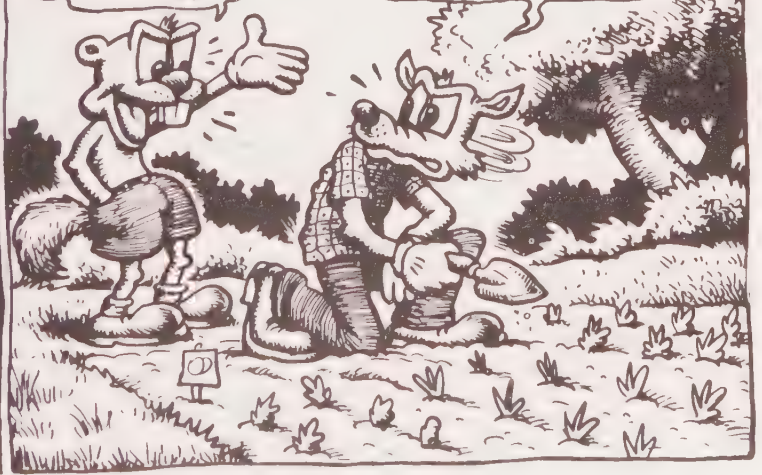
THINK I'LL GO SEE  
WHAT THAT OL' CRUD  
FARNSWORTH THE FOX  
IS UP TO! MAYBE  
HE'LL TRY TO CATCH  
ME AN' EAT ME UP  
AGAIN LIKE HE  
ALWAYS DOES!!

YUK  
YUK!

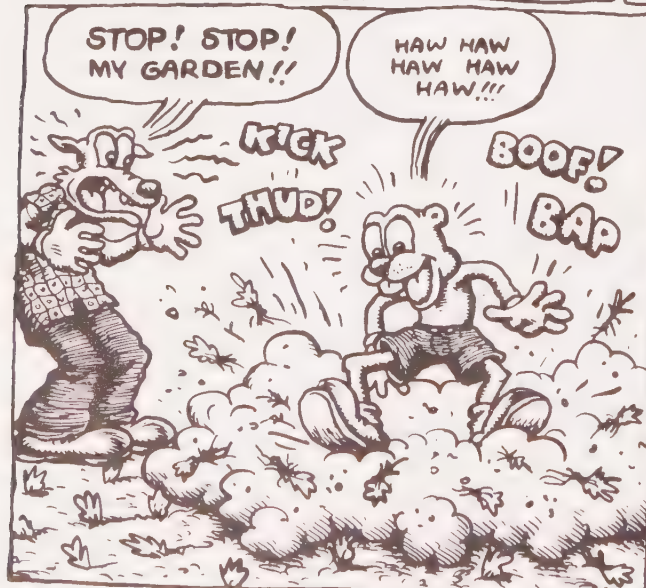
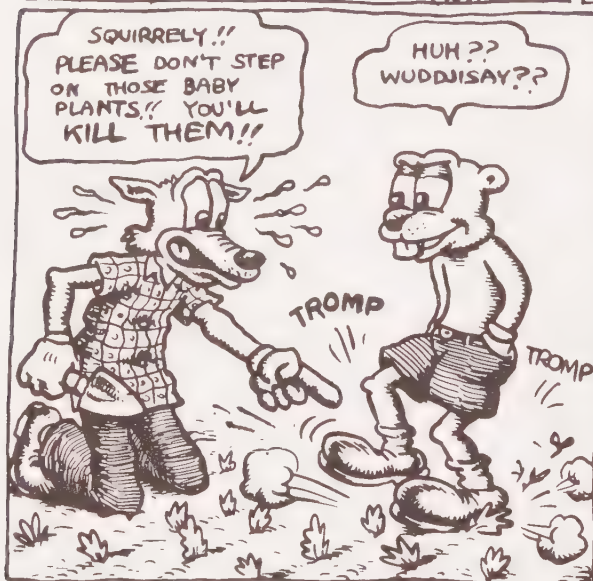
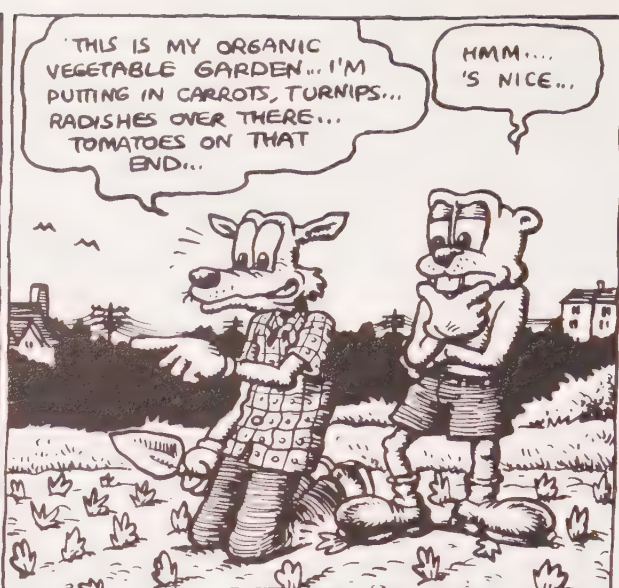
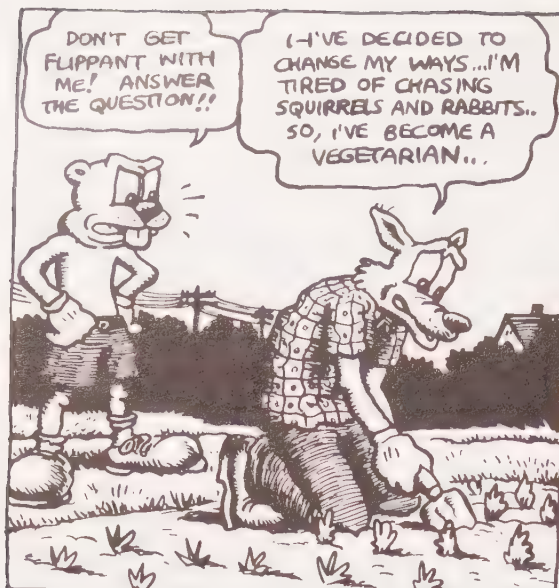


HEY FARNY,  
YOU STUPID JERK!!  
WHAT'RE YOU  
DOIN' ?!?

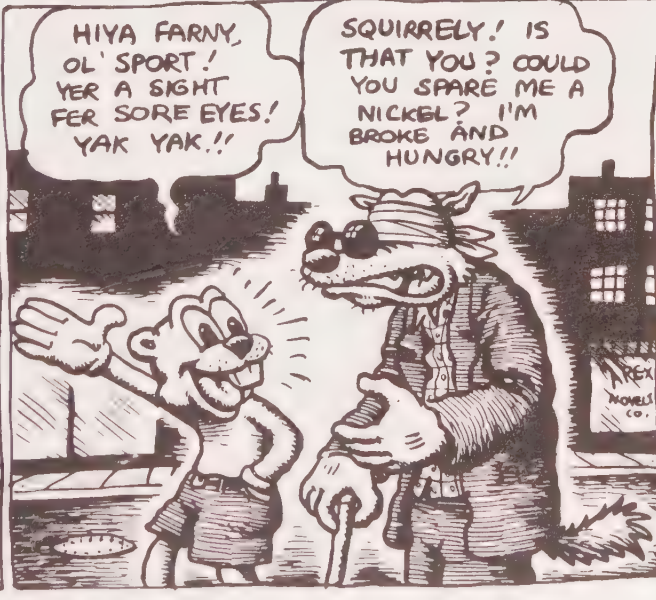
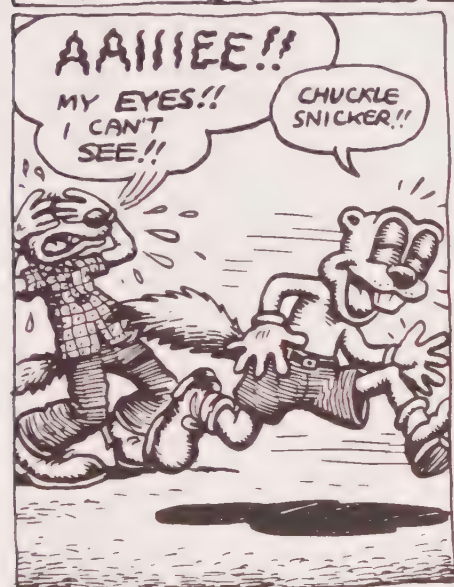
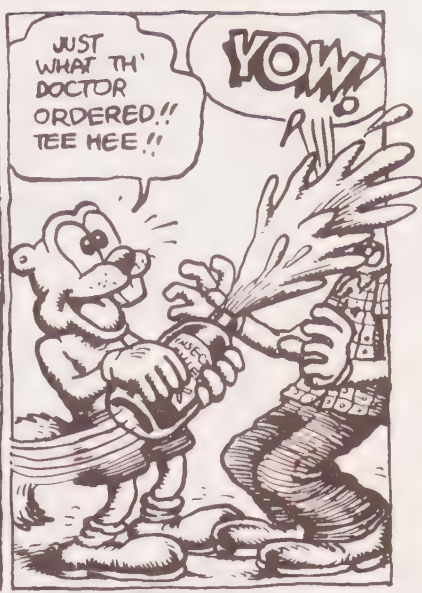
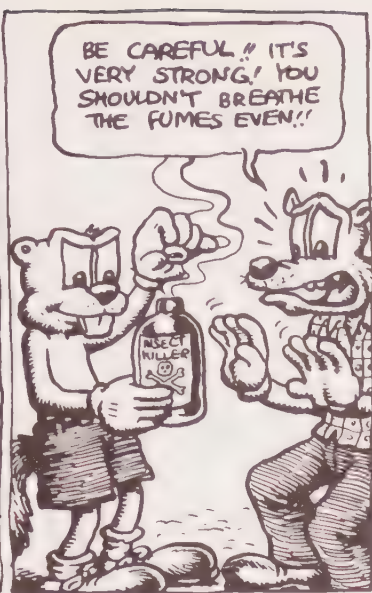
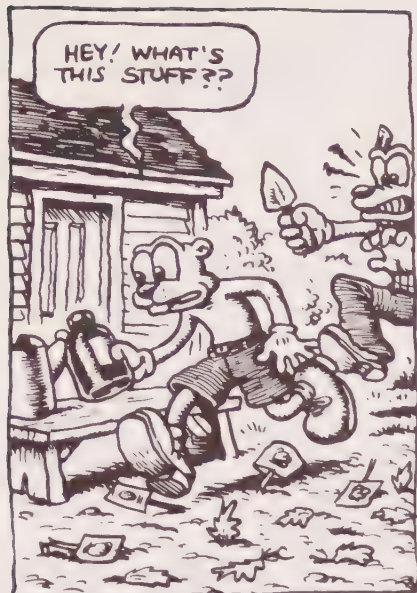
OH, IT'S YOU!!  
WHAT DOES IT LOOK  
LIKE I'M DOING?!



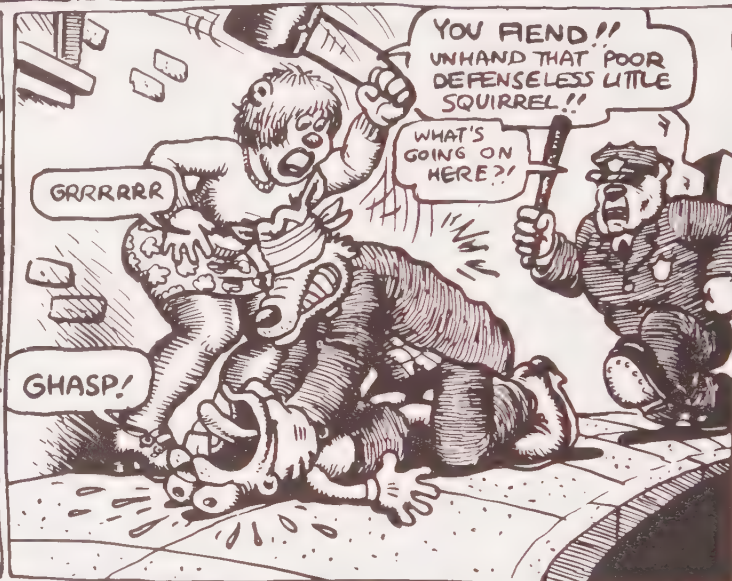
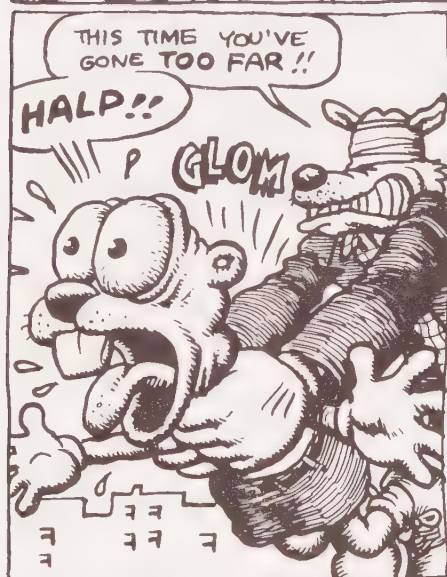
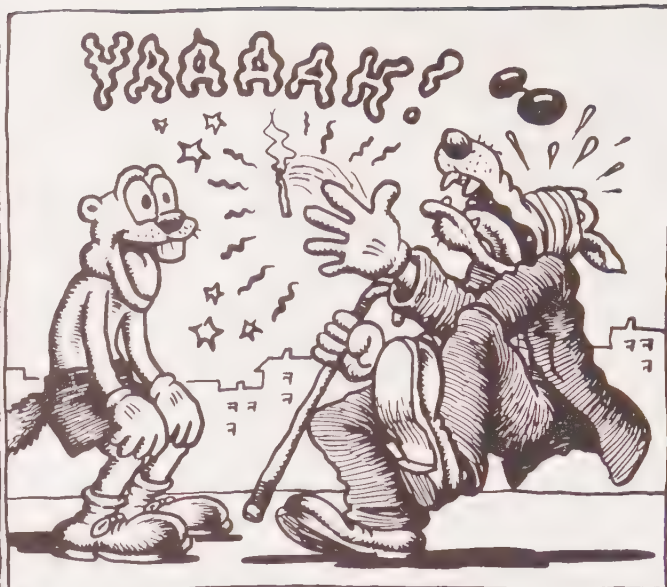










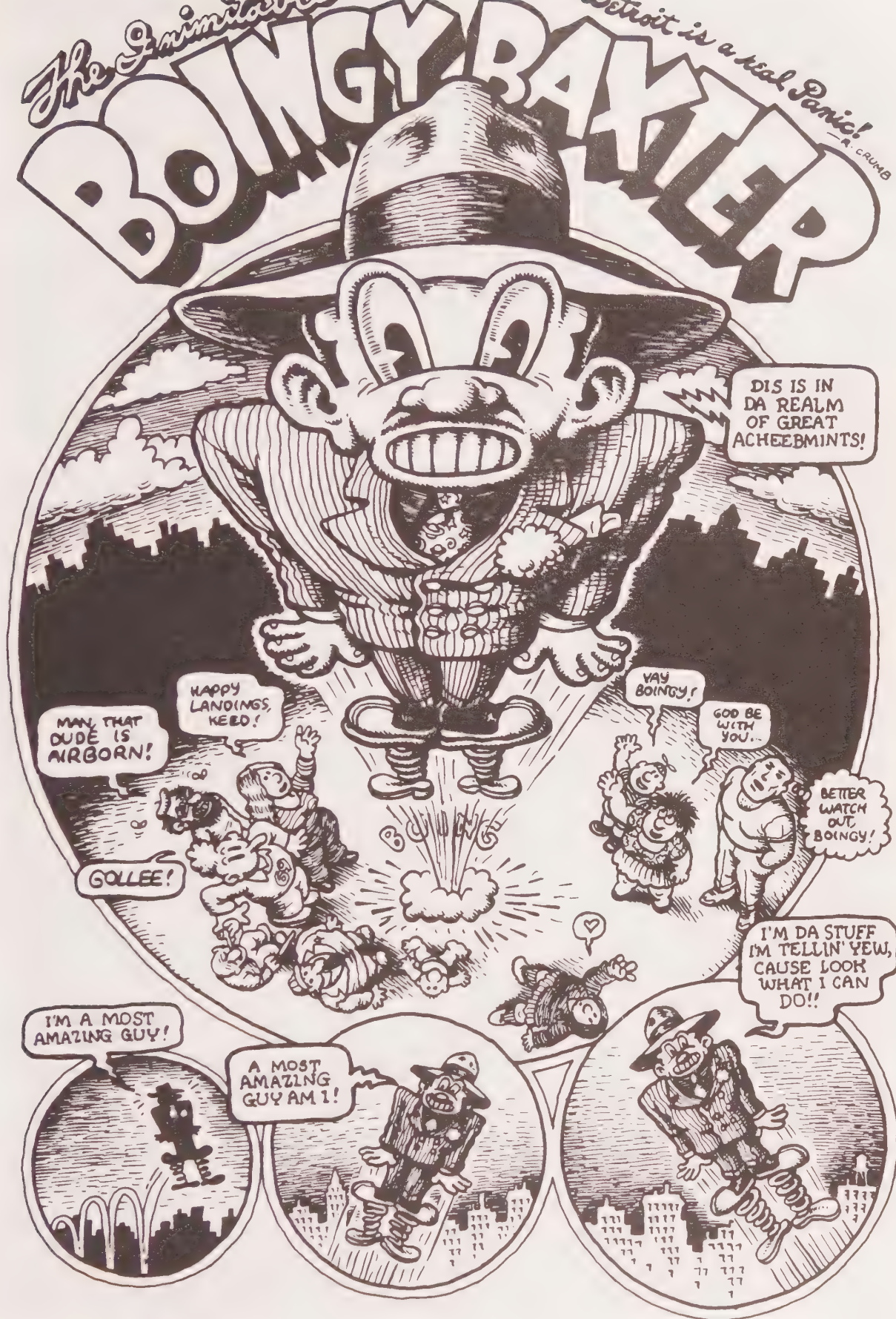


THE END



# The Inimitable BOINGY BAXTER

*Detroit is a real Panic!*  
—A CRUMB





ONE DAY BOINGY'S WIFE WAS AFTER HIM WITH THE THORAZINE AGAIN...

AW COME ON SWEETS! THIS WON'T HURT!!

HE SPLIT MUCHO PRONTO

OH NO YA DON'T, YA BITCH!

FUCK THEM DOWNERS!\*

AH FREE AGAIN!!  
HAPPY DAYS!

AND RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF HIS WIFE'S BEST FRIEND!!

HIYA TOOTS!

HI FLY BOY!

#MOTOWN IS FRANK CITY!!

...WHO KEPT HIM FOR THREE WEEKS AND FED HIM CAKE AND CHICKEN SOUP...

HAVE SOME MORE CAKE DOLLIN'!

ERP...  
DON' WAN' NO MORE CAKE...

BOINGY HAD NEVER BEEN SO FAT IN HIS LIFE! FINALLY HE GOT HIP TO WHAT WAS HAPPENING!

GIT AWAY...I DON'T FEEL GOOD...

BOINGY, I'M PREGNIT!

SO THAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME, IS IT?

HUH?

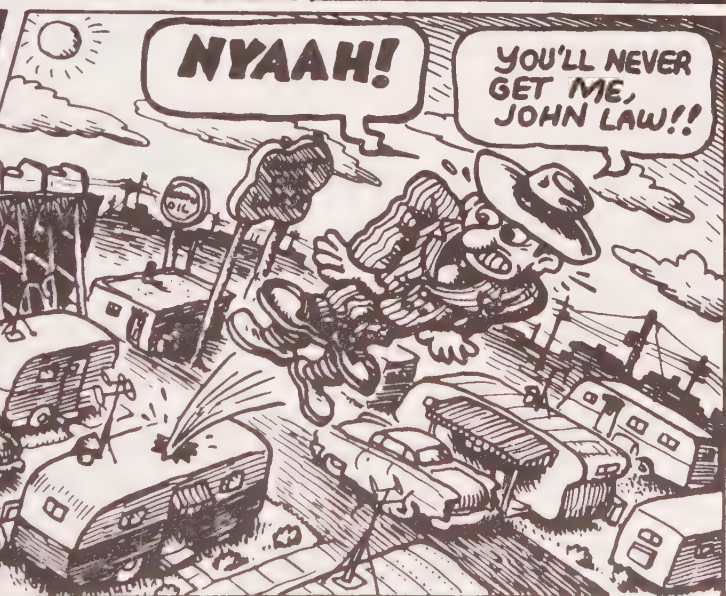
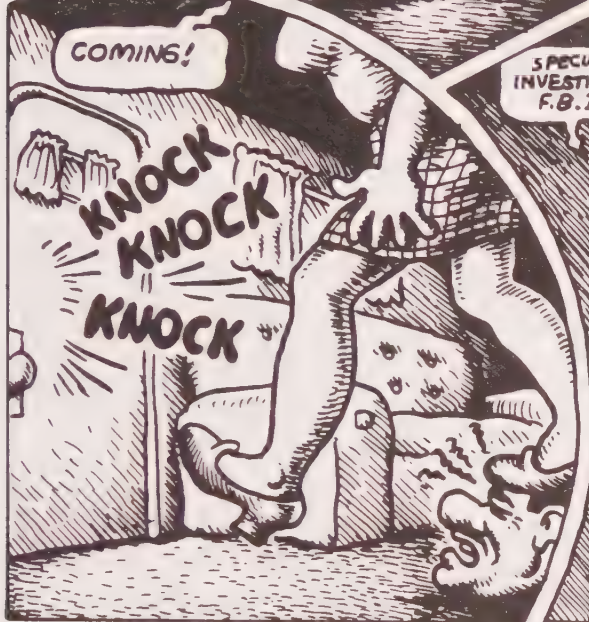
SO LONG SISTER!!

BOINGY DON'T LEAVE ME!

HA HA  
HA HA  
HA!

SPLAT!







THESE FEDERAL AND LOCAL AGENCIES HAVE BEEN AFTER BOINGY FOR A LONG TIME...

WE KNOW HOW THAT GUY OPERATES!!

TWO CAN PLAY THE SAME GAME!

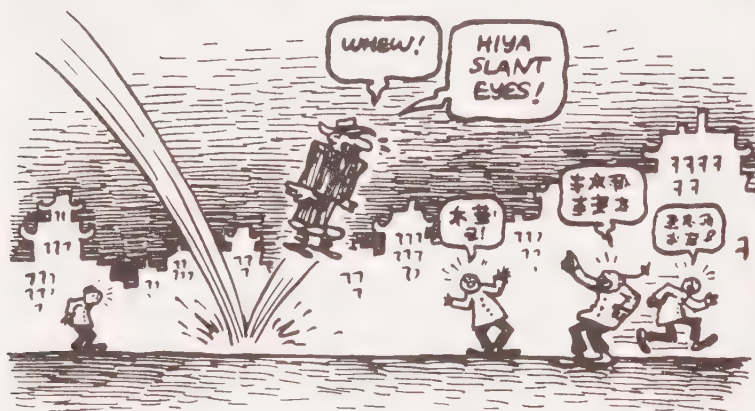
THERE HE GOES!!

HE'S IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS BY NOW!!

FUCK YOU, COPPERS!!



BOINGY DIDN'T STOP TILL HE GOT TO CHINA!!



DIS CHINA IS A WEIRD PLACE!!  
WONDER IF I KIN  
GIT A BITE TA  
EAT!!



HEY!...UH...CHOP  
CHOP! WHICH WAY  
TO THE NEAREST  
EATERY?

YOU  
SAVVY?

YUM  
YUM?

AH  
SO!



HOOKA  
HOWA  
UNG  
FOO!

KEY  
TANKS  
CHIEF!!

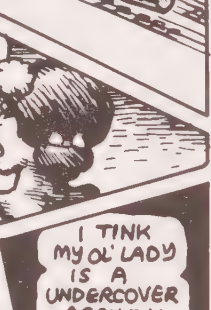
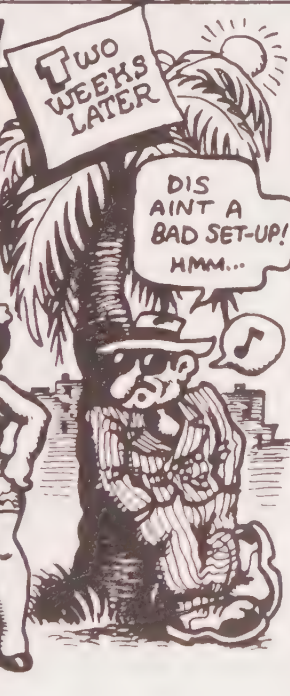
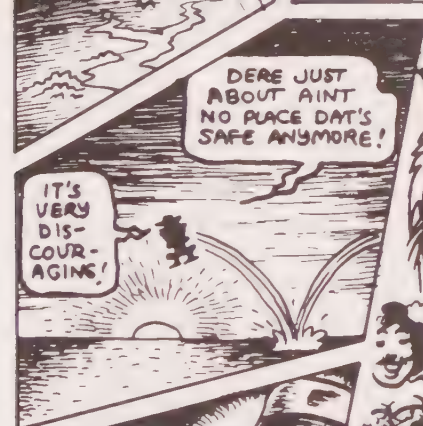
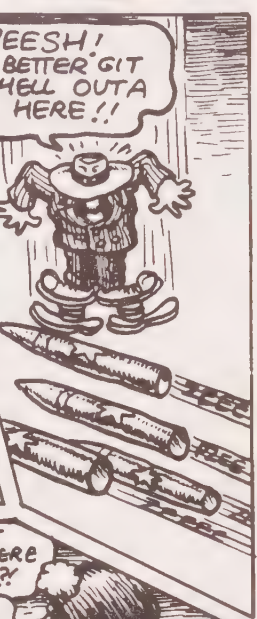
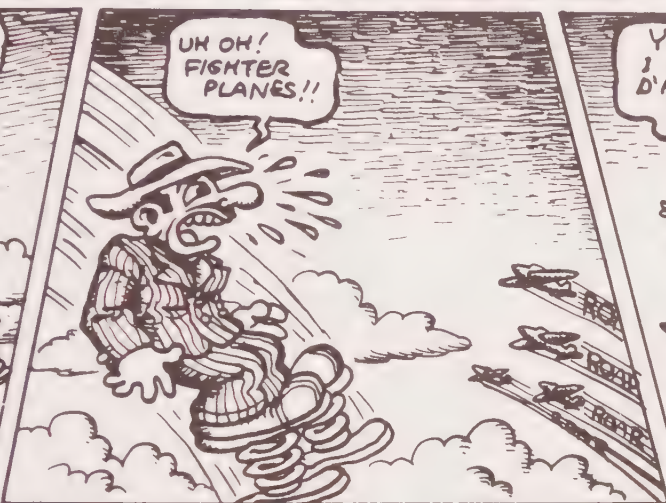
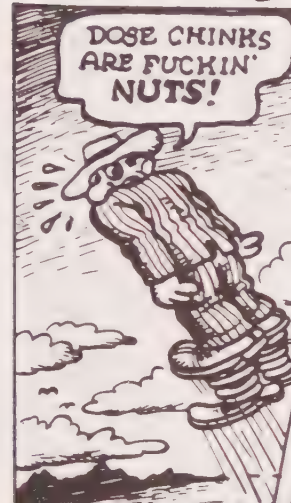
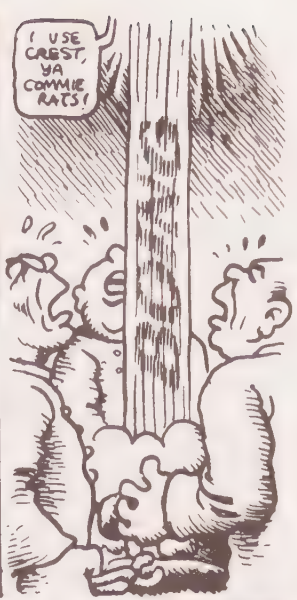


MAKE MINE  
CHICKEN FLIED  
LICE...HEH MGH...  
AND A SIDE ORDER  
OF WON TON SOUP!!

MM... GREAT  
SOIVICE IN  
DIS CUNTRY!



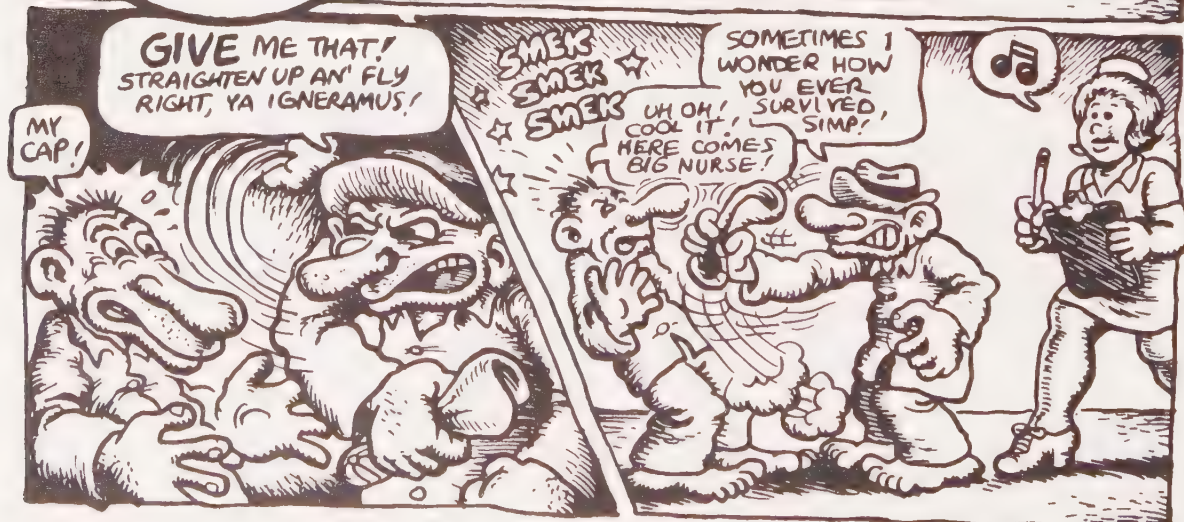
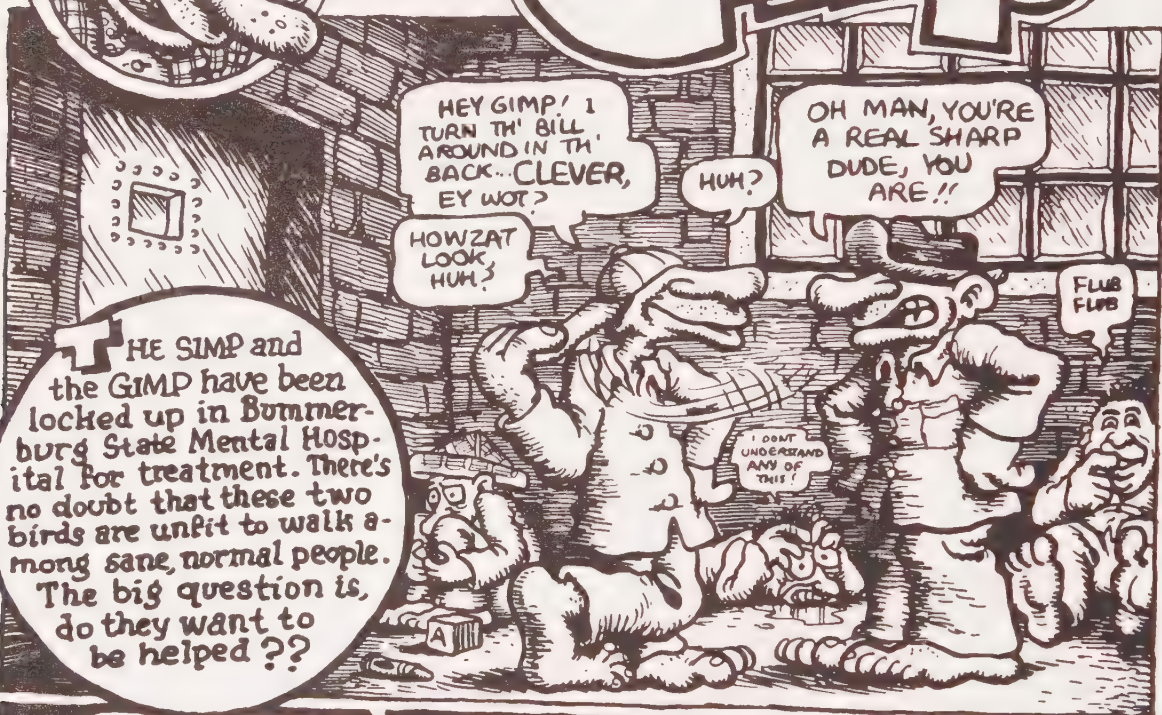






# The Simp and the Gimp

A  
ANOTHER  
MALEVOLENT  
COMIC STRIP  
THAT WILL UNDER  
MINE ALL YOUR  
GOOD INTEN-  
TIONS AND  
FINEST  
IDEALS by  
R. "THE CHOIR  
BOY" CRUMB





WELL, GOOD MORNING, AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY!?

WHADDAYA MEAN WE?!

GREAT UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!

NOW NOW...DON'T BE LIKE THAT! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!!

PERSONALLY, I'M RATHER HORNY TODAY, NURSE...WOULD YOU... COULD YOU... SUCK MY DICK??

TSK TSK...LET'S NOT REACT WITH HOSTILITY...WHY DON'T WE JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK IT ALL OUT...

WHO'S BEING HOSTILE!?! I WANT MY PRICK LICKED, HONEST TO GOD!

COME ON...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU TALK ABOUT IT...WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE AND I WON'T HAVE TO HAVE YOU SENT TO THE RUBBER ROOM!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN I'M SUCKED OFF IS HOW I FEEL!

YOU'RE BEING VERY UNCO-OPERBLVS SPLURP SPLUP-BLERP!

SHAD UP!

HAR HAR HEY, BIG NURSE, YOU LOOK FUNNY!

YOU'RE BOTH TOTALLY INSANE, YOU-SPLURP ALBSK BLAPP-P

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

LOOK! SHE'S A SUCTION PUMP!

HAW!

HAW HAW! YER SICK, GIMP, BUT I'M GAME!

HEY, TRY STICKIN' YER PUD IN THERE, SIMP!

SPLP





QUICK! WE NEED A DOCTOR HERE!!

THWOP!

HE'S FREE!



SNAP

DID SOMEONE CALL FOR A DOCTOR?

OH! NEVER MIND!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE??

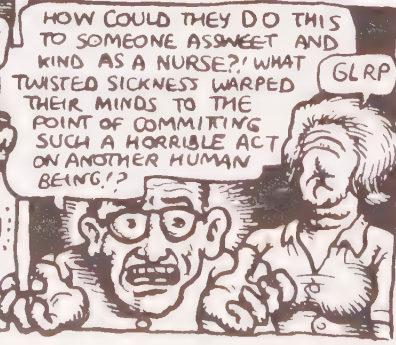
I THINK SHE MEBBE COULD USE A DOCTOR... TH' DOOR'S OPEN LET'S SPLIT!

RIGHT ON!



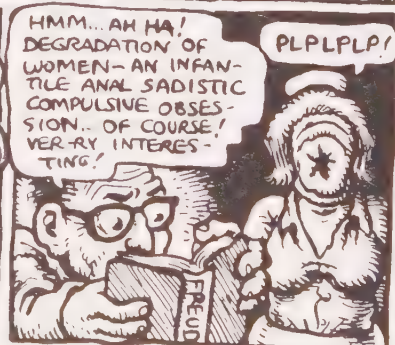
NURSE! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOUR FACE?!

BLABL!



HOW COULD THEY DO THIS TO SOMEONE ASSWEET AND KIND AS A NURSE?! WHAT TWISTED SICKNESS WARPED THEIR MINDS TO THE POINT OF COMMITTING SUCH A HORRIBLE ACT ON ANOTHER HUMAN BEING!?

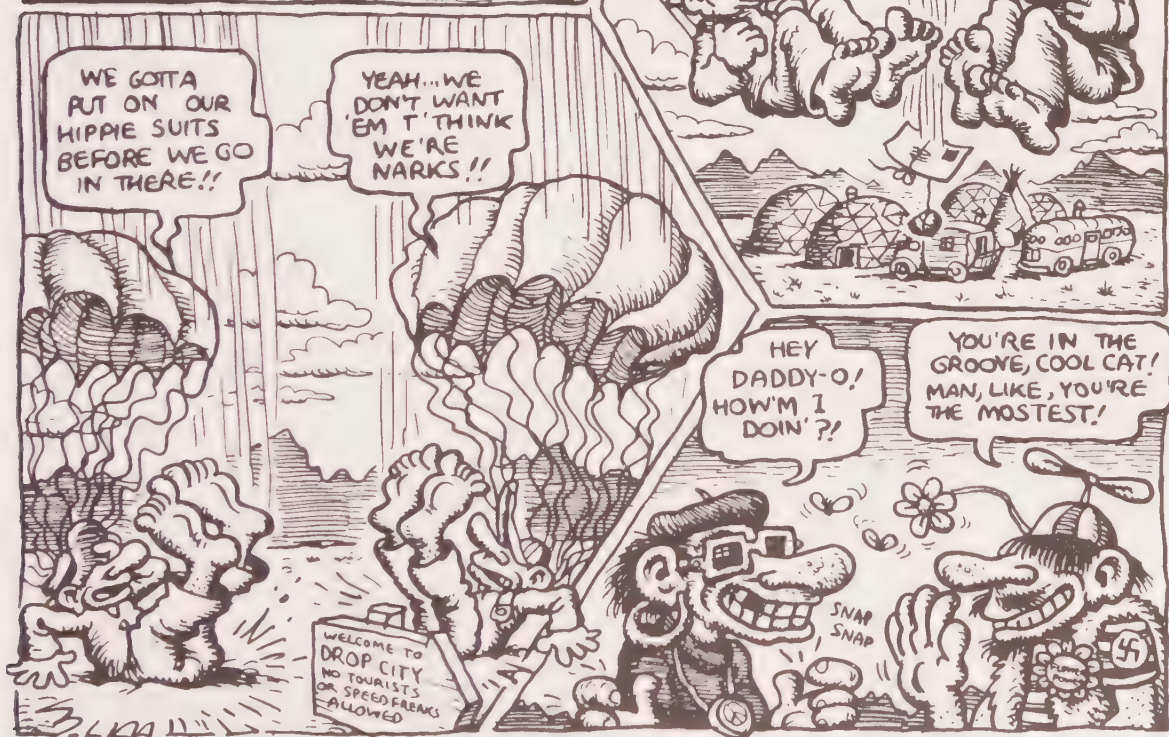
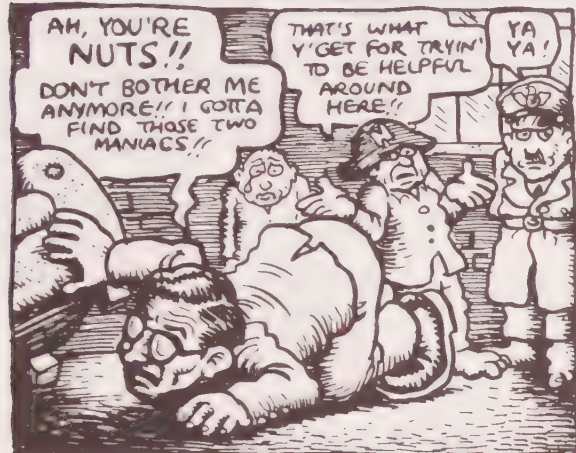
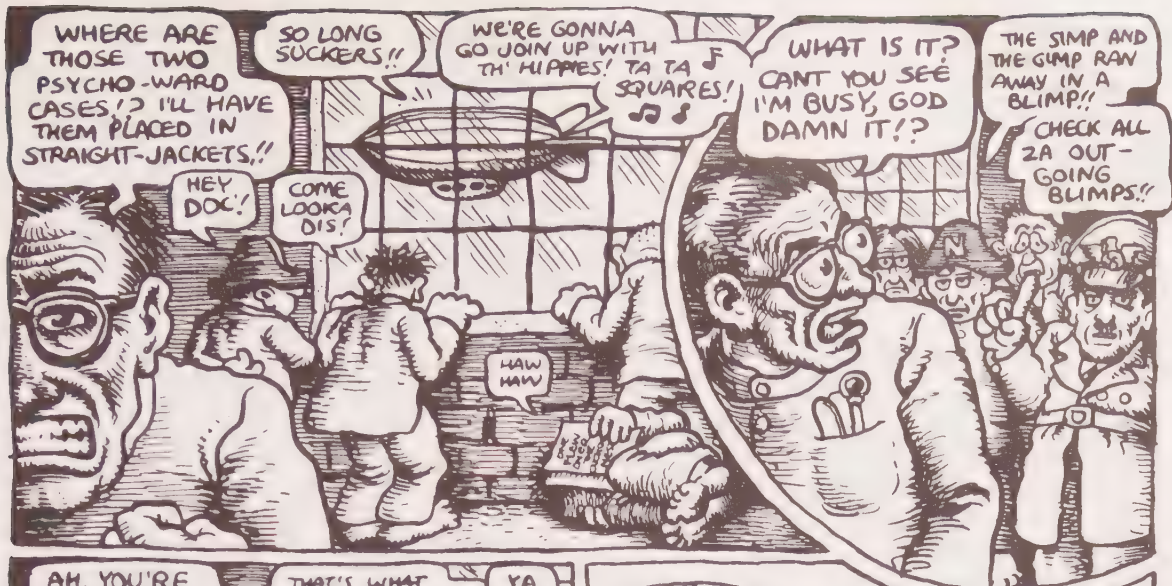
GLRP



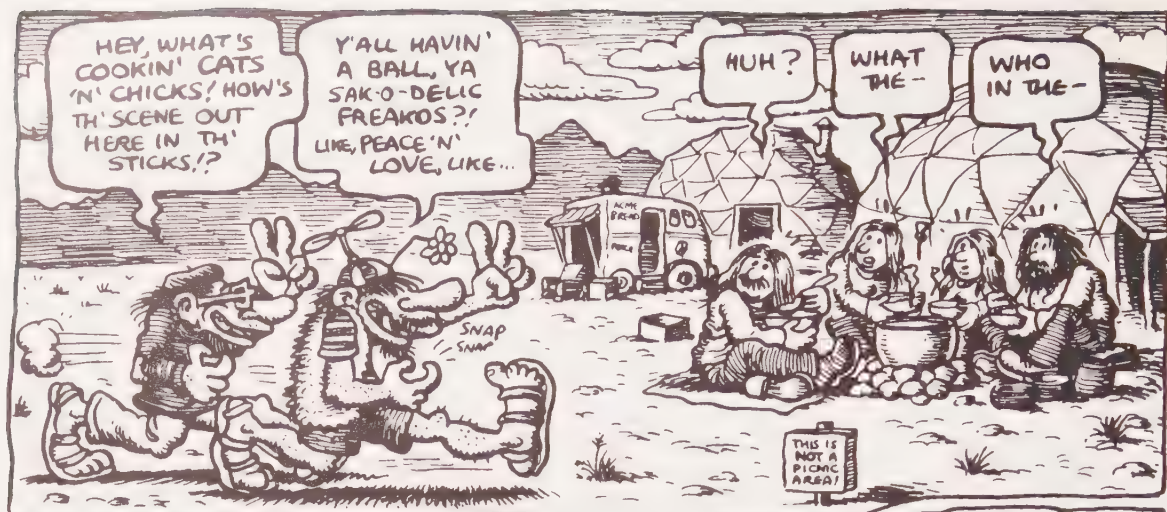
HMM... AH HA! DEGRADATION OF WOMEN- AN INFANTILE ANAL SADISTIC COMPULSIVE OBSESSION... OF COURSE! VER-AY INTERESTING!

PLPLPLPL!













GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF OF THAT GIRL!!

HUH?? HEY, WHAT GIVES?



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU CLOWNS THINK YOU ARE, BARGIN' IN HERE AN' ACTIN' LIKE COMPLETE ASSHOLES!!

WHAT A COUPLE OF CRUDE CUSTOMERS!

W-WE'RE SORRY!

WE DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM BY IT!

SUCK



I'LL COME CLEAN! WE JUST ESCAPED FROM TH' UPSTATE NUT-HOUSE...

WE WANNA BE HIPPIES!!

OH YEAH?



WE JUS' WANNA BE WANTED! WE JUST WANNA BE FREE!

...AN' FEEL LOVED AND LIKE WE BELONG! SOB CHOKE!



WAHH BLA-HAWL

YEAH... SNIFF... I KIN DIG IT...

SOB



JUST GIVE US A CHANCE TO PROVE OURSELVES! IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK??

WELL, NO... THAT'S ADMIRABLE! WHADDAYA SAY, GANG?

POOR LIL' GUYS!

SURE! WHY NOT!



OKAY... SURE! WELCOME TO TH' FAMILY! MY NAME'S BIG BILL!

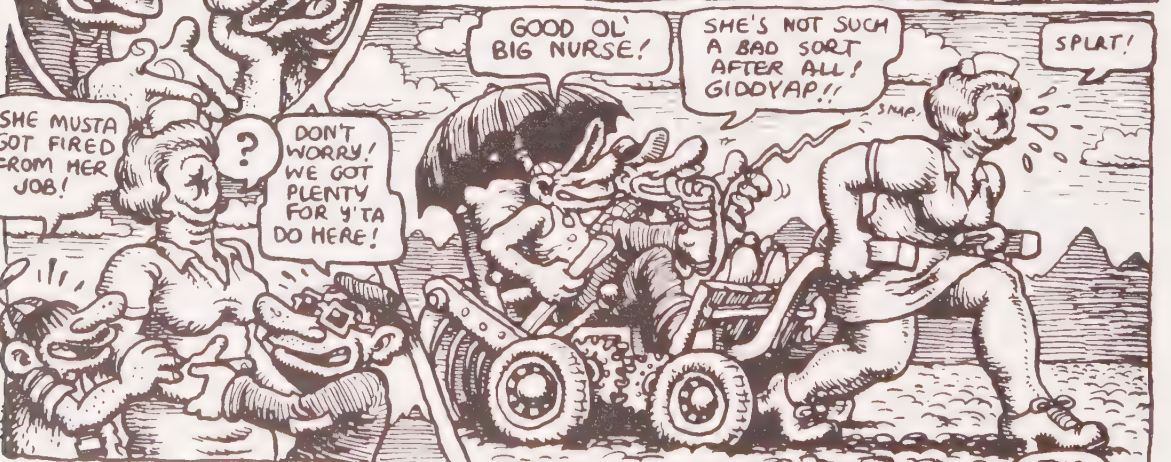
I'M ASPER OGGUS!

GLAD TO MAKE YER ACQUAINTANCE! I'M MR. GIMP AND THIS IS MY SIDEKICK MR. SIMP!

FUCK OFF, MAN! I'M NOT YOUR SIDE-KICK!

WHIMPER SNIFFL WHINE





THE END



# It's the RUFF TUFF CREAMPUFF

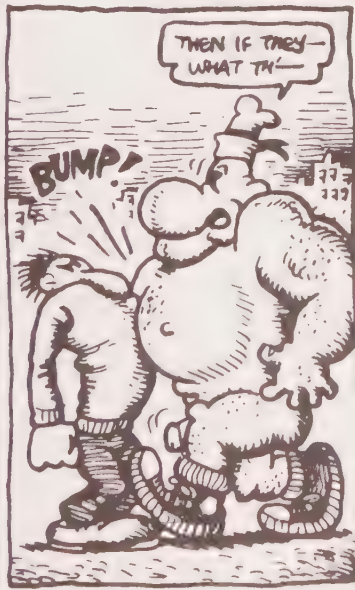
HE'S THE  
BIG GALOOT  
WHO DON'T  
GIVE A  
**HOOT!** AN'  
HERE HE  
COMES TOOTIN'  
HIS LITTLE  
HORN....

I TAKE NO  
GUF WHEN I  
STRUT MY  
STUFF!

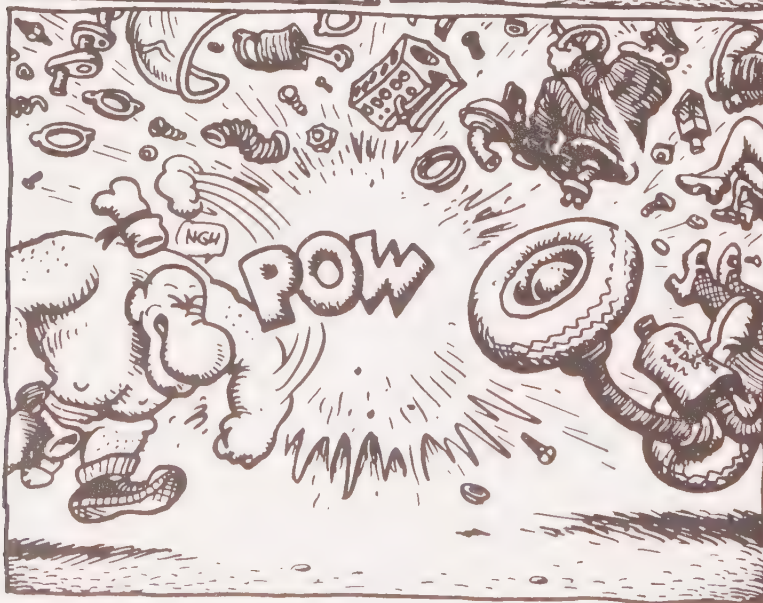
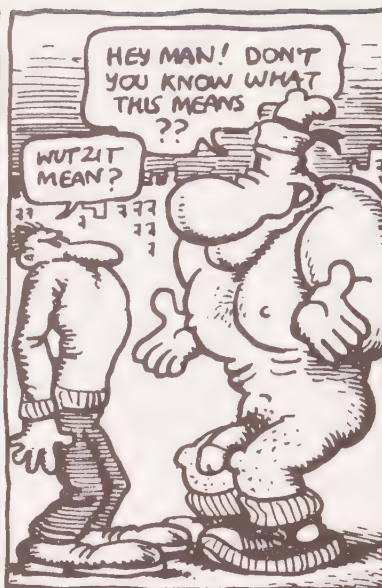
GANG  
WAY!!

TOOT  
TOOT

SQUISH



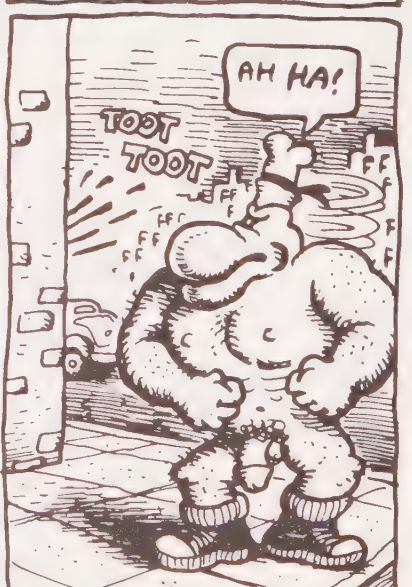
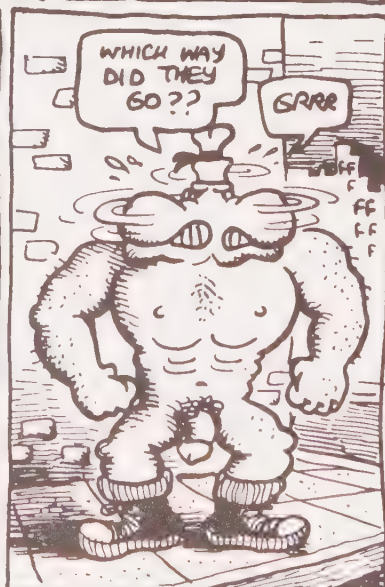
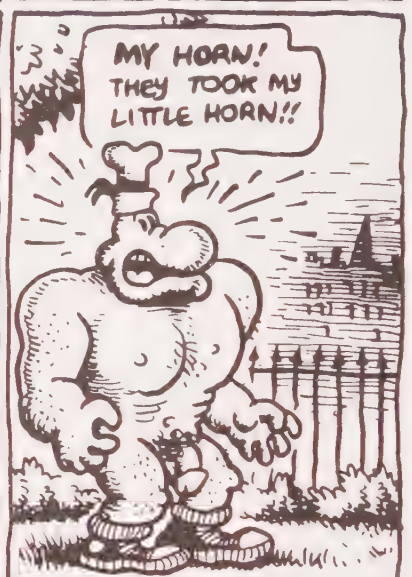
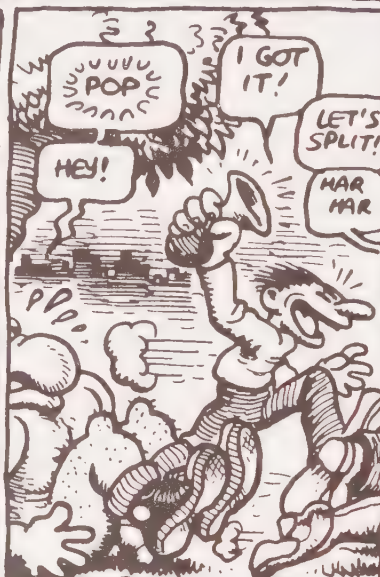
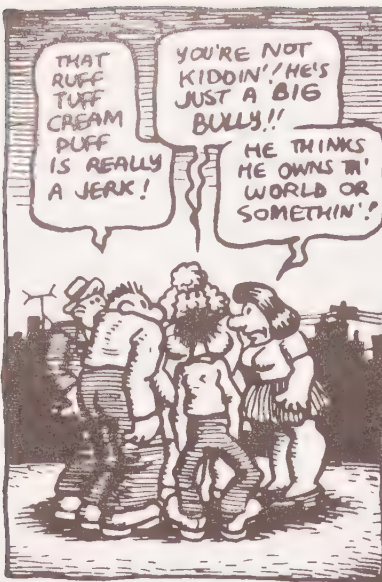




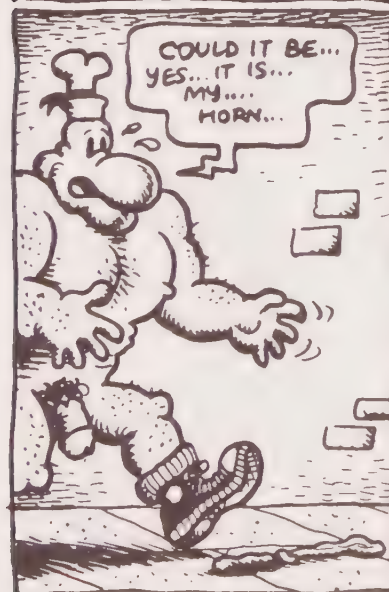
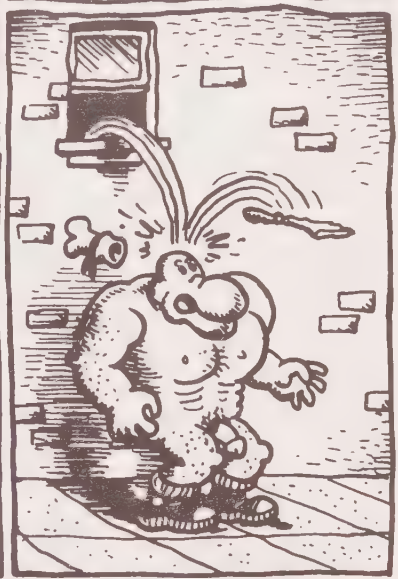
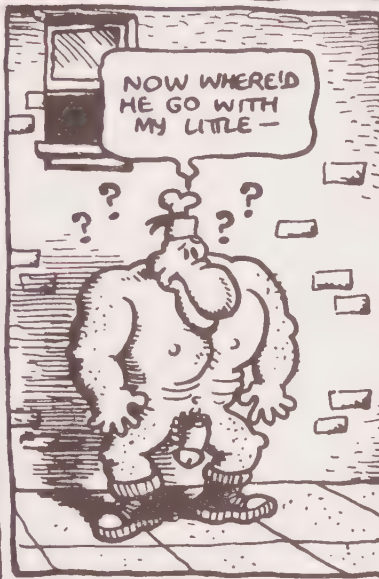
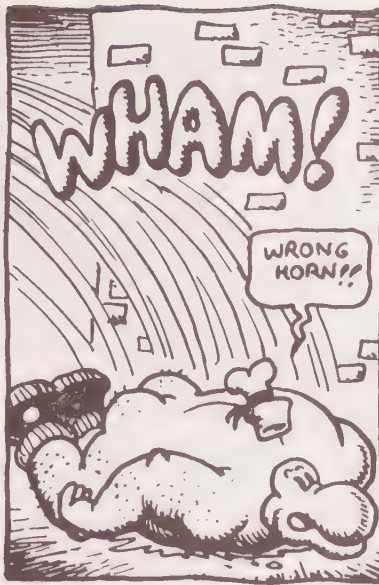
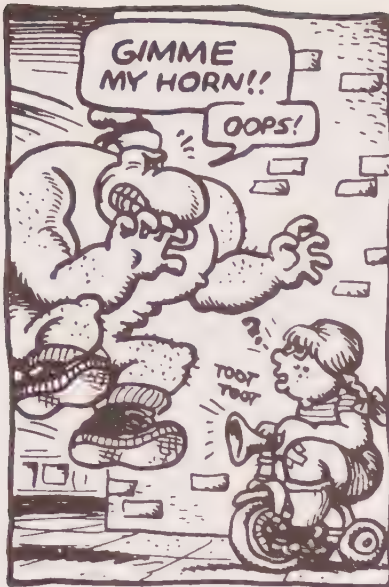














HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS OF BLASPHEMY AGAINST CHRIST...ALL THE SHAME...ALL THE GUILT...THEY CAN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER! IT'S THE SECOND COMING!  
IT'S...

# JUMPIN' JACK FLASH!

I AM JACK  
AND JACK IS ME  
...ALL ARE ONE...  
YOU ARE ME...  
YOU ARE JACK...  
CEASE TO EXIST..  
KILL THE EGO..  
BECOME NOTHING...  
BECOME ME...

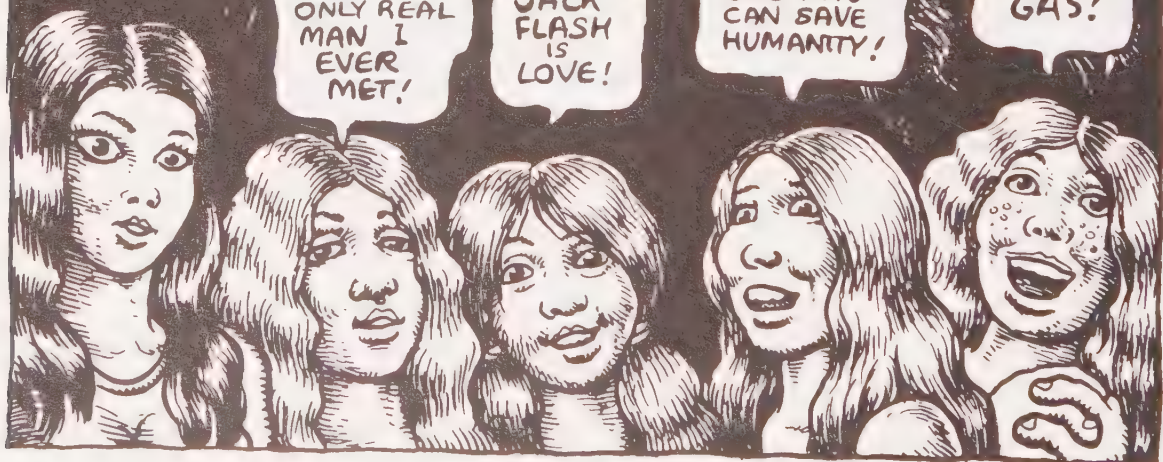
JACK FLASH  
IS GOD!

HE'S THE  
ONLY REAL  
MAN I  
EVER  
MET!

JACK  
FLASH  
IS  
LOVE!

HE'S THE  
ONE WHO  
CAN SAVE  
HUMANITY!

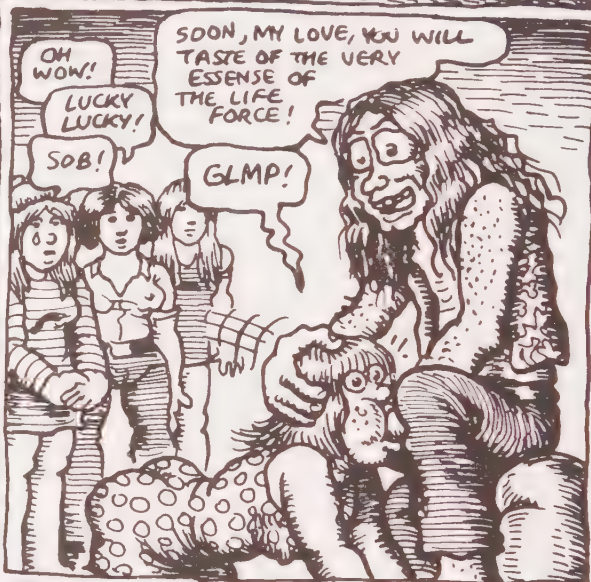
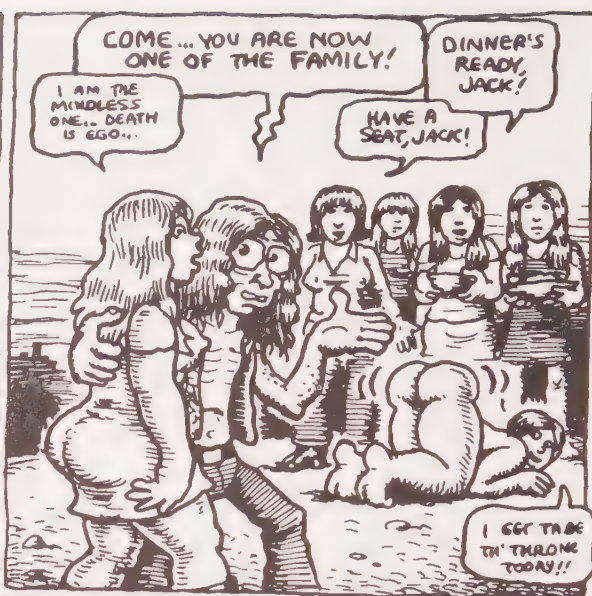
HE'S A  
GAS  
GAS  
GAS!



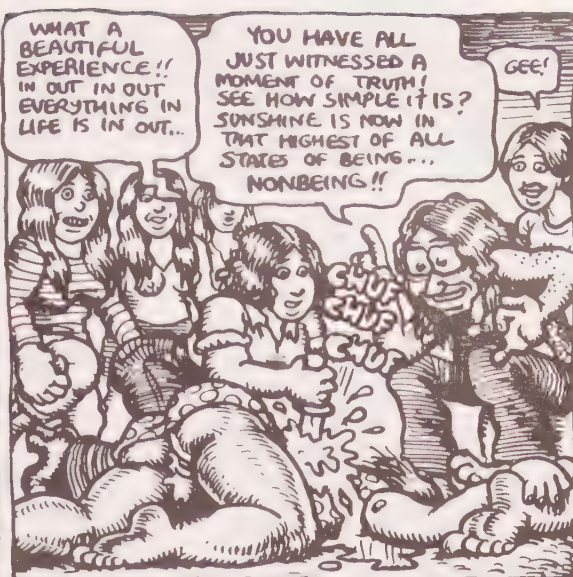












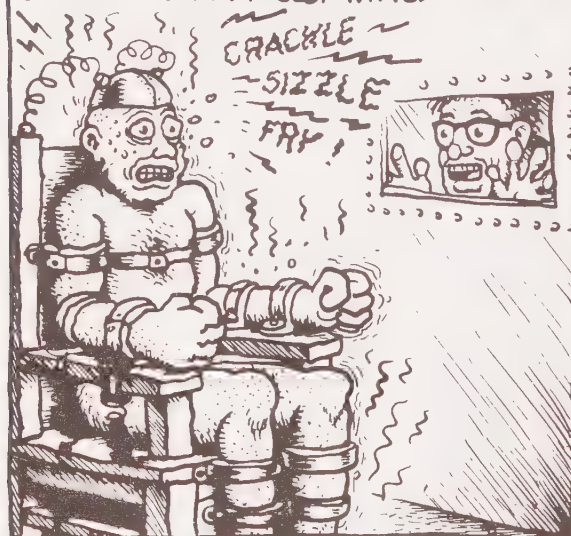


YOU MAY NOT THINK  
IT'S FUNNY, BUT I'VE GOT A

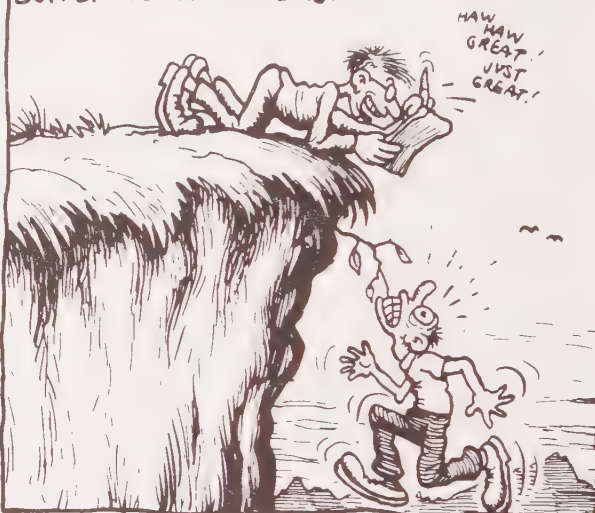
# MORBID SENSE OF HUMOR



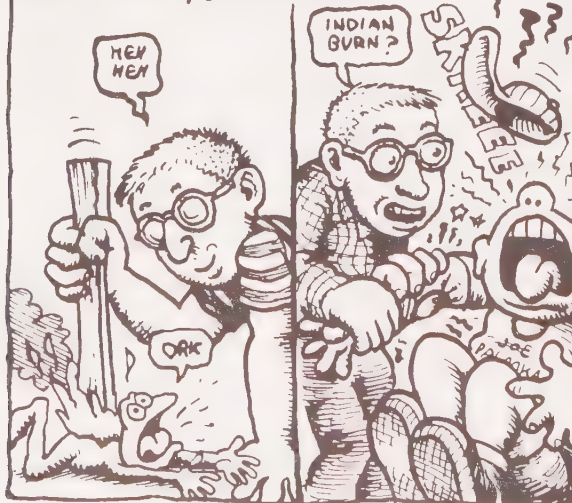
I FIND THE STRANGEST THINGS AMUSING!!



I SEEM TO DERIVE PLEASURE FROM THE  
SUFFERING OF OTHERS...



AS A CHILD, I FOUND DELIGHT IN  
TORMENTING AND/OR TORCHERING SMALLER  
ANIMALS AND/OR CHILDREN...



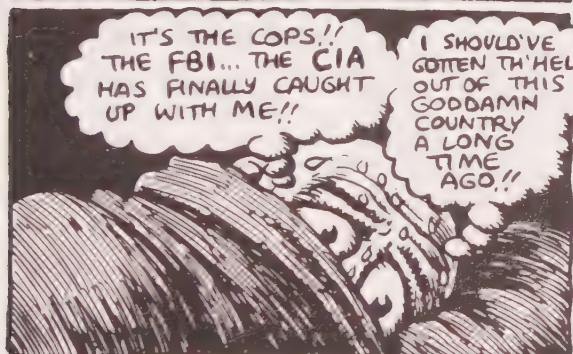
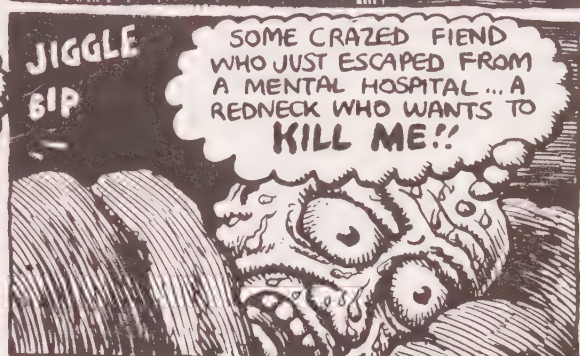
EVEN NOW, AS AN ADULT AND AN EMINENTLY  
RESPECTED AMERICAN CARTOONIST, I STILL  
SOMETIMES FIND MYSELF FASCINATED BY... BY...  
**PSYCHOLOGICAL SADISM**... WITH YOU,  
THE READER, AS VICTIM!!





# SHUMAN *the* HUMAN'S NIGHT OF TERROR

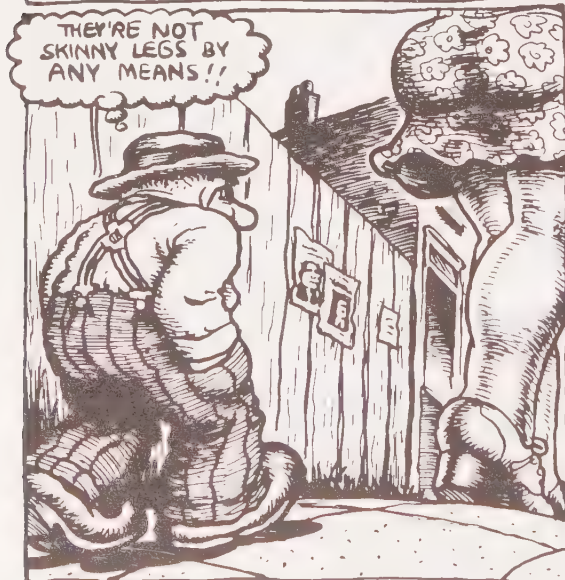
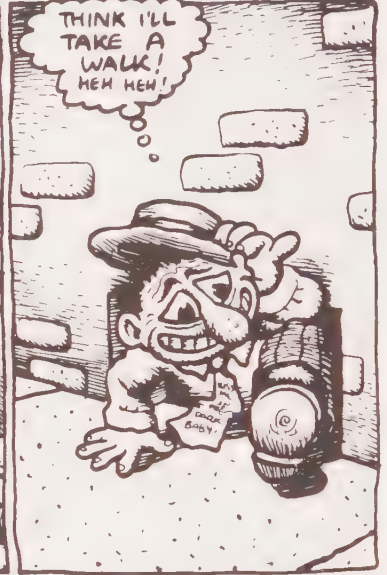
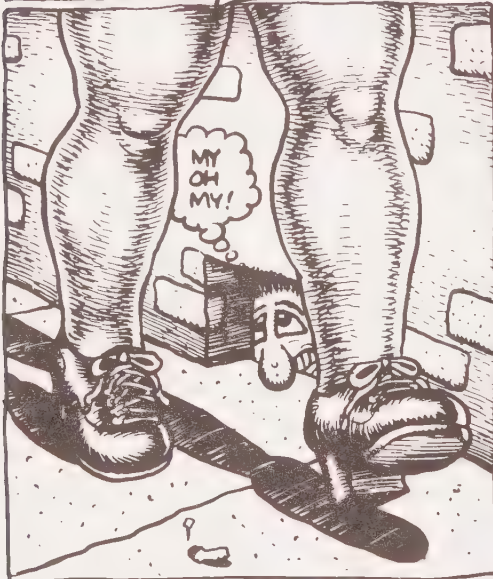
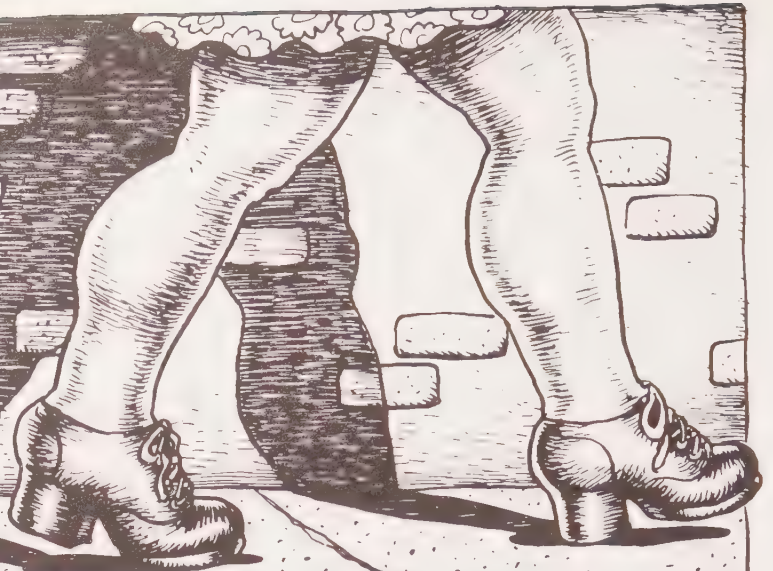
...TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND ALL'S WELL .... OR IS IT ???



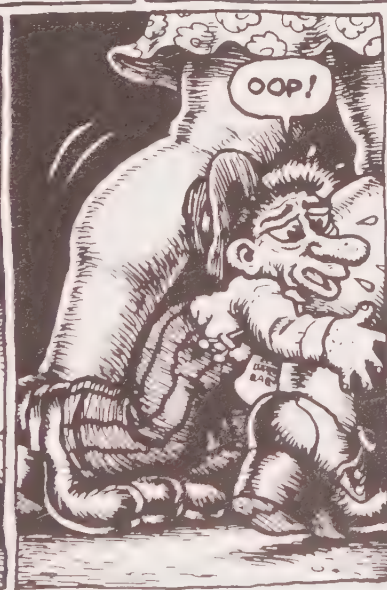
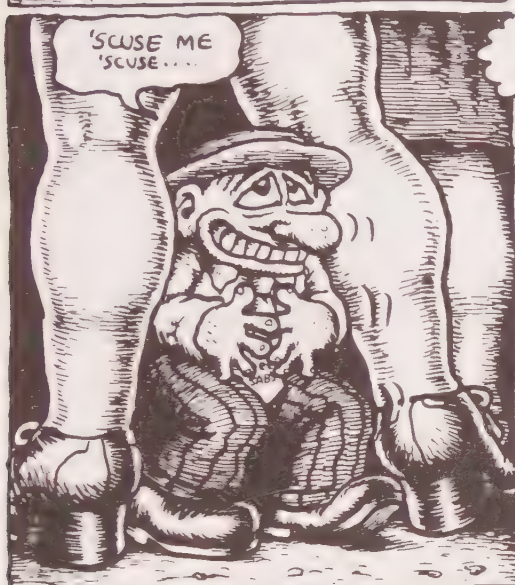


# BIG FINE LEGS

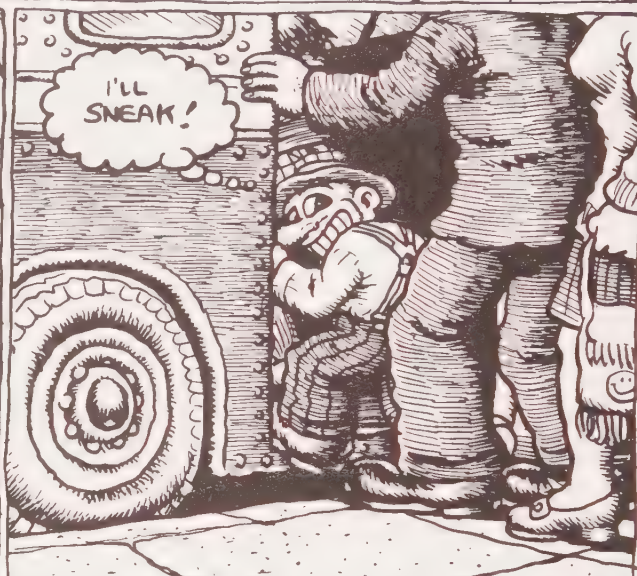
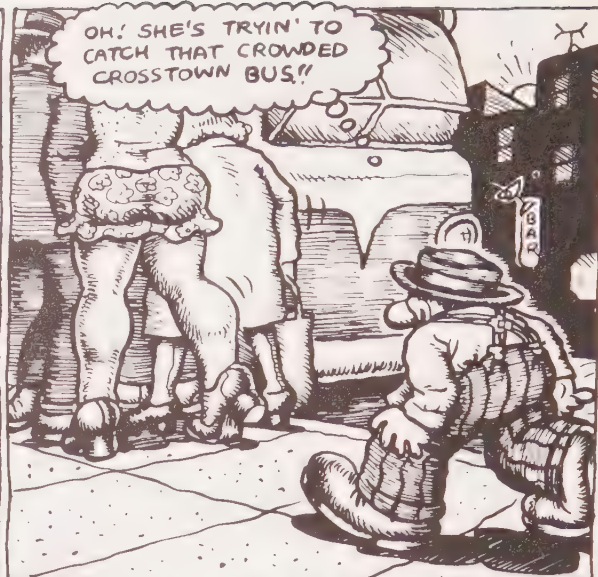
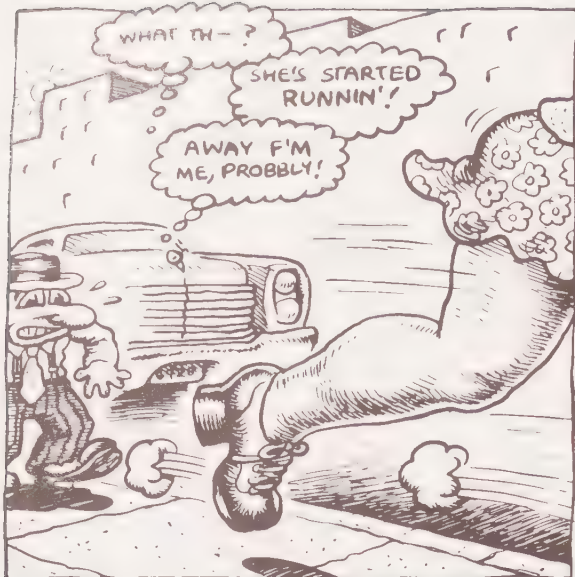
featuring  
MR. SNOID



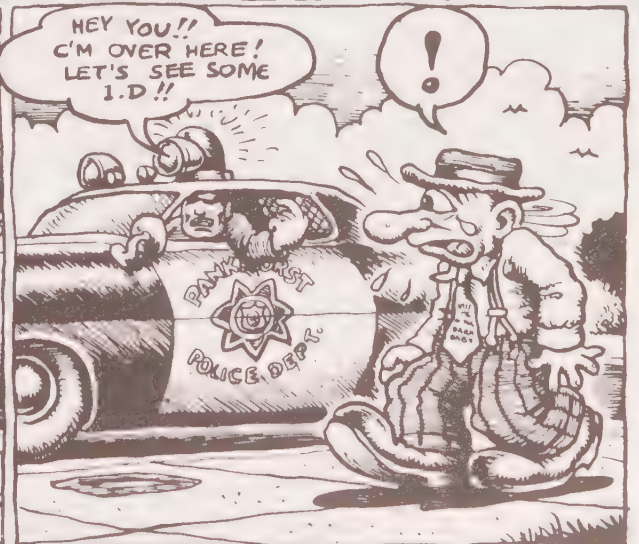
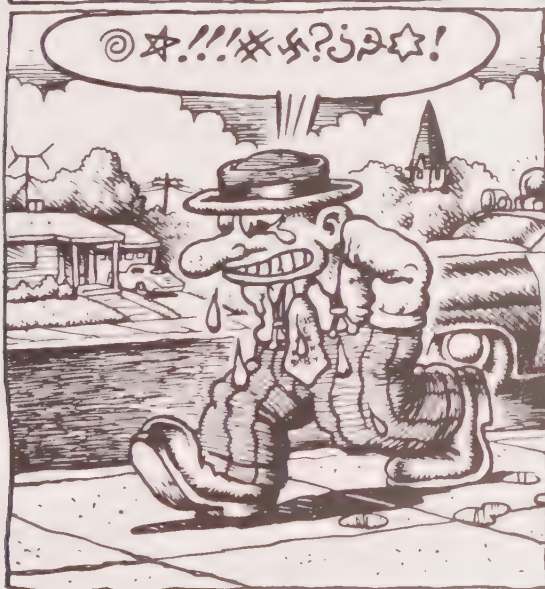
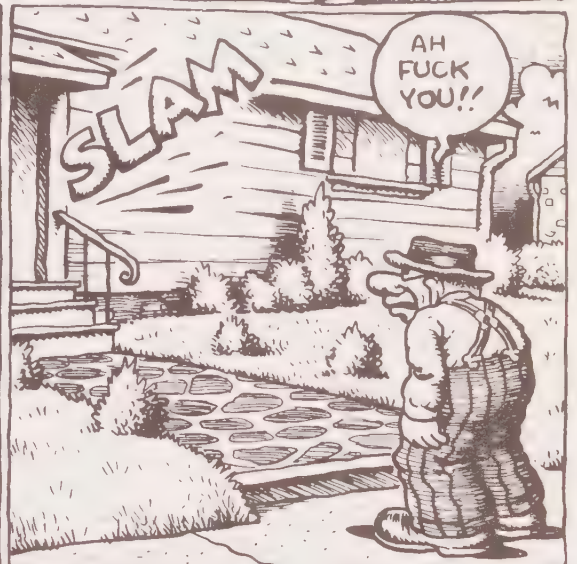
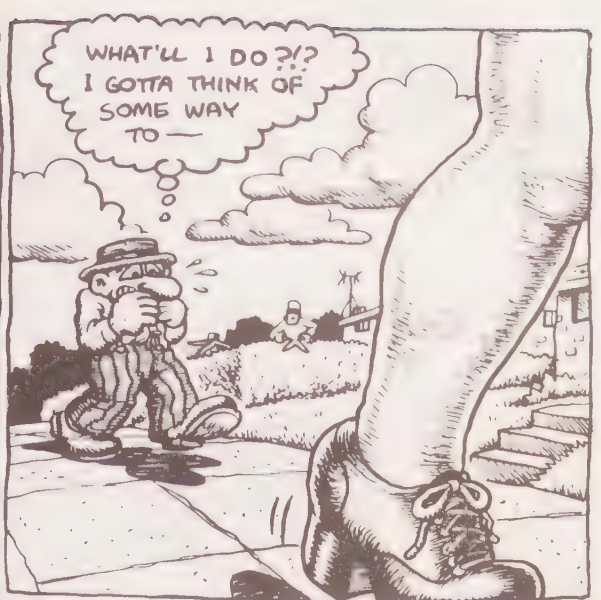
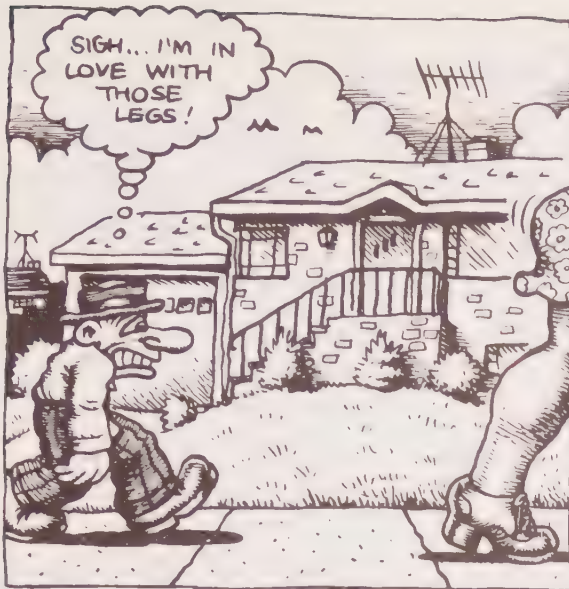








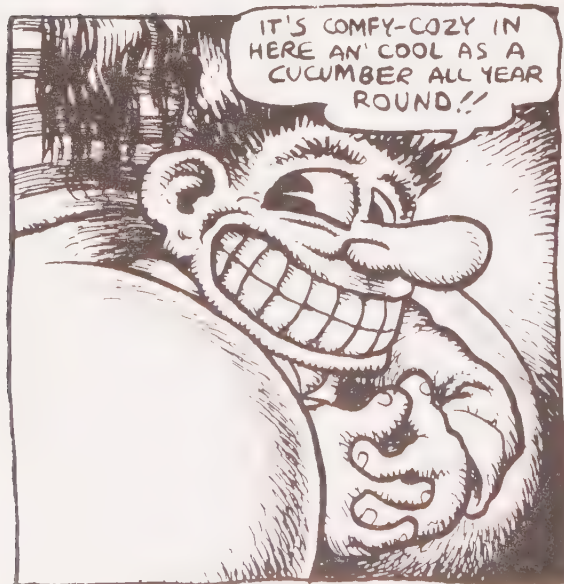
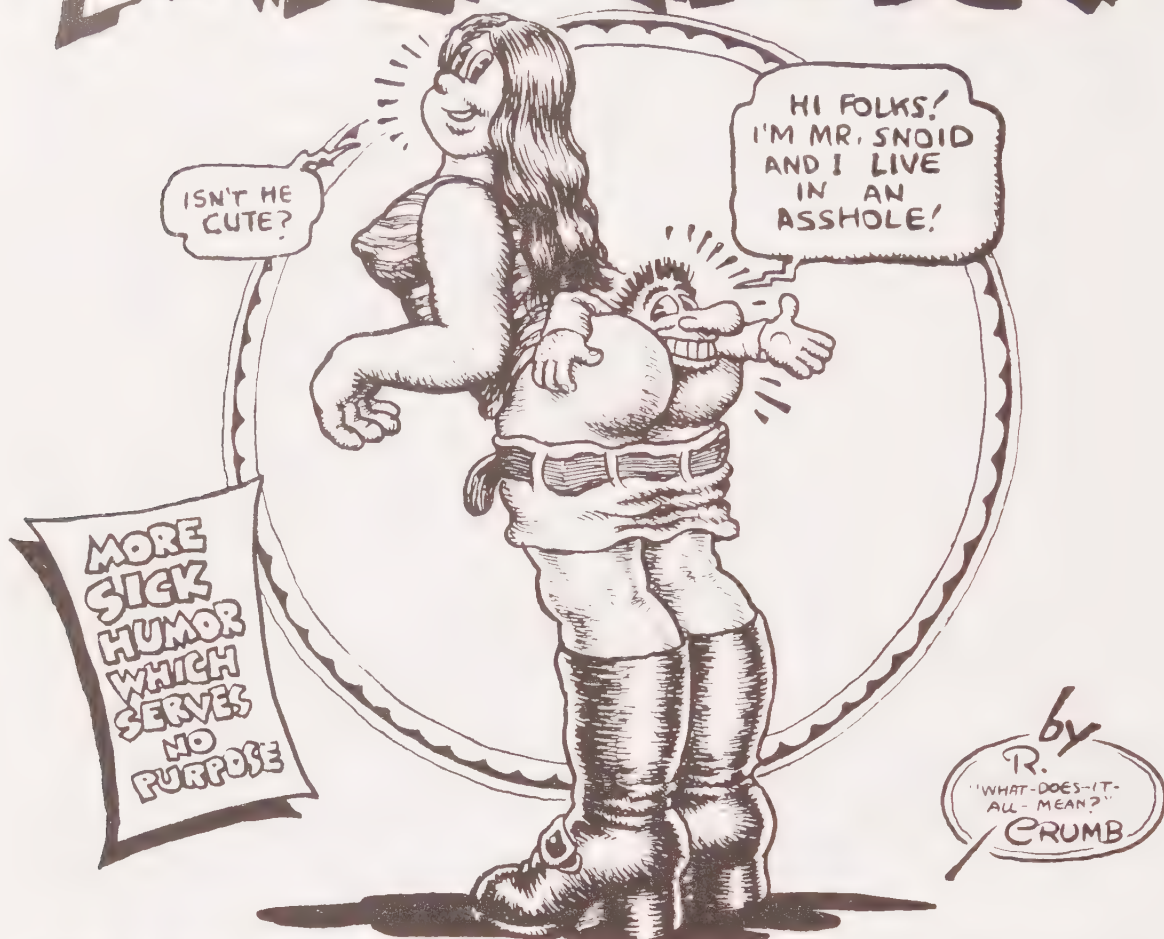




YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, MR. SNOD!

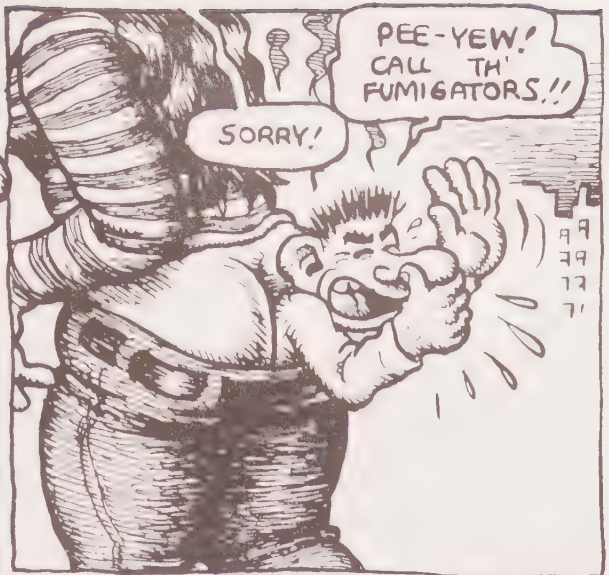
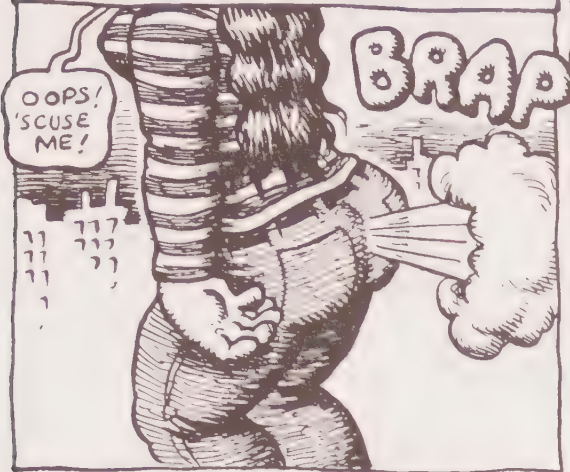


# ANAL ANTICS





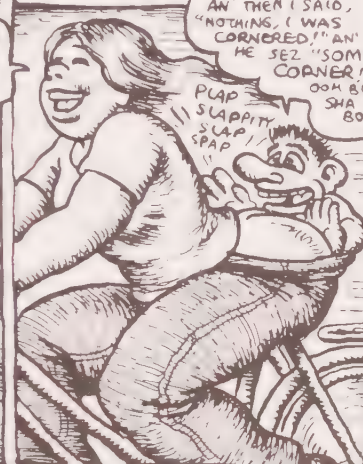
THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS WHEN SHE BREAKS WIND! AND SOMETIMES TH' OL' GIRL CAN REALLY LET 'EM, TOO, BOY!!



MOST OF THE TIME LIFE IN AN ASSHOLE IS TH' GOOD LIFE... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING... LIKE WHEN SHE GOES SKINNY-DIPPING!!



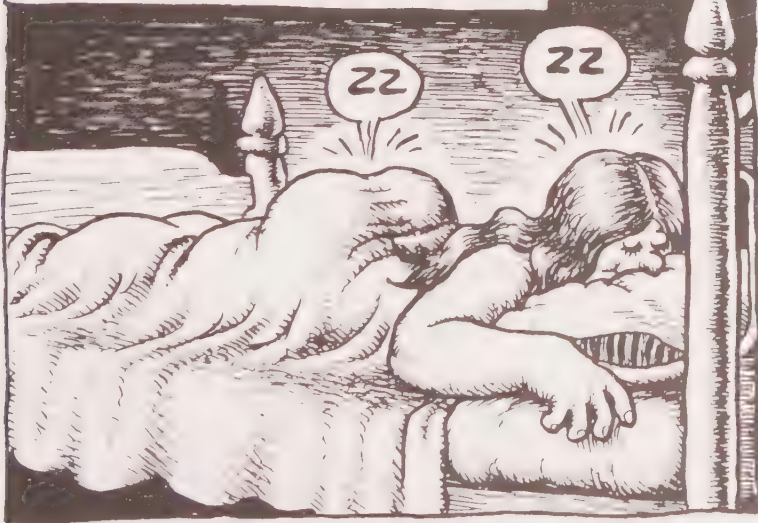
OR WHEN SHE'S RIDING HER BYCICLE, I AMUSE HER WITH OLD JOKES AND GENERALLY PLAY TH' CLOWN...



WHEN I GET TO ITCHIN' FOR A LITTLE NOOKY, I JUS' CRAWL ON UP RIGHT THROUGH HER INTESTINAL TRACK, THROUGH HER STOMACH AND UP HER THROAT, THEN SHE PUCKERS UP AN' I FUCK HER MOUTH FROM TH' INSIDE! IT'S GREAT!



AH YES! IT MIGHT BE JUST ANOTHER BUNG-HOLE TO YOU, BUT IT'S HOME-SWEET-HOME FOR ME!!



THE SAD PART OF THIS STORY IS THAT THIS VERY NIGHT THERE ARE SNOIDS OUT WALKING THE STREETS, COLD AND LONELY!

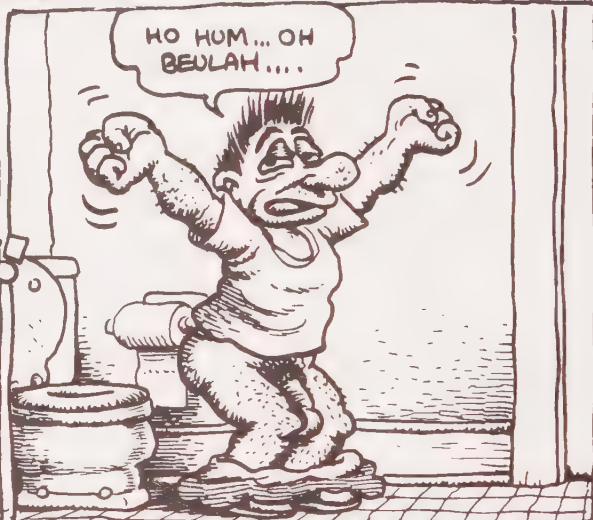
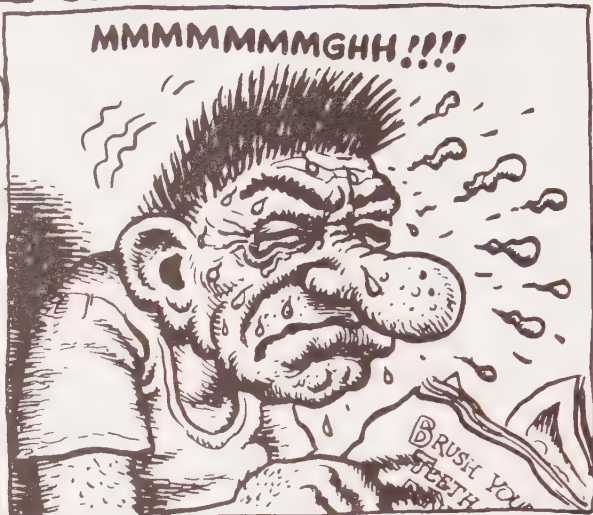


WHY DON'T YOU GIVE A SNOID A HOME IN YOUR ASSHOLE TODAY!!

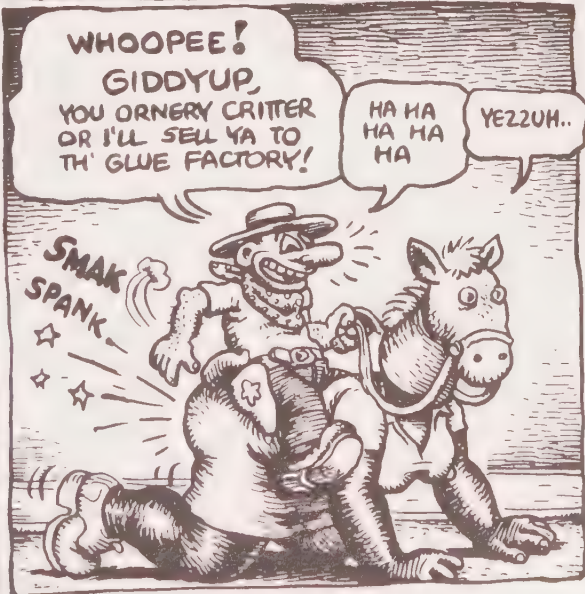
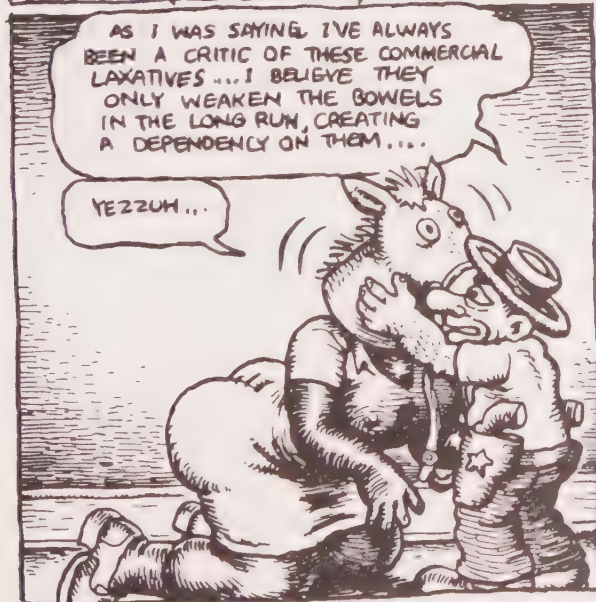


# MR. SNOID

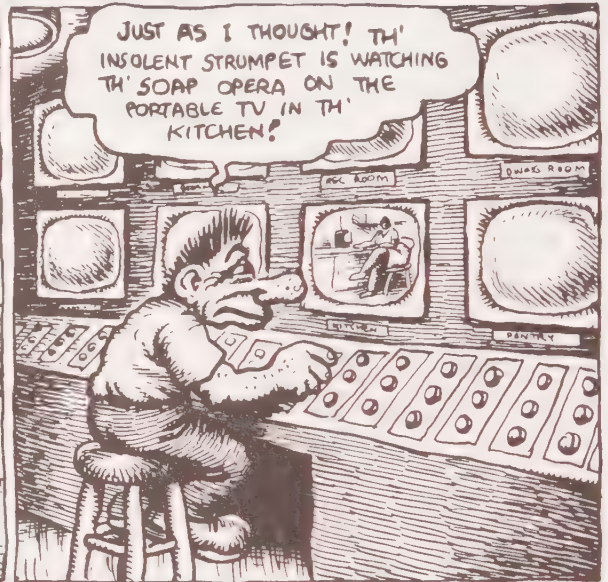
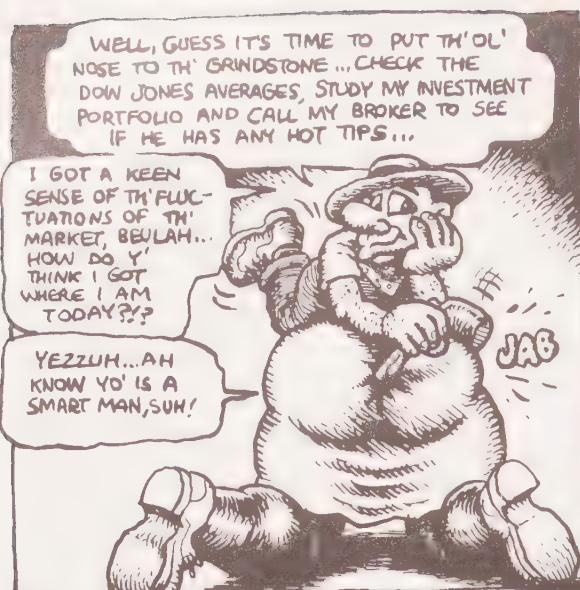
in  
"ONCE I LED THE LIFE OF A MILLIONAIRE"















BUT MRS. DAVIS, SURELY YOU  
DON'T THINK THAT I —

**BLIP!**

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM  
TO BRING YOU AN IMPORTANT  
BULLETIN, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY  
ESPECIALLY ALL YOU BEAUTIFUL  
BLACK WOMEN OUT THERE!

HUH?

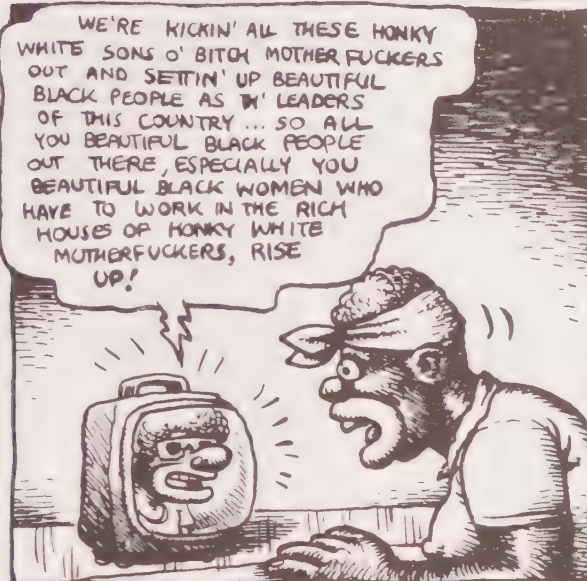


BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL, RIGHT?

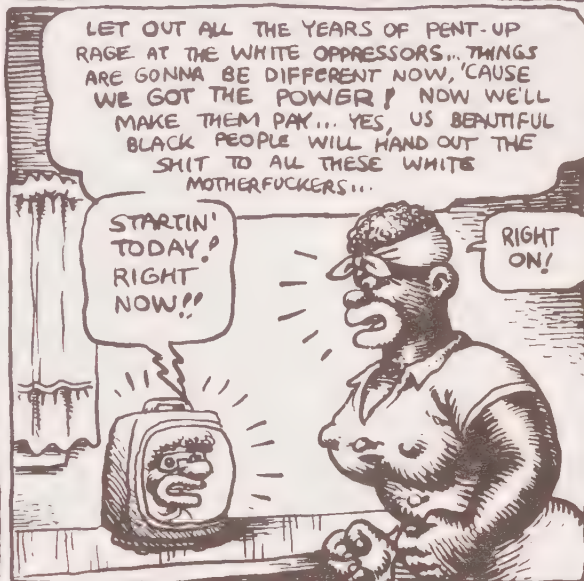
RIGHT  
ON!

YOU KNOW IT, BABE!  
GOOD NEWS, BLACK FOLKS!  
THE REVOLUTION HAS COME!  
RIGHT NOW THE GOVERNMENT  
IS BEING OVERTHROWN BY  
BEAUTIFUL BLACK  
PEOPLE... RIGHT  
ON!

RIGHT  
ON!



WE'RE KICKIN' ALL THESE HONKY  
WHITE SONS O' BITCH MOTHER FUCKERS  
OUT AND SETTIN' UP BEAUTIFUL  
BLACK PEOPLE AS THE LEADERS  
OF THIS COUNTRY... SO ALL  
YOU BEAUTIFUL BLACK PEOPLE  
OUT THERE, ESPECIALLY YOU  
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMEN WHO  
HAVE TO WORK IN THE RICH  
HOUSES OF HONKY WHITE  
MOTHERFUCKERS, RISE  
UP!



LET OUT ALL THE YEARS OF PENT-UP  
RAGE AT THE WHITE OPPRESSORS... THINGS  
ARE GONNA BE DIFFERENT NOW, 'CAUSE  
WE GOT THE POWER! NOW WE'LL  
MAKE THEM PAY... YES, US BEAUTIFUL  
BLACK PEOPLE WILL HAND OUT THE  
SHIT TO ALL THESE WHITE  
MOTHERFUCKERS...

STARTIN'  
TODAY!  
RIGHT  
NOW!!

RIGHT  
ON!



THEIR DAYS OF ARROGANCE ARE OVER!  
ALWAYS BOSSIN' US AROUND, MAKIN' US  
DO MENIAL LABOR WHILE THEY  
WALLOW IN LUXURY... THAT'S FIN-  
ISHED! GO NOW... DO WHAT  
YOU MUST DO... WHAT  
YOU'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED TO  
DO...

RIGHT ON  
RIGHT ON  
RIGHT ON



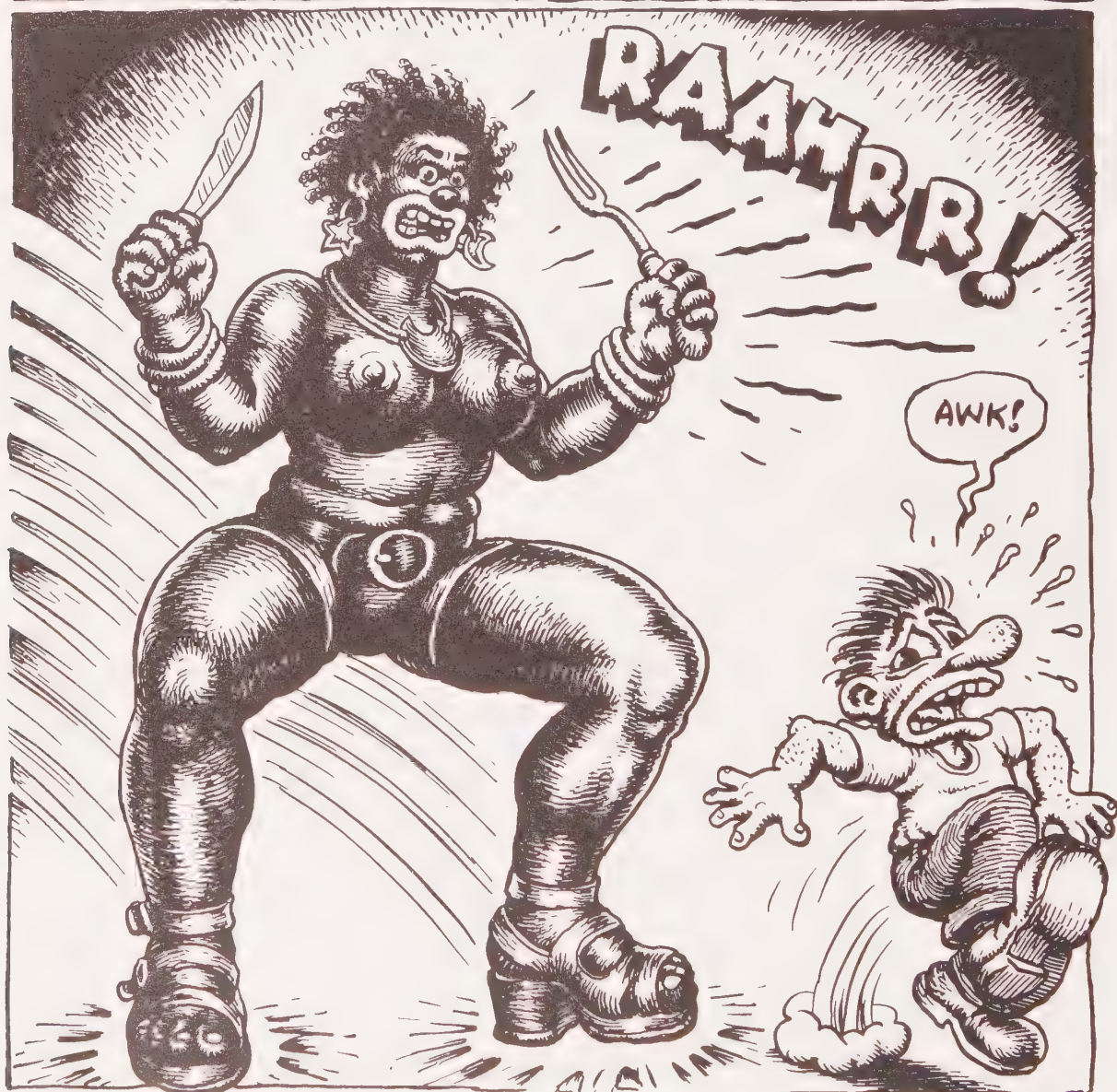
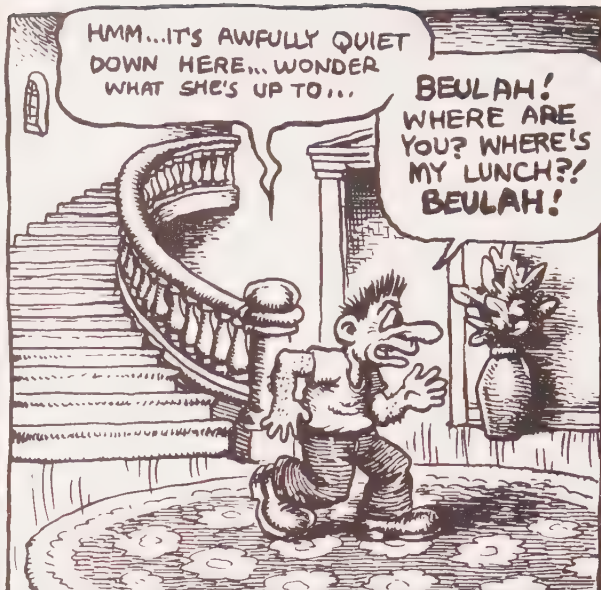
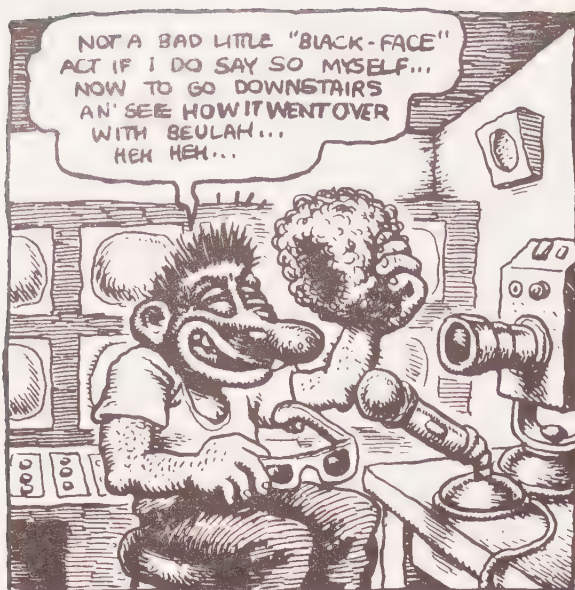
**GIT  
WHITEY**

**GRRRRRR**

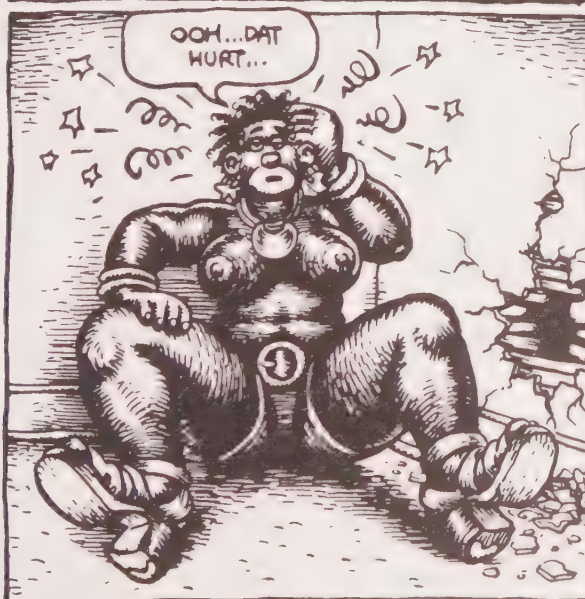
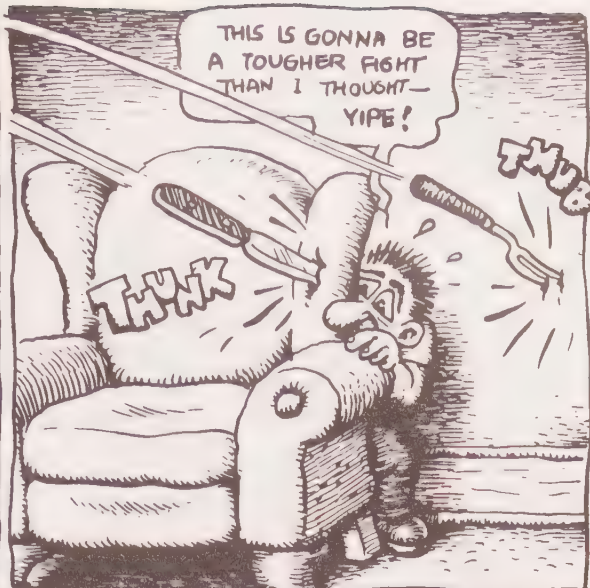
**PANT  
PANT  
PANT**

**GNASH  
GRIND**

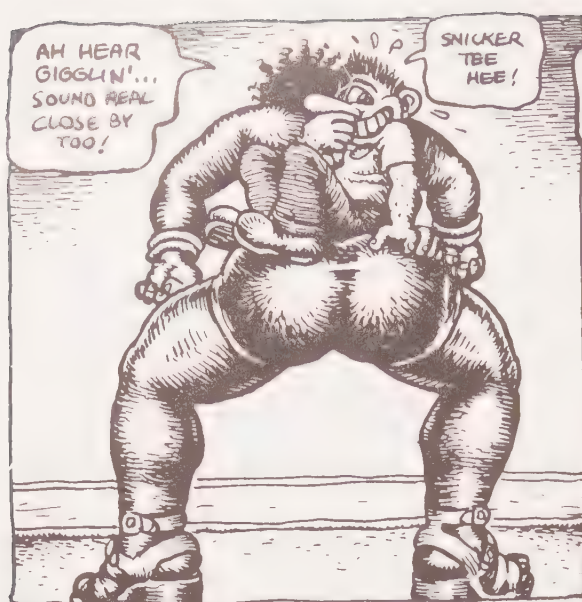












AH HEAR  
GIGGLIN'...  
SOUND REAL  
CLOSE BY  
TOO!

SNICKER  
TBE  
HEE!



AH HA!  
DERE YOU IS!  
GIT OFF MAH  
ASS, WHITEY!

TEE  
HEE!



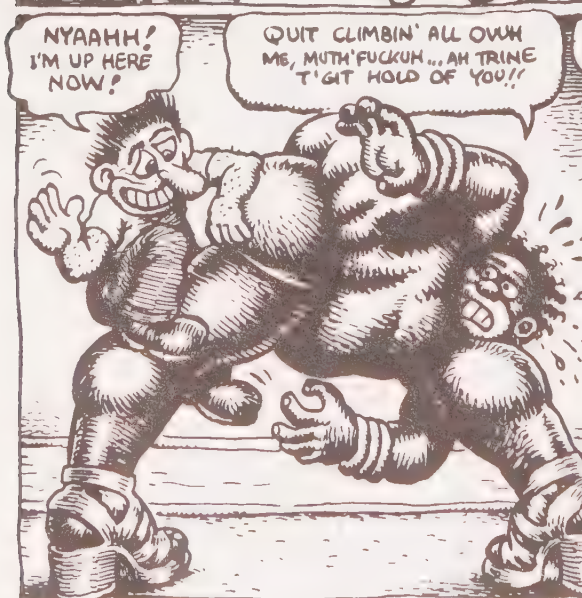
NOW WHAR  
HE GO??

GIT  
OUTA  
DERE!



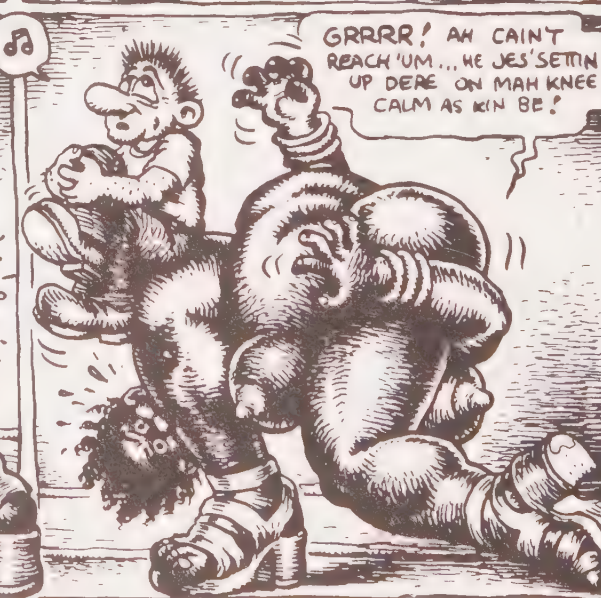
SNICKER  
CHUCKLE

COME  
BACK  
HERE,  
YOU WHITE  
DEBBUL!  
AH KEEL  
YOU!!



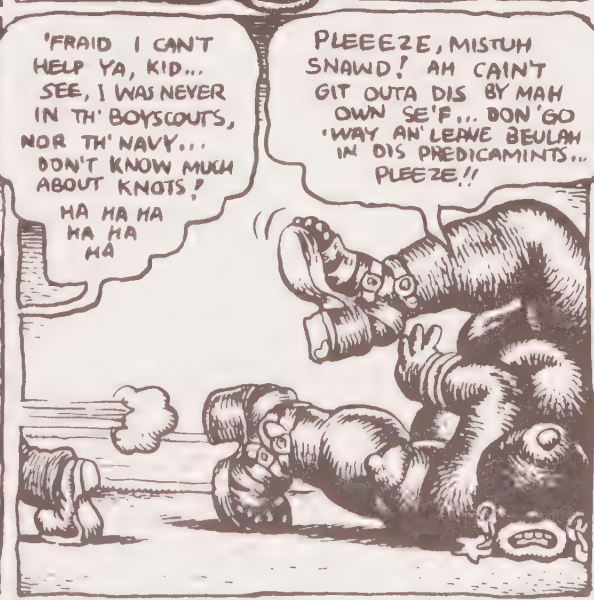
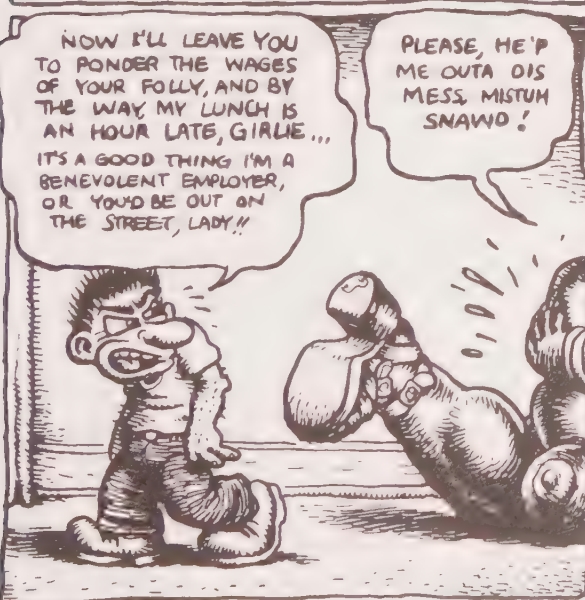
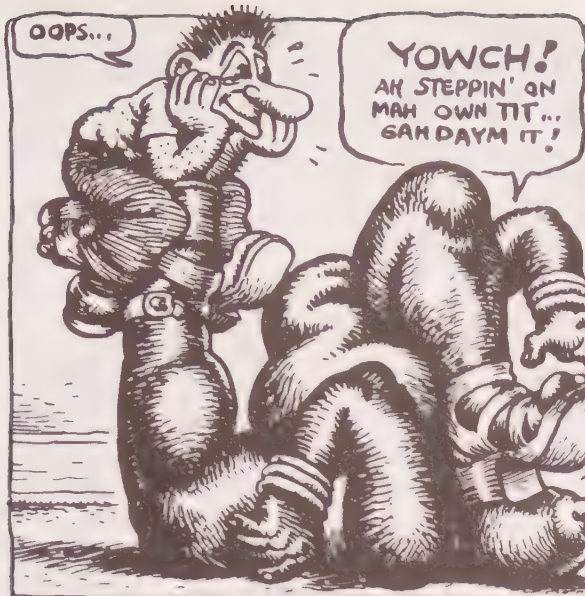
NYAAHH!  
I'M UP HERE  
NOW!

QUIT CLIMBIN' ALL OVVH  
ME, MUTH'FUCKUH... AH TRINE  
T'GIT HOLD OF YOU!!

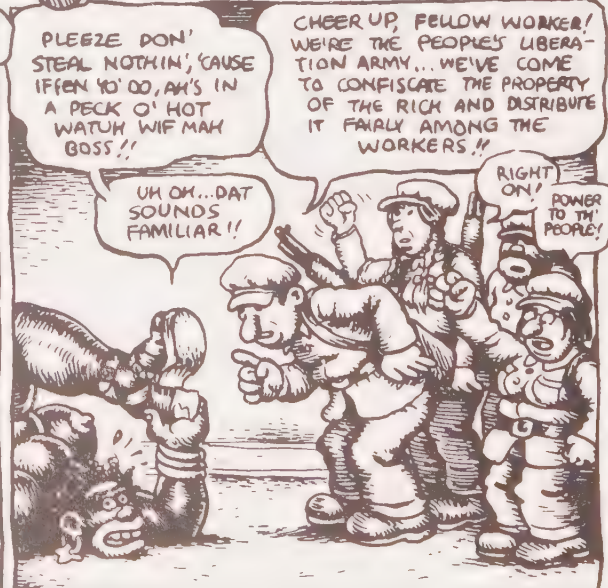
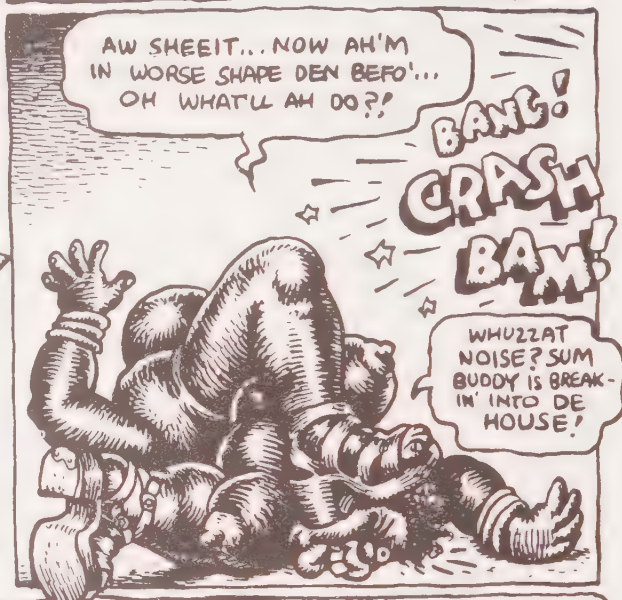
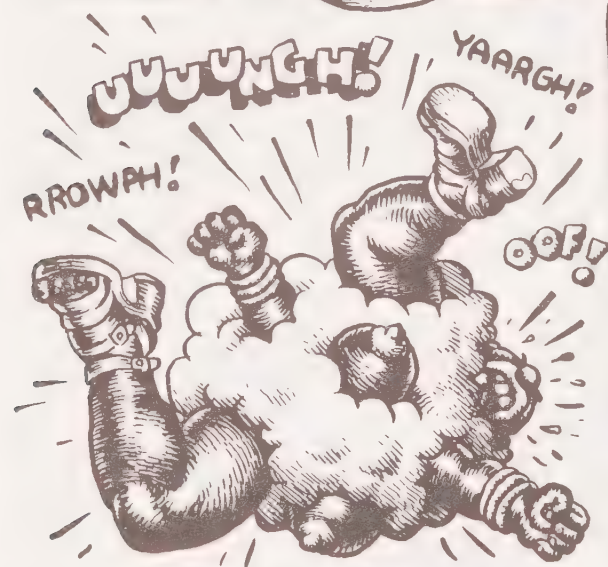
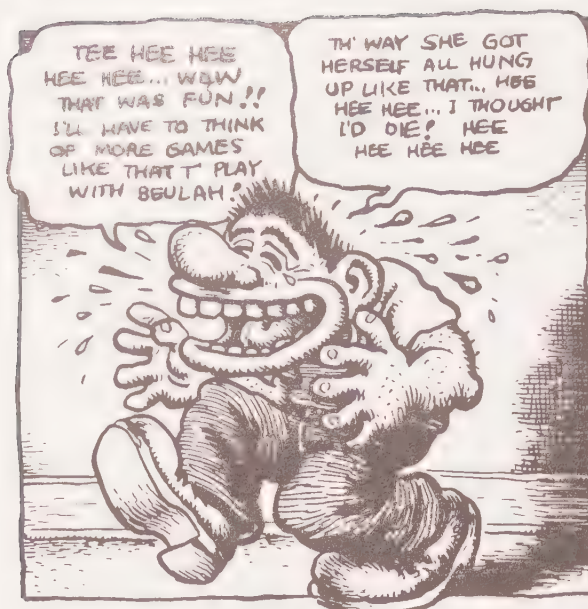


GRRRR! AH CAINT  
REACH 'UM... HE JES' SETTIN'  
UP DERE ON MAH KNEE  
CALM AS KIN BE!











WHERE'S THE DESPICABLE DESPOT WHO RUNS THIS LOATHESOME PALACE OF OPPRESSION??

IF Y'ALL LOOKIN' FO' MISTA SNAWD, HE UPSTAIRS... WOULDJ'ALL HE'P ME GIT UNTANGLED SO'S AH KIN GIT HIS LUNCH??

SHE'S AN IDEAL RECRUIT FOR TH' PEOPLE'S ARMY... GET HER ON HER FEET AND INTO A UNIFORM!!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ENEMY UP STAIRS LATER...

IT'S TH'DAWN OF A NEW LIFE FOR YOU, SISTER!



AH CAINT B'LEIVE DIS IS REALLY HAPPENIN'... AH GONNA GIT TO KILL WHITEY SNAWD NOW?

HERE'S YOUR PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY UNIFORM...

NO...

HM... IT'S A BIT TIGHT ON HER...

AH DON'NO IF DIS IS 'ZACKLY MAH STYLE...

IT'LL HAVE TO DO FOR NOW...

WHEW! TH' PEOPLE CAN USE A BIG STRAPPIN' GIRL LIKE THIS!!



WHEN AH GIT TO KILL WHITEY?

PATIENCE, PATIENCE... FIRST, YOU MUST LEARN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE...

IT'S TIME FOR YOUR INTENSIVE INDOCTRINATION, SO THAT YOU'LL POSSESS A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT THAT UNIFORM YOUR WEARING MEANS!!

NOW THEN, MARK PREDICTED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE ADVANCED STATE OF CAPITALIST DECADANCE THAT WE SEE AROUND US TODAY!

THIS IS A TIME OF THE CULMINATION OF THE HISTORIC STRUGGLE OF THE PEOPLE TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION...

AFTER DIS WILL AH GIT TO KILL DAT WHITE MO'FO'?

I LOVE TO HEAR THIS STORY. TELL IT IS, BRUTHUH!

YEAH!





MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

HO HUM... I FELL ASLEEP WHILE WAITING FOR THAT STOOPID NIGGER BITCH TO BRING ME MY LUNCH...



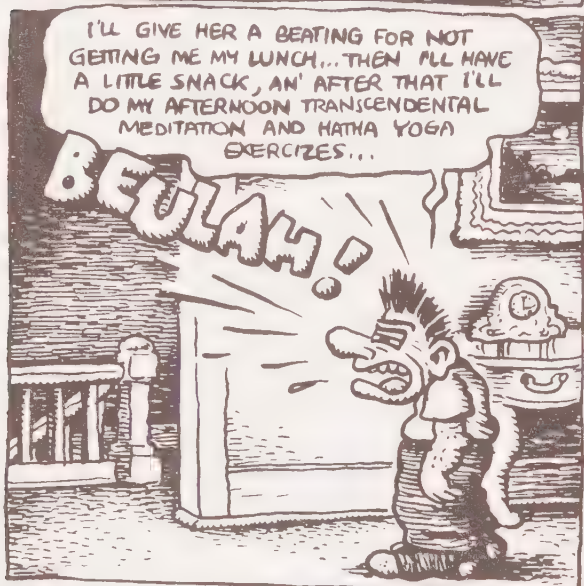
NOW I'M REALLY IN A BAD MOOD... I'M ALWAYS CROSS WHEN I WAKE UP FROM MY MID-DAY NAP, BUT NOW I'M FIT TO BE TIED! GUESS I'LL TAKE IT OUT ON BEULAH... SHE DESERVES IT, SHE'S SO BORING!!

EXISTENTIAL NAUSEA O'ERTAKES ME AT THESE MOMENTS!



I'LL GIVE HER A BEATING FOR NOT GETTING ME MY LUNCH... THEN I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SNACK, AN' AFTER THAT I'LL DO MY AFTERNOON TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION AND HATHA YOGA EXERCISES...

**BEULAH!!**



HEAH AH IS, MISTA SHAWD!!

GET OVER HERE, YOU LUMMOX! I MUST NEEDS TAN THAT BIG REAR-END OF YOURS... FRONT AN' CENTER, BITCH!



YO' CAIN'T GIVE ME NO MO' WHIPPIN'S, WHITEY! THINGS HAS CHANGED AN' NOW AH'S GOT DE POWUH, AN' WE IS HERE-BY CONBIZZICATIN'!... UH... WE IS CONSTIFICATIN'... NO... UH... UM...

WHAT TH' HELL IS GOIN' ON HERE??

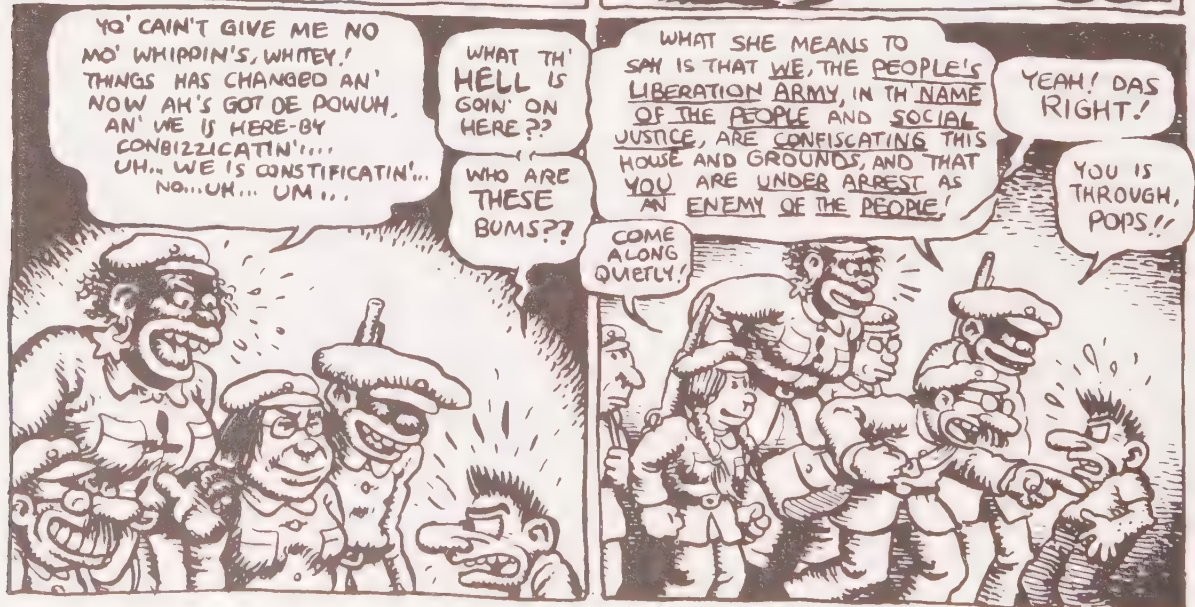
WHO ARE THESE BUMS??

WHAT SHE MEANS TO SAY IS THAT WE, THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY, IN TH' NAME OF THE PEOPLE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE, ARE CONFISCATING THIS HOUSE AND GROUNDS, AND THAT YOU ARE UNDER ARREST AS AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE!

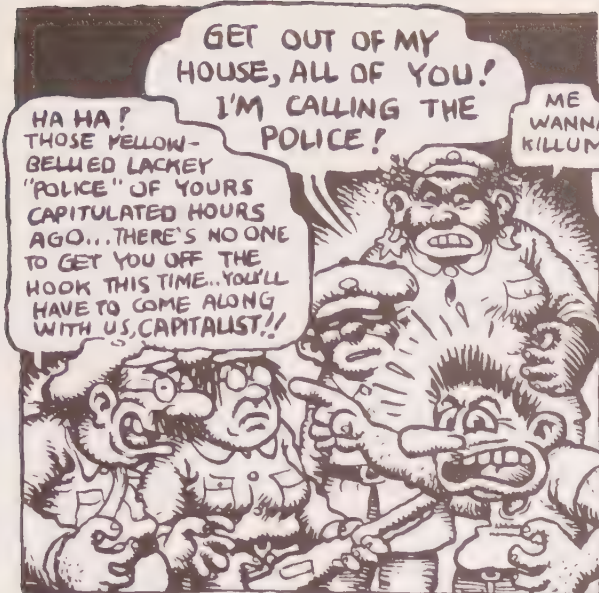
YEAH! DAS RIGHT!

YOU IS THROUGH, POPS!!

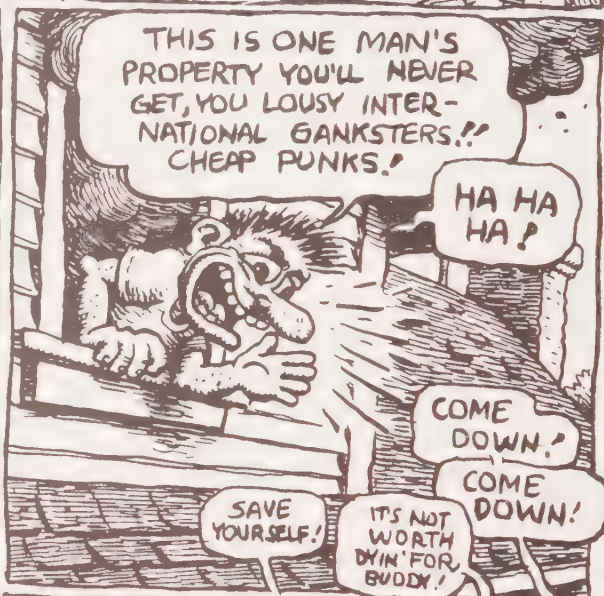
COME ALONG QUIETLY!



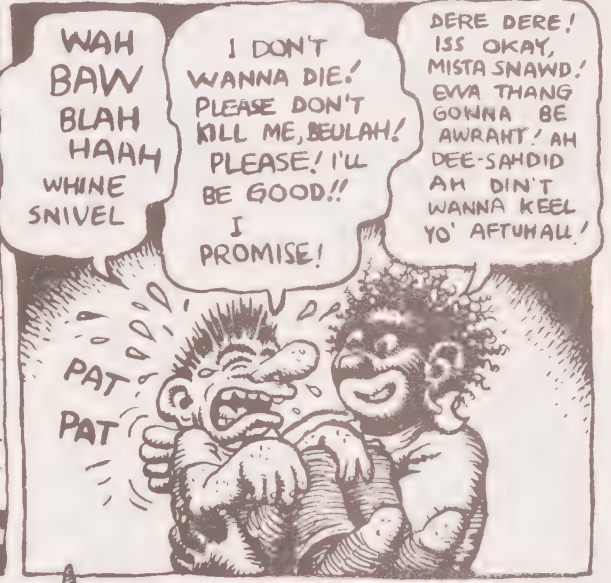
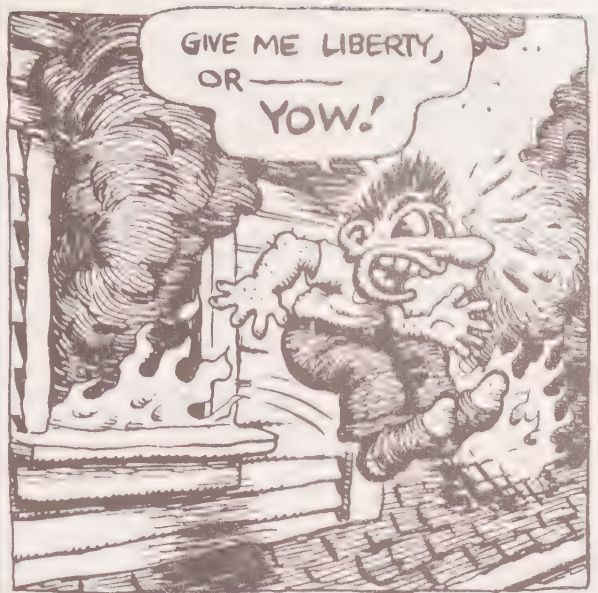










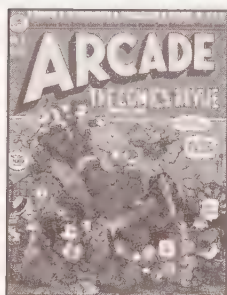




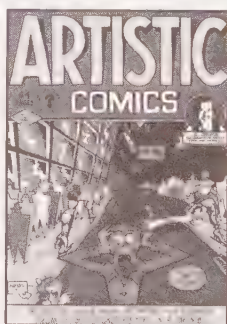
## BIBLIOGRAPHY

The following is a *selected* Bibliography of Robert Crumb; that is, it is *not* complete, nor is this the intent. We propose to list a cross-section of the artist's work, particularly those of major significance; for instance a *solo* effort by him, or in which he is a major contributor, but more important, usually publications that *are* available. Some of these titles, incidentally, are *out-of-print* and therefore obtainable only as so-called *collector's items* (obviously, the *First Printings* of most of these will fall into that category). However, past performance has demonstrated that most of Crumb's 'Underground Comic Books,' those in which he is the sole or a major contributor, or the Cover Artist, tend to be reprinted on a regular basis and are rarely unavailable for long. Please note that Crumb has appeared in Underground Comix along with other Cartoonists whose work might also be of interest to you. We hope that this list will serve not only as a guide to Crumb, but also to reacquaint you with Underground Comix, if you've been away, or to introduce you to them if you're a newcomer. For this purpose, we have tried to list the names & addresses (at the end) of the major Publishers of and Mail-Order Dealers in Underground Comix. If these publications are not readily available to you locally, then one or more of these sources will provide a good alternative. Please note that most of the Publishers of U.G.s tend to swap merchandise with each other, at least they did at one time, and may have a good selection available as a result. Most Publishers & Mail-Order Dealers have printed Catalogues & Brochures which are available to you and which contain all pertinent information. Please be advised that you *must* be an Adult (usually at least eighteen years of age) to purchase any of these publications and that there may be some local restrictions, perhaps based on past prosecutions or *obscenity* laws(!) which may make certain titles undeliverable to your locale. If you have any doubts or questions, please contact the respective Publisher or Dealer first. Please also note that Bélier Press, the Publisher of this present Anthology, is *not* a Publisher of, or Dealer in Underground Comix. Since its inception in the late 1960s, the marketplace for Underground Comix has been redefined and compacted to the extent that they are not usually as widely available as they once were. On the other hand, some of this material is not as subterranean as it once was. There is no way to either explain or predict this phenomenon. However, since *Comix* have not vanished from the face of the Earth and have no intention of doing so, this Information is brought to you as a Public Service by Robert Crumb and Bélier Press. Please note that this Bibliography, which was originally compiled in 1976, has been revised and updated, as much as possible, to the end of 1995. We hope that it will be of some interest and also of some assistance to you. Thank You.

## COMIX



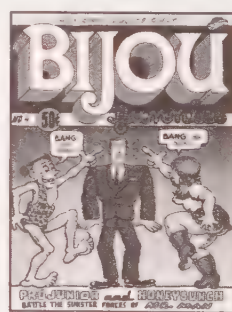
ARCADE #1-#7



ARTISTIC



BIG ASS #1 & #2



BIJOU #1-#8



BLACK & WHITE



DESPAIR

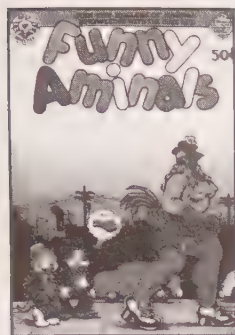


DIRTY LAUNDRY  
#1 & #2

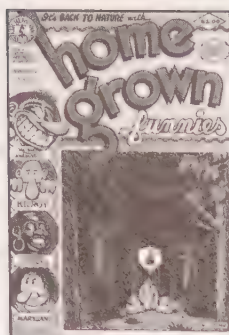


FOO!

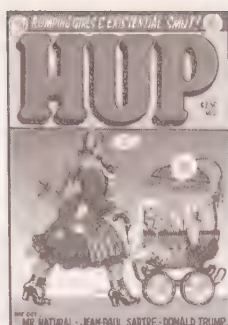




FUNNY AMINALS



HOMEGROWN



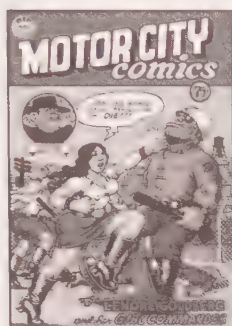
HUP #1-#4



HYTONE



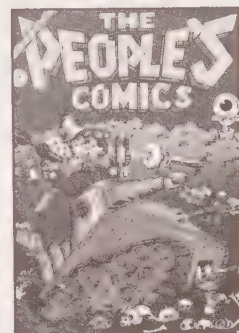
ID



MOTOR CITY  
#1 & #2



MR. NATURAL  
#1-#3



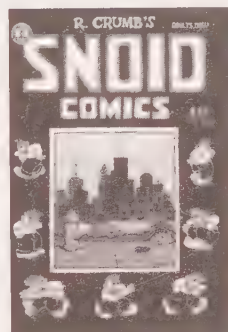
PEOPLE'S



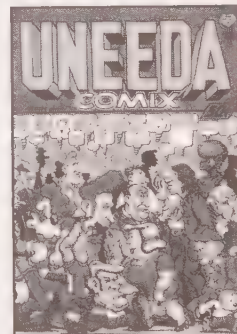
SELF-LOATHING



SNATCH  
#1-#3



SNOID



UNEEDA



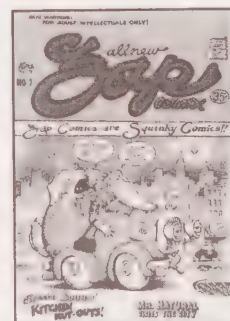
WEIRDO #1-#28



XYZ



ZAM



ZAP #0-#14





## BOOKS

### THE BOOK OF MR. NATURAL

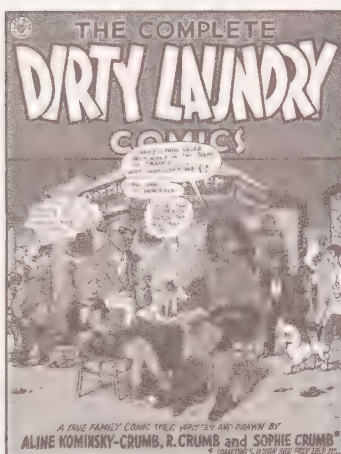
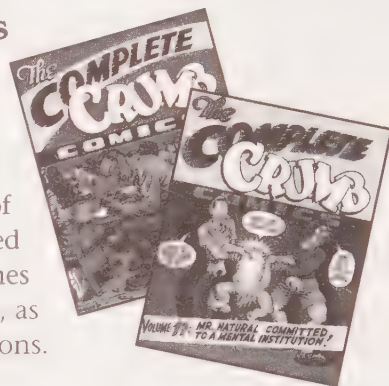
Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1995. 112 pp.

Anthology of stories featuring R.C.'s most famous character.

### THE COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS

Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1987-95.

Eleven volumes, of about 128 pp. each, have been published to date, in a series which intends to reprint the entire output of R. C., in chronological order, beginning with 1958. Some of this material is previously unpublished or of an ephemeral nature. All volumes have been issued in Soft & Hardcover, as well as in Signed Limited Editions.



### THE COMPLETE DIRTY LAUNDRY COMICS

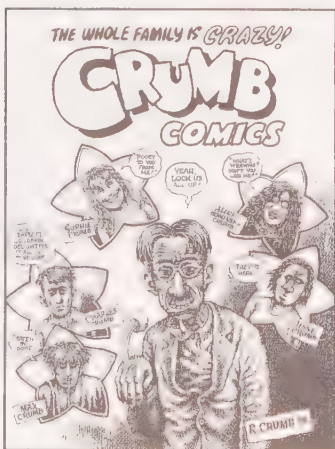
San Francisco: Last Gasp, Inc., 1993. 128 pp.

Contains all of the material from both issues of *D.L.*, plus additional stories in the same vein (some previously unpublished), by R. C., Aline Kominsky-Crumb & daughter Sophie (cute kid!).

### THE COMPLETE FRITZ THE CAT

New York: Bélier Press, 1978. 128 pp.

A collected edition, which is now *out of print*, of all of the stories about *Fritz*, by R.C., including previously unpublished work (i.e., the very first *Fritz Drawing & Stories* from 1959, etc.) from personal Sketchbooks & hand-made Comics. Unfortunately, it *ain't* 'complete,' as some additional (previously undiscovered) early unpublished work turned up at a later date, which has been published in Volumes #1 & #2 of THE COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS (Fantagraphics).

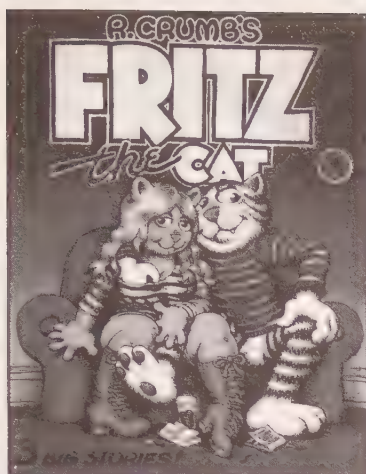


### CRUMB FAMILY COMIX

San Francisco: Last Gasp, Inc., 1996. 176 pp.

This book will be of interest to anyone who has seen the 'Movie' (see below), as *everyone* gets into the 'Act' here. Talk about nepotism!





### FRITZ THE CAT

New York: Ballantine Books, 1969. 64 pp.

Contains three complete stories about *Fritz*, one of which appears here for the first time. These were later reprinted in three small, oblong, individual volumes by the same publisher. *Out-of-Print*.

### HEAD COMIX

New York: Simon & Schuster (A Fireside Book), 1988. 92 pp.

An expanded edition of the original (New York: The Viking Press, 1968 and Ballantine Books, 1970 & 1972

[both of 64 pp.]), with 23 additional pages of Comix from the same early period, plus a new Introduction by R. C. *Out-of-Print*.



### INTRODUCING KAFKA

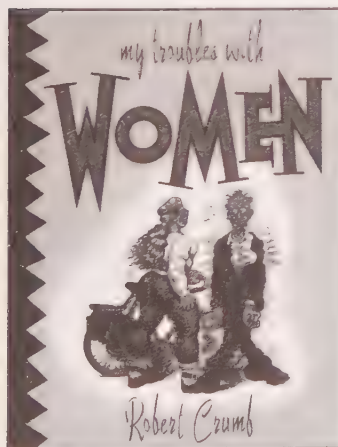
Northampton, Massachusetts: Kitchen Sink Press, 1994. 175 pp.

American edition, on better paper, of a work originally entitled KAFKA FOR BEGINNERS (Cambridge, England: Icon Books, 1993); the life & works of Franz Kafka, with a text & translation (of F. K.) by David Zane Mairowitz—A Masterpiece!

### THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FRITZ THE CAT

Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1993. 92 pp.

Contains eight *Fritz* stories (1965–72), but not as comprehensive as the Béliér Press edition (1978); lacking the previously unpublished material.



### MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN

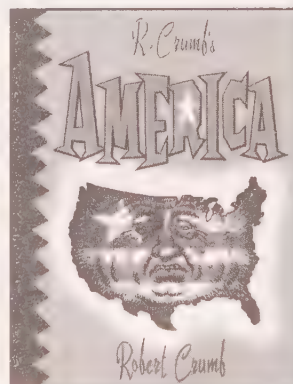
San Francisco: Last Gasp, Inc., 1992. 92 pp.

American Reprint of the original edition (London: Crack Comics, 1990).

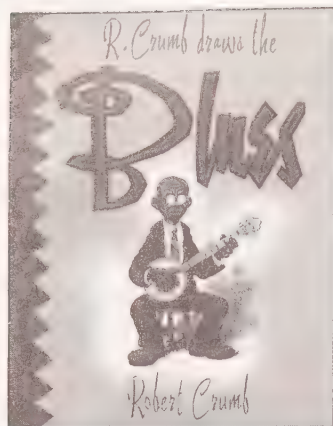
### R. CRUMB'S 'AMERICA'

San Francisco: Last Gasp, Inc., 1996. 96 pp.

American reprint of the original edition (London: Crack Comics, 1994).







### R. CRUMB DRAWS THE BLUES

San Francisco: Last Gasp, Inc., 1993. 56 pp.

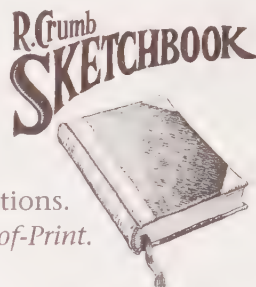
American reprint of the original edition (London: Crack Comics, 1992), which collects nine stories by R. C. about Music, not all of which concern 'The Blues'.

### R. CRUMB 'SKETCHBOOKS'

Frankfurt-am-Main: Zweitausendeins, 1981–1993. Five volumes of 362–388 pp., each.

Beautiful reproduction, including color, of excerpts from R. C.'s personal Sketchbooks, of work from 1966–1991. Published in both Hard & Soft Cover (reprint) Editions.

Powerful! Out-of-Print.



### R. CRUMB 'SKETCHBOOKS'

Seattle: Fantagraphics Books, 1992–1995.

Five volumes, of 160–176 pp. each, covering the years 1964 through early 1968, in chronological order, have been published, so far. This series differs from the German

editions (Zweitausendeins) in that it contains some previously unpublished and some 'revised' (by R. C.) material. Issued in Hard & Softcover, as well as in Signed Limited Editions.



### THE RECORD COVER COLLECTION

Amsterdam: Oog & Blik, 1994. 60 pp.

Handsomely printed volume, mostly in full-color, of R.C.'s Illustrations and Designs for Record & C.D. Album Covers, Labels, Advertisements, and related Ephemera.

### WAITING FOR FOOD; RESTAURANT PLACEMAT DRAWINGS

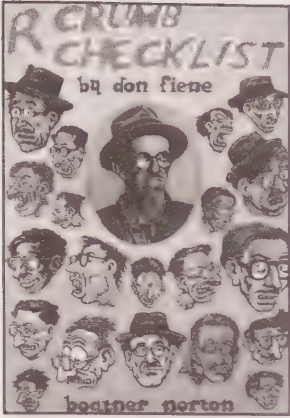
Amsterdam: Oog & Blik, and Northampton: Kitchen Sink Press, 1995. 88 pp.

Since moving to France, R. C. seems to have acquired a *nasty* habit: while waiting to be fed, he Defaces the Placemats in Restaurants with Drawings (this would appear to be a Disease that many Artists seem to contract in that country!). Here is a Collection of some of them, for those with strong stomachs, no doubt!





## REFERENCE BOOKS

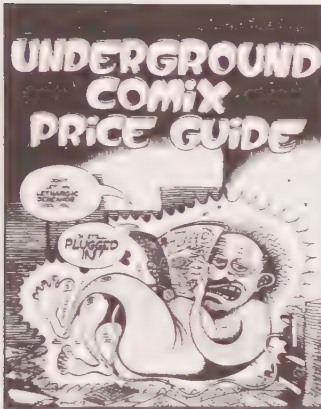
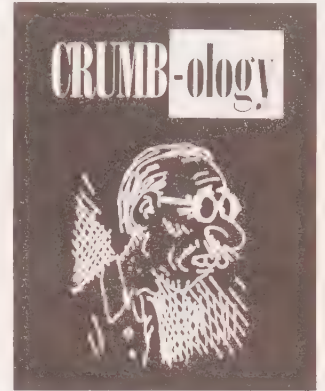


### R. CRUMB CHECKLIST OF WORK AND CRITICISM;

With a Biographical Supplement and a Full Set of Indexes by Donald M. Fiene. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Boatner Norton Press, 1981. 192 pp. A veritable *Pandora's Box* of Information about the Life and Work of R. C., up to the beginning of 1981. *Out-of-Print*.

### CRUMB-OLGY; THE WORKS OF R. CRUMB, 1981-1994

Compiled by Carl Richter. Sudbury, Massachusetts: Water Row Press, 1995. 88 pp. Additional Bibliographical Information, up to the middle of 1994.



### THE OFFICIAL UNDERGROUND AND NEWAVE COMIX PRICE-GUIDE

by Jay Kennedy. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Boatner Norton Press, 1982. 237 pp.

Illustrated Guide, "Listing Alternative Comix in the U.S.A. & Canada from 1962 to the Present." Useful in the identification of First & Early Printings of Underground Comix. The *prices* quoted are no longer relevant. *Out-of-Print*, but a New Edition (cover reproduced here) will be published in 1996.

### A HISTORY OF UNDERGROUND COMIX

by Mark James Estren. Berkeley: Ronin Publishing, 1993. 320 pp.

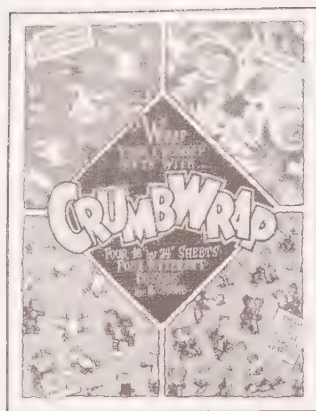
Revised, Third Edition; originally published in 1974 (San Francisco: Straight Arrow Books).



## NON-BOOKS

This section is comprised of *non* or *un-books*, that is, they *ain't* (Books, that is)! This includes a variety of merchandise (that R. C. isn't getting rich from, unfortunately), which will certainly be of interest (but not limited to) Completists and/or Fanatics. Again, this is *not* comprehensive, as there is a whole slew of other nonsense, including: Limited Edition Portfolios & Prints, Metal Signs, Paper Puppets (assembly required), Pin-Back Buttons, Postcards, Posters, Records, T-Shirts, & a whole lotta other stuff (batteries *not* included), too numerous to itemize!





## CRUMB-WRAP

(Kitchen Sink Press)

Four (18" x 24") Full-Color Sheets, to "Wrap Your Crummy Gifts With . . ."

## DEVIL GIRL CHOCOLATE BARS

(Kitchen Sink Press)

Fifteen Yummy Bars, Wrapped & Boxed with Original Art by R. C., which offer "7

Evils in One! Delicious Taste; Quick, Cheap Buzz; Bad For Your Health; Leads To Hard Drugs; Waste Of Money; Made By Sleazy Businessmen; Exploits Women." Who Could Ask For More?



## MR. NATURAL VINYL STATUE

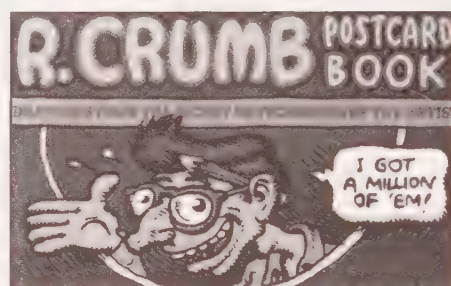
(Kitchen Sink Press)

Here's an item that's really *hip*: a 4" tall Soft Vinyl Statue, in the tradition of Froggy the Gremlin, Campy the Tramp & Chief Wahoo—and, it *squeaks*!

## R. CRUMB POSTCARD BOOK

(Kitchen Sink Press)

Twenty-Four (6" x 4") detachable cards, in full-color; ideal for alienating the Postal Service, Friends & Enemies, alike!



## R. CRUMB SCREENSAVER & COMPANION

(Byron Preiss Multimedia/Time-Warner Interactive)

At last, a product that *isn't* from the greedy capitalists at Kitchen Sink! If your Computer Screen needs *saving*, or if it's *lonely*, this CD-ROM might just provide the solution: "25 Animated Screensavers, a Calendar & Formmaker" with Crumb 'Characters' (for IBM/MPC & Macintosh systems).

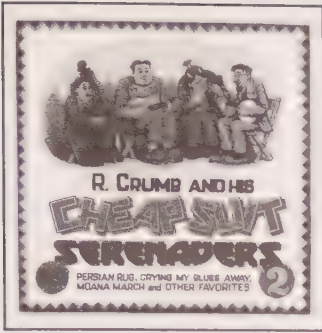
## RECORDINGS (L.P. & C.D.)

### R. CRUMB & HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS, #1

(Blue Goose #2014 [L.P.] / Not Issued on C.D.)







**R. CRUMB & HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS, #2, "CHASIN' RAINBOWS."**

(Blue Goose #2019 [L.P.] / Shanachie #6002 [C.D.])

**R. CRUMB & THE CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS, #3, "SINGING IN THE BATHTUB."**

(Blue Goose #2025 [L.P.] / Shanachie #6003 [C.D.])

Please note that the L.P. (Vinyl) Editions of these Albums are *out-of-print*; but as dozens of copies were sold, they may be available from secondhand Record Dealers, or from sleazier Thrift Shops, throughout the country!



**DOMINIQUE CRAVIC ET LES PRIMITIFS DU FUTUR, "TROP DE ROUTES, TROP DE TRAINS ET AUTRES HISTOIRES D'AMOUR."** (La Lichere, Vicennes, France #LLL 247 [C.D.])

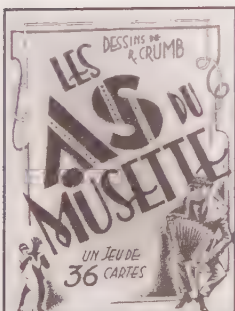
**R. CRUMB: THE MUSICAL**, selected and arranged by Robert Crumb and Michael Aitch Price. (Shel-Tone Records, P.O. Box 45, Irvington, New Jersey 07111; #STCD-9001 [C.D.])



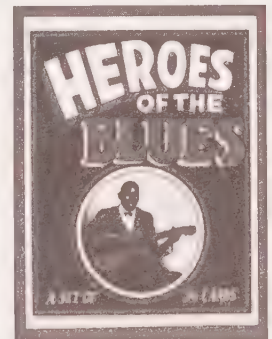
**TRADING CARDS (Boxed Sets)**

**EARLY JAZZ GREATS**  
(Kitchen Sink Press)—36 Cards

**HEROES OF THE BLUES**  
(Kitchen Sink Press)—36 Cards



**LES AS DU MUSETTE**  
(Amsterdam: Oog & Blik)—36 Cards (Accordion Players!)

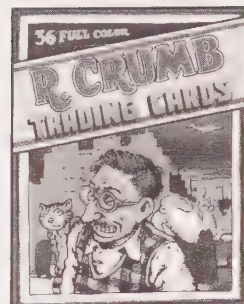






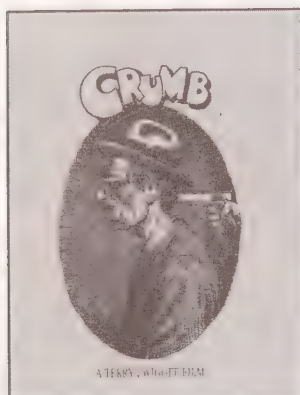
## **PIONEERS OF COUNTRY MUSIC**

(Kitchen Sink Press)—40 Cards



## **R. CRUMB TRADING CARDS**

(Kitchen Sink Press)—36 Cards (Comix)



## **CRUMB**

A Film by Terry Zwigoff (1994; 119 minutes)

Distributed (commercially) in the U.S.A. by Sony Pictures Classics, in 1995.

A disturbing, insightful, revealing and courageous Documentary about R. C., his family and friends, made over a period of six years (fortunately, the part played in this epic by the compiler of this present Bibliography, ended up on the cutting-room floor). Limited Theatrical Distribution, but certain to become available in the various home-video formats in the future.

## **MAIL ORDER DEALERS**

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